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Ellen W. Coolidge
1893 -

**OUR VICEREGAL LIFE
IN INDIA**

PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
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OUR VICEREGAL LIFE IN INDIA

SELECTIONS FROM MY JOURNAL

1884—1888

BY THE

MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN & AVA

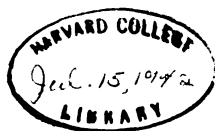
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NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1891

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Mrs. A. C. Coolidge

THESE JOURNAL-LETTERS WERE ORIGINALLY
ADDRESSED TO MY MOTHER : TO HER THEREFORE
I DEDICATE THIS SELECTION FROM THEM

HARRIOT DUFFERIN & AVA

CLANDEBOYE
August 31, 1889

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OUR VICEREGAL LIFE IN INDIA

CHAPTER I

ARRIVAL IN INDIA

DECEMBER 2, 1884, TO JANUARY 29, 1885

Aden: Tuesday, December 2nd, 1884.—We have had a delightful day, and, although I feel rather tired, I will try to give you some account of it now, for, should the weather be bad to-morrow, I might be unable to write. To-day it has been perfect, bright and warm enough, but with a fresh wind, so that the much-abused Aden was at its best, and we have come away with the highest opinion of its charms.

Directly after breakfast we came on deck to admire the beautiful rocks that are known by the name of Little Aden. They are islands, barren-looking, but carved by volcanic convulsions into the most wonderful shapes; they rise straight out of the green sea into high needles, or curve away from the sandy shore so as to form caves and bays; their colouring is varied and beautiful, purple and red, with a greenish tinge sometimes, which does not appear to be the result of vegetation. This place does not look fit for human habitation, but there are wild Arabs upon it, and it is used by Aden itself as a sort of convict settlement.

Aden has the beauty of form and colour. It is absolutely barren, but nothing could be more lovely than it looked to-day as we approached it.

As soon as we hove in sight, the Viceroy's flag was hauled up for the first time, the Captain 'breaking' it himself; and as we anchored, the thirty-one guns, which are now D.'s due, were fired from the various batteries ashore.

Our ship was soon surrounded by funny little brown boys, in small dug-out canoes of the same colour as themselves. These

little creatures paddle about in the most fearless way ; they come quite up to the still moving steamer, first one side, then the other, call to the passengers, 'Have a dive,' 'Give a dive,' bail out the water with their hands as they speak, jump in headlong after any coin that is thrown them, and catch it long before it reaches the bottom. Many of them dye their hair yellow, which has a curious effect, and a little rag round their waists is all their clothing, so I wonder where they keep the money they pick up—certainly not in the boat, which is often upset. One of the boys had his leg taken off some time ago by a Rock cod, but he still plies his trade, and is said not so much to feel the loss of his leg as the ingratitude of the cod, who had often met him under water, and who ought to have had a friendly feeling for him.

The Resident, General Blair, Mrs. and Miss Blair, and a number of officers came on board, and we soon went ashore with them. We passed two of our men-of-war and a Frenchman, all dressed with flags, and on the English ships the men manned the yards—always a pretty sight. We landed under an awning ornamented with flags and with green reeds which had been brought thirty miles on camels for the purpose. Here we found the dignitaries of the place, soldiers, natives, and guards of honour—one was formed by the English regiment here (the 40th). Next to them were the 'Aden Troop,' most picturesque-looking men, mounted on white horses, wearing red turbans and white uniforms. When D. drove away they rode by him with drawn swords. There were also some native infantry troops at the landing-place. Here we separated.

D. started on a long drive to see the Tanks and the place generally, and we ladies went at once to the Resident's house. It is a charming one, but what volumes it speaks for the climate ! It is literally a roof supported by pillars, with wooden latticework between them, even the bedrooms being on the horse-box principle, with the air blowing about, around, above and below, in every direction. Certainly in a hot climate you must give up your prejudice against draughts.

To-day it was delightful in this summer-house, the room looking like a gigantic balcony ; but there *are* drawbacks to this open-air existence, for sometimes there are sandstorms, and the sand blows in and covers up everything in the most hopeless way. It is almost impossible to make any plant grow even indoors, for, as you may perceive from my description of the house, there is very little difference between indoors and out-of-doors, and the hot wind reaches everywhere.

When the gentlemen came back we were given a big lunch,

for about thirty people ; and after it D. had a little business to do, and it was five before we came on board our ship again. Then we said good-night to the Blairs, who had been most kind to us, and stood on deck to see all those splendid rocks and serrated peaks against the setting sun.

I must not forget to say that there was another native regiment up at the Residency, whose band played during lunch. They were the 4th Bombay Rifles, and were dressed like our Rifle regiments, but wore black turbans.

Bombay : December 8th.—I wish it were possible for me to give you even a faint idea of the splendour of the landing at Bombay, but it was such a magnificent sight that it seems almost useless to try to describe it. I believe that we shall never, even in India, see anything to compare with it again, so I must do the best I can in the way of putting my impressions upon paper. The *Tasmania* anchored at 11 A.M. ; but as we were not to land till 4.30, we remained quietly watching the departure of the other passengers and admiring the splendid harbour in which we found ourselves. It was extremely amusing to see the crowds of boats alongside, full of various coloured people on various business ; of expectant husbands come out to meet the 'grass widows' who have travelled with us, messengers with letters for persons on board, natives vainly trying to get up the sides, the police, in bright yellow caps, trying to keep order ; noise and bustle everywhere !

Sir James Fergusson came on board to see us and to let us know all the arrangements made. There was one very sad thing to mar the day. Mr. Balfour got a telegram telling him of his mother's death. He seemed to be devoted to her, and is very unhappy, so it is very hard upon him to be amongst comparative strangers, and in the midst of so much gaiety.

After lunch we rested a little, and then, arraying ourselves in our best, awaited the arrival of the Admiral, Sir W. Hewett, and Captain Ritchie (Secretary to the Bombay Government), who came to fetch us off. As we left the ship the Lascars manned the yards, and a roaring salute from the three men-of-war began to thunder forth. Everything looked beautiful in the bright sunshine—the ships dressed and the yards manned, the white smoke curling about them, the quantities of yachts, boats, and other vessels, and then the brilliantly clothed natives squatting on the quay. The steps down to the water were covered with scarlet cloth, and at the top of them we found the prominent personages who had come to meet the new Viceroy, they also adding to the mass of colour with their uniforms. Turning to the right, the

scarlet cloth was laid down for a couple of hundred yards, with an arch at each end, and tropical plants on either side showed off their green leaves against the carpet and the scarlet balustrade behind them ; when we had advanced a few steps down this path we stopped to have the address read and answered.

Sir J. Fergusson stood behind D. and I close to him, the Staff at one side. The address was read by a Parsee, and there was a group of natives round him.

When this was over, D. and I and Sir James walked through the second arch and got into the carriages. My heart leapt into my mouth for a moment when I saw the four horses in combination with the crowds and the noise, but I will tell you now that I soon got over my nervousness and was not the least frightened during the drive. Some of the A.D.C.'s went first in a sort of wagonette, then Nelly, Rachel, and I, with Captain Dean ; Sir James Fergusson's Military Secretary went next, and then followed the two Governors. Between and about the carriages were mounted native soldiers.

And now comes the difficult moment to describe, but I must appeal to your imagination to fill in the details of the scene. Fancy a drive of five miles through a town : in the first part some very fine buildings and large houses, occasionally an open space or a short bit of avenue with fine trees, and then a long bazaar, or native town, with curious old houses and strange balconies ; and then fill the whole—the streets, the windows, the rows and rows of balconies, the trees, the tops of carriages—with a teeming crowd, almost every individual of which is a study in himself : natives of every shape and colour, dresses of the most brilliant hues, little children clothed in the whole rainbow, and with a large nose-ring added to that ; children clothed in nothing at all, and parents with the nearest approach to nothing at all that I ever saw before ; one window filled with ladies draped in brilliant stuffs, and a little further on four or five naked bodies decorating another window ; and when you can't imagine any more, add the five miles of cheering and the ever-recurring bands sending forth 'God save the Queen,' the handkerchiefs waving, and all the incidents of a crowd—in fact, put life into the masses of colour your imagination has brought before you, and say if it was not an exciting scene !

The Government House was once a Jesuit monastery ; it is very pretty and curious—large rooms, wide staircases, but, oh dear ! it's very cold ! Now I really did expect to be warm at Bombay, but the temperature actually is cool. In England it would be nice and pleasant, but there you don't live in a room in

which the walls are cut up into arches opening on to large corridors where all the windows are wide open ; and you would sooner die than sit in (not one, but) twenty draughts at a time ; and you don't dine in a room which seems to have no side-wall at all ; and you don't expect to find that your bedroom has four very large windows and three doors, *all* wide open at once ; but that is what you do find here.

When we reached Parell we were received by Miss Fergusson and by Mrs. Dean, the wife of the Military Secretary. After some tea (very nearly in the open air and certainly in many draughts) we went out to look at the garden. It is left as the monks laid it out, and is very pretty ; there are some palms that I never saw before, the top of the straight bare stem being like a large flat fan. While we were walking through the garden the electric light illuminated it. I then went up to my airy bedroom, and found three new ayahs arrived from Calcutta—one for Rachel, and one for each of our maids. I was amused to see the gently moving ayah following the active Blackwell about like a shadow, and I began to hope my Hindustani would make great progress, but the ayah is banished, at any rate from my room, while the girls will get on fast with their languages.

There were twenty at dinner, mostly Staff. I sat between Sir James and General Hardinge. When I told the latter who Rachel was, he told me a funny story about her grandmother, the 'Queen of Beauty' (Duchess of Somerset). She had a little Japanese dog, and she went one day with it to the Zoo ; the man at the door stopped her, saying, 'No dogs allowed in,' at which she looked at him scornfully, and said in tragic tones, 'Man, it is not a dog, it's a bird !'

Tuesday, 9th.—At 9.30 there were prayers, and then we breakfasted in the verandah dining-room, which in the morning was delightful, and after that we were photographed in a group. The number of frightful caricatures of us which is being called into existence is fearful, for we never move anywhere that we don't see a photographer pointing at us from the top of a carriage, or from some unexpected vantage-ground.

We next visited all the horses, and then came in to write letters till lunch. I was warm and comfortable all the day, and felt no draughts. At four His Excellency laid a foundation-stone, and in the evening Sir James had a great dinner and a party for us, and we all put on our very best—I my Order and diamonds, and Nelly hers, and D. his uniform, &c. I like Sir James very much, and found the dinner very pleasant.

The reception was a little fatiguing ; 600 people came, and we

stood on a golden carpet and shook hands with all the ladies and bowed to all the gentlemen. There were many natives, and their dresses are very handsome. The Parsee ladies look very nice, and wear most beautiful colours.

I stayed for about half an hour after the presentations were over, and then slipped away, as we have an early function to-morrow.

Wednesday, 10th.—I must close this letter before lunch to-day, but I shall have time to tell you of our doings this morning. D. was to open a Hospital for Sick Animals at 8.30 A.M., and as I heard many native ladies would be there, I settled to go too. When we arrived at the place we found an enormous awning spread, under which all the people were sitting, and as there were flags and colours about it, and rows of Parsee ladies and native men seated under it, it all looked very gay and charming in the sunny fresh morning.

A little history of the charity was read first. It is a branch of a 'Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Organisation,' the idea being that instead of fining a poor man for ill-treating his bullocks, and thus almost necessitating his working them still harder, it would be better to provide a place where the unfortunate animals could be cured; and aided by some rich citizens, this Hospital and a Veterinary College have been started. After the usual speeches we were conducted to one of the 'Hospital wards,' and there we saw a curious Brahmin ceremonial: eggs and cocoanuts were broken on the floor, and the posts and lintels of the doors were smeared with egg, oil, and some other stuff. Then great trays of flowers were brought, and the chief man—the host in fact—taking a large wreath or necklace of jessamine and roses, put it over His Excellency's head, handed him a bouquet, and sprinkled it with rosewater; he adorned me in the same way, then Sir James, and then Nelly, who wished to sink into the ground on the spot, and then the host himself was thus decorated. Rachel too had her necklace and bouquet. The wreaths are beautifully made, and are better described as ropes of flowers; each flower is tied separately to the next one, and a few silver threads are mixed. They are really very pretty; the bouquets are a stiff shape with some tinsel in the centre. You may imagine how odd the gentlemen looked in their frock coats and garlands of flowers.

I have told you about the early part of this day, and must now tell you how hard we worked during the afternoon.

We were to lunch with General Hardinge at Malabar Point, which really belongs to the Governor of Bombay, and which is the most lovely place! It is a promontory, with the sea on one side

and a bay on the other. The sitting-rooms are very pretty, divided from each other by enormous carved open-work doors. The living rooms are all about the garden in different bungalows. Sir James Fergusson drove me in a mail phaeton, the rest of the party following with carriages and four.

After lunch we visited a large boys' school, Miss Pechey's dispensary, a Parsee girls' school, and the School of Art. Then I was tired out and went home, while D. went to see a market. The only one of these institutions which I will stop to tell you about is the girls' school. The Parsee young ladies wear such very pretty colours, while the little girls are all dressed like boys, with coloured jackets and trousers and round hats. The pupils sang, and a tiny little creature came forward and recited in very broken English, with lots of gesticulation, a little poem about a rabbit. I think it was a conversation between a rabbit and a sportsman; at any rate, it was a charming little performance. Everywhere we were decorated with garlands of flowers, and sometimes had bracelets as well. In the evening there was a big dinner and a ball.

Friday, 12th.—We had to leave very early on Thursday morning, the train starting at eight. We found our carriages most comfortable, indeed the whole train was ours. We had a sitting-room, my bedroom, bath-room, and beds for two maids in one carriage. D. had a bedroom and a place for his servant in another. There was a large dining-room in a third, and the Staff and all the servants had carriages provided for them. Our beds were very comfortable, and our food good. The scenery the first day, when we were going over the Ghauts, was very fine, curious-shaped basaltic hills, with odd little pinnacles, or domes, or excrescences of some sort on the top of each; the rest of the way it was not remarkable. Last night was cold, and this morning very much so, winter dresses and shawls required. D. was not very well in the day, and was quite ill in the night, when his temperature rose to 102.

Saturday, 13th.—He seemed very unfit this morning for all he was to go through; however, as four o'clock approached he got up and prepared for his entry into Calcutta.

There was a magnificent array of uniforms at the station, fine turn-outs of carriages and horses, and guards and outriders, and the whole way to the house was crowded with people, who received us with cheers. We crossed a bridge over the Hooghly and drove through part of the town, looking with the greatest interest at all we could see of this place, which is to be our home for the present.

When we arrived at Government House we found a large guard of honour drawn up before it, and the flight of steps leading to the door was covered with gentlemen in uniform and natives in gay dresses. Lord Ripon received us most cordially, and presented all the Council to the new Excellency.

Lady Ripon met us in the Throne-room, and we all went to the Council Chamber to hear D. sworn in. It is not an imposing ceremony. Several gentlemen stood round a table while the Warrant was read, then they sat down while D. signed it, *et voila tout*.

We went to have some tea, and after it D. was fetched to go and seat himself on the throne to hear the address read—such a funny little throne, with no back. He replied, and all was over. I believe this throne was once Tippoo Sahib's howdah. For the rest of the time we spent together Lady Ripon and I never knew who was the lady of the house, and we could not catch each other's eye, we were both so afraid of appearing to take upon ourselves! She was a great comfort to me, and so kind in helping me with information.

In the evening Lord Ripon sent D. the insignia of the Star of India to wear at the big official dinner of 100 people. Every one asked was expected to come, and some native gentlemen who cannot eat with us sat in another room till dinner was over.

Monday, 15th.—We went early this morning to see the Ripons off. We are quite sorry to lose them, and feel rather lonely now.

Yesterday we went to the Cathedral; it is rather like a railway station, the punkah rods representing the iron framework of that sort of building; the walls are quite white, while the windows are a bluish colour, which makes every one look pale. In deference to the hot climate the service was short.

Tuesday, 16th, to Sunday, 21st.—Both my time and my thoughts have been so entirely occupied with furnishing that I have little else to tell you of. We are performing wonders in the way of settling down, and I have arranged myself a very pretty drawing-room, with another room next door, which can be thrown open if there are people to dinner.

I was very unhappy yesterday about the house, which I should then have described as gigantic, with *no* room in it. I thought my rooms intolerably uncomfortable (I should have to enter into too many details to explain why), but I have had an idea which I have this moment carried out, and now I feel that there is hope left. I have thrown all conservative principles to the winds, have abandoned the rooms used by all previous Viceroys, and have

moved into the visitors' wing. So that I have now a lovely boudoir looking on to the garden, instead of a dull room upstairs, without a balcony or a view, and a nice room next to it for the girls, who would otherwise have sat in their bedrooms. I am close to my own staircase, and nothing can be nicer. Having thus packed myself and my belongings into one of the elephant's paws (or wings) of this house, we are really comfortable.

I will now tell you how I spend the day, and then you will learn casually about some of my arrangements. D. gets up pretty early to work, and I am generally ready at 8.30. We breakfast at nine o'clock on the balcony outside my pink drawing-room—we four (family) together. D. stays and walks about for a little, while the green parrots and the crows look down upon us from the capitals of the pillars which support the roof of the verandah. At ten o'clock Lord William Beresford has an interview with His Excellency, and then comes on to me. I always write down the things I want to ask him about, and as he settles everything the list is very curious and miscellaneous.

Each A.D.C. has his own department. Major Cooper is 'Household,' and he and I see to everything, and make ourselves generally fussy and useful.

Captain Harbord has the kitchen and the cook to see after. Captain Balfour is a musician, so he manages the band, and I have asked him to make it play every night from eight till nine while we are at dinner. Captain Burn does the invitations. Lord William has the stables, and all the A.D.C.'s are under him, and every detail is brought before him. From the highest military affairs in the land to a mosquito inside my Excellency's curtain or a bolt on my door, all is the business of this invaluable person, and he does all equally well. He jots everything down in his book, or on his shirt-sleeve, and never rests till the order is carried out. He has the stables very well arranged, and the 'turn-outs' are very handsome. The carriages are plain, without gilding or ornament, but we nearly always drive with four horses, postilions, footmen, outriders, and escort, all in scarlet-and-gold liveries.

The principal servants in the house also wear scarlet-and-gold. The 'khidmatgars,' or men who wait at table, have long red cloth tunics, white trousers, bare feet, white or red and gold sashes wound round their waists, and white turbans. The smarter ones have gold-embroidered breastplates, and the lower ones have a D. and coronet embroidered on their chests. We each have a 'jemadar,' or body servant, who attends to us at other times. Mine stands outside my door and sees to all I want, goes in my

carriage with me, and never leaves me till I am safe inside my room. I daren't move a chair unless I am quite sure the door is well shut, else he would be upon me, and I am sure he would even arrange my papers and my photographs for me.

Nelly and Rachel also have their jemadars, and all the housemaids (and they are legion) are men with long red tunics, turbans and gold braid—oh, so smart !—while every now and then in one's best drawing-room, or in one's most private apartments, a creature very lightly clad in a dingy white cotton rag makes his appearance, and seems to feel as much at home there as his smarter brethren do. He is probably a gardener, and he most likely presents you with a bouquet of violets ! Then we each have a magnificent sentry in the passage near our bedrooms—they are very tall men, in handsome uniforms ; and then there are heaps of servants, 'some in rags, and some in tags, and some in no clothes at all.' One 'caste' arranges the flowers, another cleans the plate, a third puts candles into the candlesticks, but a fourth lights them ; one fills a jug of water, while it requires either a higher or a lower man to pour it out. The man who cleans your boots will not condescend to hand you a cup of tea, and the person who makes your bed would be dishonoured were he to take any other part in doing your room. The consequence is that, instead of one neat housemaid at work, when you go up to 'my lady's chamber' you find seven or eight men in various stages of dress, each putting a hand to some little thing which has to be done ; and you may imagine the energetic Blackwell's feelings, and how her ayah tells her that 'she much too strong, strong as four Hindustani women.'

I have wandered away from 'my day' to give you an account of the household. As I said before, I have been attending to our comforts, and my room really is pretty now. The furniture is pink silk, and I have made the room look 'homey' with little tables, screens, plants, photographs. The girls have a very nice little boudoir next door, and I also have a second small drawing-room, which I open into mine with three big doors when we have any dinner party. These rooms are, to a certain extent, my creation, for there was no private house before, and after dinner the party sat in the long, dreary throne-room. This I have converted into our usual dining-room ; it has carpets and curtains, and is decidedly preferable to a barren marble hall, where we should shiver. We still lunch in that cold place, but it is very nice in the middle of the day.

Off my room there is a delightful balcony, frequented by wild parrots and crows, and soon to be inhabited by all sorts of

captive creatures. I am going to have an aviary made, and I already have several birds.

All these arrangements fill my morning, and at two we lunch. We sit at round tables, and are usually fourteen in number.

When I drive, I go out at 3.30, and so get a little sunshine, but the fashion here is for no one to venture out until it is damp and dark, which it is after five o'clock.

We have some difficulty in finding an object for our drive. Sometimes we go to the Zoo, and sometimes there is a game of polo going on, which we sit and watch.

We dine at eight, and the Staff comes and spends the evening with us, or does *not* come, as it chooses.

On Saturday, 20th, His Excellency had his first levée. It was very large, and though the people passed at the rate of twenty-five a minute, which was quicker than usual, it took twenty minutes longer than any levée for the last ten years. D. liked the end of it very much, when the native officers were presented. He says they are very fine men, and that they came forward in a smiling, frank way; they salute and present the hilt of their swords, which the Viceroy touches, and then they pass on.

I think there were about 1,800 men at this levée.

His Excellency was very smart! He wore his Lord-Lieutenant's uniform, with four stars and the Indian Empire (a sort of medal like a flat rose) on his coat, and the diamond medallion of the Star of India hanging from his throat, with the grand cordon of that Order. It is a very pale blue, with a white border. The medallion is a portrait of the Queen on a cameo surrounded by diamonds.

We got our first mail from home on Friday, the 19th; a very great pleasure.

On Sunday we went to our parish church in the morning and to the cathedral in the evening, and Prince Oscar of Sweden with his Commodore and an A.D.C. lunched with us.

I cut my fingers very badly, taking a knife out of a sheath, and am bandaged up by the doctor. I fear I shall not be able to wear a glove at my drawing-room. I am *not* to wear a train, lest I should encourage extravagance, and so a smart one I had brought from England has to be packed away!

Monday, 22nd.—I paid my visit to the wife of the Lieutenant-Governor, Mrs. Rivers Thompson. They have a very pretty place just out of Calcutta, with a capital house and one of the largest lawns in India. Lawns are precious things in hot countries.

They have an artificial river in their grounds ; so have we, ours having been made by Lord Lytton. Their river is rather larger than ours, and they had a predecessor who was interested in plants, so I think they have more to show in that respect than we have. They gave us tea on the balcony, and we saw the younger girls of the family, and had altogether a pleasant little visit.

Tuesday, 23rd.—We spent this day in a very official manner. The Viceroy was to hold a *darbar* in the afternoon ; that is, in plain English, he was to receive three Rajahs, who pay their morning visits in state, every particular of the reception being carefully arranged beforehand. General Wilkinson and two of his Staff were to be present, so they lunched with us, and then the Marble Hall was prepared for the arrival of the first Rajah, His Highness the Maharajah of Jodhpore, whose rank required that ‘the Military Secretary, the Under-Secretary in the Foreign Department, and an A.D.C. to the Viceroy’ should drive to his residence to fetch him. Scarlet cloth was laid down for him ; a guard of honour was at the door ; a band played on the steps, and between each pillar down the hall stood a gigantic trooper of the body-guard, in his scarlet uniform, holding a lance in his hand. As the Maharajah arrived a salute of twenty-one guns was fired from the Fort.

We ladies were hidden behind a screen that we might look on. A still grander throne than usual was placed for the Viceroy—it was a silver one, with large gold lions for arms ; an attendant with a white yak’s tail in his hand stood by, lest a fly should trouble His Excellency’s composure ; a gold embroidered carpet was laid before the dais, and chairs were arranged on either side of it. Some attendants held bunches of peacock feathers set in gold, and others had very big gilt maces in their hands. General Wilkinson and the Staff, and one native A.D.C., who wore a large turban and a broad band of red on his forehead, sat on the left of the throne. When the Maharajah reached the door, the Viceroy got up and walked to the middle of the room to meet him, shook hands with him, and motioned him to a chair on his right, while his followers took lower places on the same side. The Maharajah’s dress was green and gold ; he spoke through an interpreter, and the dialogue with him went on pretty well. No one else attempts to speak. ‘After a short conversation,’ say the regulations, ‘the Maharajah’s attendants are presented to the Viceroy, and each one holds out to him one gold mohur,’ which he touches, thus politely expressing ‘You may keep it, though you are so anxious to give it to me.’ Then there was another

short conversation before the leave-taking. At a signal the Viceroy's attendants brought in two silver vessels; one contained attar of roses, the other some very sticky leaves wrapped up in silver and gold paper. I believe that when carefully unwrapped a small piece of betel-nut is found in each. The Viceroy puts a small spoonful of attar of roses on the Maharajah's hand, and gives him a sticky thing to take away with him, and they sit down again, while the Under-Secretary in the Foreign Department does the same for His Highness's attendants, and then they make a final move. The Viceroy again takes a few steps to conduct the Maharajah to the middle of the room, bows to his followers, and they depart with the 'same ceremonies as those observed on His Highness's arrival.'

For the second one, 'the Maharajah of Bhurtpur, G.C.S.I.' two A.D.C.'s went, seventeen guns were fired, and His Excellency stood at the foot of the dais to receive His Highness, who had to offer '101 gold mohurs' to be touched.

His Highness the Rajah of Faridkot was fetched by two A.D.C.'s. His Excellency remained on the dais to receive him. The salute was only eleven guns, and he only presented eleven gold mohurs to 'be touched and remitted.' All the other ceremonies were the same. I have not told you much about the dresses, as we sat behind the native guests and could not see them well. It was very curious and interesting to see this once in a way. I don't suppose we shall want to look on often.

His Excellency went and unbent himself over a game of tennis, but I rested all the afternoon with the prospect of several hundred curtseys to be made in the evening.

We dined alone and dressed afterwards for the drawing-room. When all was ready, a procession came to fetch us, and preceded us into the throne-room. D. and I stood on the dais, and we found in the room the gentlemen who have the entrée; their ladies passed us first, and also remained in the room till the drawing-room was over. I told you I was not allowed to wear my train, but I found numbers of ladies had them on, to say nothing of lappets and feathers!

Most of the ladies were very smart, and I think everything went off as well as possible. I got rather hot with the exercise of making so many curtseys, but otherwise I did not feel the fatigue much. When it was over, the procession formed again and we went upstairs. This was the first time that we had seen the large reception rooms peopled. They were quite full, and looked very nice. There was a buffet with light refreshments at one side of the ball-room, and the band played there too. We

walked about for some time, making new acquaintances and speaking to some of the people we have already met, and then when I began to feel very tired we went away.

Wednesday, 24th.—Prince Karl, of Sweden, arrived from Delhi this morning to join his brother, Prince Oscar, who is in a man-of-war here. The one stays in the house, and the other came to meet him at breakfast. Prince Charles is very nice-looking and extremely tall. We shall not see much of our guests, for they have to keep Christmas on the Swedish ship, and it takes two whole afternoons and evenings to do that properly.

The Calcutta races began to-day. We went to see them privately, but next Thursday week we go in state. The course is very pretty, and the stand is nicely arranged with plants and flowers. The races only go on between the hours of four and six. There will be polo and racing for alternate days all the week. The ladies were very smartly dressed, and it was a gay and pretty sight.

Thursday, 25th.—We should have spent a very pleasant Christmas Day indeed but for the absence of the children, who have hitherto always helped to make it 'merry;' and I think that all the little presents they had provided for us, and which, according to their directions, were laid out for us this morning, only served to mark the blank. The missing of them was an under-current running through the day. But it is of our doings, and not of our repinings, I must tell you.

Lord William Beresford had suggested that we should go and see Barrackpore in the afternoon, and as we were very glad to find some way of spending our Christmas with an appearance of gaiety we arranged to do so. We started in the steam launch as soon after church as possible, and enjoyed the trip up the river very much. With Barrackpore we were quite delighted. I suppose you know that it is a place the Viceroy has about twelve miles from Calcutta. It is situated on the river, and is quite like an English park, with beautiful single trees of different kinds, and it is all so pretty and so completely in the country that I long to go and stay there. It reminds me of the Duke of Westminster's place on the Thames, Cliveden, and we happened to have two of his sons with us, who thought so too. On landing, there is a short walk arched over by bamboos; then comes a pretty garden with a little fountain in it, and quantities of large blue convolvulus creeping over everything; then, to the right, lawn and shrubs, palms, and strange plants, and a gigantic banian-tree covering a great space of ground, its branches and offshoots forming arches and galleries, and a fine dining-room

which we used for luncheon. The scarlet liveries looked very beautiful moving in and out of this natural arbour, and we fell in love with Barrackpore on the spot.

Quantities of hawks collected in the branches above, and when we had finished our meal we threw up some bits of meat, which they swooped upon and caught before they fell, in the most graceful way.

I had heard the house was a perfect barn, but I was delighted with it. It is simply furnished, but there is quite enough in it for the little visits we pay, and I hope we shall often spend Sunday there. The Staff have bungalows in the grounds. I took the two maids down there, and they were pleased, which is a good thing, as they are the people to whom the constant packing up to go there will be troublesome.

We drove round the park and saw the rose-gardens and the monument to Lady Canning. It was designed by Lady Waterford, her sister, and is placed over a favourite spot of hers, where she used to sit and draw. Coming home we had tea on the launch, and saw a fine sunset, in which the temples on the banks and the queer-shaped boats, with their picturesque rowers, looked lovely against the brilliant sky.

I sat down to write, so full of Barrackpore that I omitted to say that the family has received into its bosom a monkey! I confess that when Nelly expressed her intention of setting up a monkey I was horrified, but I must say that the pleading eyes and gentle manners of the little creature she was given to-day have quite won my heart. Rachel has a parrot, and I received a little deer. Happily mine is not alive, and is only a beautiful specimen of Delhi enamel, the spots on his precious back being diamonds, his body being blue, and the ground on which he stands being gold inlaid with green.

The day did not pass without a misfortune. The wretched hawks, of whom I wrote a few minutes ago with enthusiasm, came down upon my balcony and, seizing a small cage, managed to abstract one of my canaries. The details were harrowing, but I have refused to hear them.

We had the great good fortune to receive our mail to-day, so all the Christmas good wishes came exactly at the right moment. From England, Canada, and Turkey, Christmas cards and letters arrived, and all were very welcome.

Friday, 26th.—We have been to see our stables. They are across the road and next to the kitchen. Did I ever tell you that the kitchen is somewhere in Calcutta, but not in this house? There are fifty-five horses in the stable, and each horse has a

man to himself, who lives with him and sleeps at the foot of his stall. I went over there in a bath-chair, drawn by two men, which is one of my Simla carriages.

Saturday, 27th.—We went again to the races and saw a very exciting dead-heat, and also a steeplechase in which Lord William rode.

So far we look somewhat isolated in the Grand Stand, for even the people we know don't come and speak to us, and I can't wander about after them. They think it is not proper to come up, but I hope they will soon lose that idea.

We had a 'small' dinner in the evening. We sat down thirty-six people. I was pleased to find that every one highly approved the throne-room arrangement, and told me they had never seen it look so habitable before.

Thursday, January 1st, 1885.—I think my New Year really began on November 13. It was then we turned over a leaf, and I am not ready for a fresh epoch! However, we had a long and hard day's work with which to open 1885, for in India the 1st of January is not only New Year's Day, it is also 'Empress Day,' and, as such, is kept as a great holiday.

At eight o'clock in the morning we began our duties. I began them in a carriage-and-four, and the Viceroy on horseback. We went to the Maidan, and there assisted at a review. Although D. 'took the salute' and rode up and down the lines, and was the principal figure there, I consider that I had much the most trying part to play, for I was in great terror of my horses, and suffered much in anticipation of the *feu-de-joie*. They behaved very well, and nothing happened. The morning was lovely, and the military display went off well. The Staff was, of course, brilliant; the native regiments looked very fine, and especially one which has buff facings; there were Volunteers too, dressed in brown (khaki) to match the grass; some artillery, a 'regular' regiment, and a very small company of irregular sailors. I know they volunteer, and that they dress as seamen, but we shall never see them afloat, and they are reviewed on shore, much to the regret, I feel quite sure, of H.E. the Vice-Admiral of Ulster.

We got home to breakfast before ten, and the next public performance was a state visit to the races to see the Viceroy's Cup run for. We had two carriages and four, and a strong escort and outriders, so that the procession must really have looked very pretty driving up the course. There were crowds of people, and D. was very well received indeed. We are no longer so solitary on the stand, as we are rapidly making acquaintances,

and people begin to understand that we don't wish to be cloistered. They have seen a great deal of us this gay week.

In the evening we made a great innovation. There was to be a large official dinner for 100 men, and D. thought he would like his three ladies to dine at it, so we broke through all traditions, and did so, and I think the experiment was successful, and, at any rate, we made it appear less of a public dinner and more of a private entertainment. We also took great pains with the room, put down a carpet in the Marble Hall, and got out our plate, and ornamented and lighted the table, so that it really looked very handsome. Nowell was quite excited over his first dinner of 100, and all his talents for organisation came into full play. I forget if I told you that he is now put in charge of the household, and we find it the greatest comfort to have one European head. The natives are excellent servants, but they want a master hand over them.

Saturday, 3rd.—There are three ways of getting to Barrackpore—by road, by river, or by rail, and we settled to try the road this time. We drove for about six miles through the town and through native bazaars, and then got on our riding horses for about six more. The whole way there were splendid trees on either side of the road, a perfect avenue, and as I had gained confidence in my pony 'The Duke,' I enjoyed my ride extremely. We reached Barrackpore about six o'clock, and found it looking quite lovely. A splendid sunset, reflected in the river, added to its natural beauty, and our Christmas Day enthusiasm suffered no diminution.

Sunday, 4th.—We are, if possible, still more enchanted this morning. Everything here seems to be perfect—the weather, the air, the trees, flowers, shrubs, creepers, sunshine !

The place is beautifully kept. The trees are very fine and of infinite variety ; roses are in the greatest profusion, and some of them are quite enormous ; the large blue convolvulus climbs all over a long low wall, which surrounds a little garden full of heliotrope and other sweet flowers, and where a little fountain plays in a marble basin ; there are bushes of red and purple blossom, and a lovely orange creeper covers the balcony near which I write. I am sitting in a sort of open room, which has the drawing-room behind it, and the square uncovered balcony in front. This, you must remember, is the depth of winter ! I believe that once upon a time I used to skate in January, and that a fur cap and sealskin were necessary to my well-being then ; but now I have to 'mind the sun' and to wear a double felt hat, and to carry a white umbrella. I am glad to be able to

say that I have thoroughly enjoyed both extremes, and that, although I delighted in a Canadian winter, I have the greatest pleasure in drinking in the sunshine of an Indian one. D. and I took a little stroll early in the morning, and greatly admired our demesne, and then we sat under the celebrated banian-tree for breakfast, and Nelly's monkey perched on a branch and enjoyed itself too. Later we walked on and looked at Lady Canning's tomb, and examined the plants that were new to us on the way. There is a marble monument over the grave, with an inscription written by Lord Canning on one side and a text on the other. The enclosure is large, and the railing round it is composed of twisted C.'s with a coronet across them.

As we spend Sunday here, it is as well to find that the church is as satisfactory as the rest of the place. It is close to our gate, so we walk there, passing a piece of water, on which lovely red water-lilies grow. The service and sermon were both very nice, and the whole thing felt home-like, simple and quiet.

There is absolute pleasure in existing in a place like this, and I am always wishing I could show it to those at home.

I have not taken much exercise lately, but I made up for it to-day. Directly after lunch, in despite of all Indian rules and regulations, we began to walk about, and we walked the whole afternoon, visiting first a temple in the grounds erected to the 'Memory of the Brave.' It is built in Grecian style, and on the walls inside are tablets, on which are inscribed the names of the officers who were killed in an Indian war. Then we looked at the Flagstaff Bungalow, and made our way over to a place where elephants were to be seen. They are used for commissariat purposes, and it was very interesting to us to come upon thirty-six of these animals 'at home,' each one being fed by his special attendant, or mahout, who makes up his food into little bundles and insists upon his eating it so ; for it seems that, when left to himself, the elephant wastes his provender, and does not make the most of it. He used to be given rice, of which he is very fond, but alas ! these are economical days, and now he has to content himself with sugar-cane and straw. It is funny to see how, while munching up a mouthful, the elephant takes up a wisp of straw and brushes away all the flies which annoy him. We asked the man in charge to send an elephant over for us to ride in the morning.

On our way back we explored the plant-houses and the garden, then had tea on the verandah, and started off on a still longer walk to visit a Hindu temple.

The people there received us most civilly, and we found the

old gentleman in charge could speak English very well. He told us he built the temple, but I think he must have been mistaken. We could not enter the sacred precincts, but from outside we were allowed to peep at the shrine, where under a silver canopy a metal goddess sits, a crown on her head and a plate of rice in her hand, while the god, who is made of eight kinds of metal, stands by and holds out his hands to her, asking for gifts. There were six more small temples round, but we did not try to look into them, as we are not quite sure whether the people like it.

We discovered a fireplace in our house, and as it is rather chilly in the evening we were glad to sit by a fire when we came in.

Monday, 5th.—We went for a nice ride on our horses at 7.30 this morning, and after breakfast we mounted our elephant! He knelt down, and a ladder was placed against his side for us to mount, while the servants made a loop of his tail and climbed up by it. When we were shut up in the howdah, the elephant was told to rise, and as he got on his front legs it seemed as if everything must slip off behind, and we had to hold on very tight until he had reached an even keel; then he looked very grand with his scarlet cloth and the howdah full of people, marching over the grass and towering above the shrubs, and we felt quite comfortable and enjoyed our elevated ride very much. The mahout sits on the elephant's neck and guides him with his feet.

We returned to Calcutta by river and drove on to the polo grounds for a little. The Viceroy was away the whole day opening a small railway. He enjoyed the expedition very much. He travelled up twenty miles of new line, lunched in a tent, and visited a shrine. The story they tell of this sacred place is this: A man found that his cow never gave any milk, so he watched her proceedings, and saw her pour it out as a libation before a certain stone, and henceforth all people follow her example, and come and present offerings to the god there, so that the priest in charge makes his fortune out of pilgrims. This man had just been let out of prison, having committed a serious crime, and it was explained to the Viceroy that he must be very civil to him because he was a great man, but not too civil as he was a bad man. I believe D. managed this delicate *nuance* perfectly.

Don't suppose that we all came home to rest. No, we had to go to the theatre, and though everything else is early here, the theatre is late, and we did not get home till one o'clock. 'Artful Cards' was rather nicely played, but the artists are starving, and we must go again to help them.

Tuesday, 6th.—During my absence I had my balcony wired

in, for I found the impertinence of the crows was becoming intolerable ; and you should have seen the fearful excitement of the green parrots this morning when they found their accustomed haunt closed to them.

Wednesday, 7th.—Colonel Euan-Smith, the Resident at Bhurtpore, breakfasted with us. We sat a long time and ranged over many subjects, from lieutenant-governors down to tigers, and from elephants to the weather. Talking of the English spoken by natives, he told us he once received a letter beginning ‘Honoured Enormity.’ The writer had evidently looked in the dictionary and found this expression suitable. One man, during an examination, was told to write an essay upon the horse, which he did in the following brief terms : ‘The horse is a very noble animal, but when irritated, he ceases to do so.’ Another had to write upon the difference between riches and poverty, and he ended by saying—‘In short, the rich man welters on crimson velvet, while the poor man snorts on flint.’

Colonel Euan-Smith also told us of an officer’s adventures with a tiger, by which he lost an arm. He had climbed along the trunk of a tree which was slanting over a pond, and had fired at a tiger from the end of it ; the tiger was wounded, but, to his horror, Captain X. saw the beast walking across the tree towards him. He dropped into the water, the tiger fell on him, and he was pulled ashore by the animal, who was just well enough to lie on him and munch away at the arm which he put up to protect his face. Presently the tiger, feeling very bad, retired a little way, and Captain X. had sufficient presence of mind to roll gently back into the water, where some men came to his rescue.

In the afternoon I visited the General Hospital and the Lady Canning Home. The Clewer Sisters live at the Home and train nurses. Most of the women are Eurasians, and they seem to make very good sick nurses when once they have learned by precept and example that it is not beneath them to hand a glass of water to a patient, and that such little offices may be performed without the intervention of a coolie. The climate at this time of year is a great help to hospital management, for when you can have all the windows wide open and a bright sun streaming in, you require fewer comforts, less furniture, and everything looks cheerful for the patients. There were some very sad cases of accident and illness ; it is so hard to be laid up far from home, and we saw several men who, having families to provide for, have lost, with their health, all means of making a living for them, and don’t even know how to get back to England themselves.

We dined at the Lieutenant-Governor’s, and they had a party

after. They have such a nice house, and we spent a very pleasant evening.

Thursday, 8th.—We had one of the usual dinners for about sixty-four people. I don't think there was anything remarkable about it. It went off very well, and Mrs. Euan-Smith played the piano for us. We let the guests go instead of retiring ourselves; it is less stiff, and besides I never can get His Excellency away, so it is much shorter and easier to let him be left.

Friday, 9th.—We went to see Lady Stewart in the Fort. It is a very large one, and we wound in and out of arches and drove over many drawbridges before reaching the Commander-in-Chief's quarters.

Saturday, 10th.—I consented heroically to drive to the races on Lord William's coach, and I bore the ordeal with fortitude. I must allow that the horses went like lambs, and that he is a first-rate whip. He even retained my confidence after he had put out his left shoulder riding in a steeplechase, and when crowds returning home, and darkness coming on, made the journey back much more perilous. There were three steeplechases, and in each one there were falls, but happily no serious accident to any one. Lord William's was the worst, but he does not mind such a trivial discomfort as having a shoulder dislocated, and, as I said before, he drove us through the most populous streets safely to the railway station. There we met Judge and Mrs. Cunningham (Lord Lawrence's daughter), who were coming to stay with us at Barrackpore, and we had a nice little dinner of ten.

Sunday, 11th.—Sir Auckland Colvin and Mr. Lyall (Resident at Mysore) came out in time for breakfast; then some of us walked to church, and afterwards we sat under the trees till lunch time.

We again fed the hawks and again visited the elephants, and on our way home looked into an English cemetery. It is crowded with rather large and very dilapidated monuments. Two of the inscriptions rather amused me. One began with the French words 'Ici repose,' all the rest being English, and another had on it—

'John Taylor,
A wretched, poor and helpless worm,
Into Thy kind arms I fall.

Erected as a mark of respect by his wife.'

The word 'respect' seems to come in funnily after the melancholy description of him given above.

I gathered one anecdote from Judge Cunningham which is amusing. It is an illustration of true native politeness. A judge, who was a very bad shot, had been out for a day's sport, and on his return the man who went with him was asked—'Well, how did the judge shoot to-day?' 'Oh!' he replied, 'the judge shot beautifully, but God was very merciful to the birds.'

Monday, 12th.—D. and the rest of the party went off in the launch directly after breakfast—for the Viceroy is hard at work all and every day, and has to hurry back to his office early on Monday morning—but I remained behind for a couple of hours, which I spent in arranging all the rooms for the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who come to stay with us next week. I returned by train.

Tuesday, 13th.—My aviary being finished, I went early in the morning to look for some birds to put in it. There were such curious beasts at the place, and one monkey which looked as if some Barnum had been at work upon him, so extraordinary was his complexion and general colouring. He had a good coat of brown fur, and his hair stood out round his head. His nose and mouth were a brilliant scarlet, his cheeks a bright blue, and on his back he had two large patches of purple opalescent colour, as if the sun were shining through a purple glass window on to his fur. I never saw anything so strange.

On my return, I did much housekeeping, hung pictures, arranged rooms, and saw that all was in apple-pie order for to-morrow.

In the afternoon I went to visit two hospitals, one the Medical College, the other the Eden. They are very large and airy, but I don't think it will profit you much for me to describe them. Medical students, swathed in sheets and with bare heads, stood on the steps to receive me. 'Sister Lucy' and her nurses were there, and native women who have taken nursing diplomas were in attendance, wrapped in washing silk saris; and in the Eden, which is a lying-in hospital, there were some very tiny brown babies to be seen. In the other all sorts of ills are mixed up together, and even the cholera patients are not isolated. I suppose that, being able to have the air rushing in on every side, the danger of contagion is not so great as at home.

Wednesday, 14th.—I was down at 7.30, looked at all the rooms, saw that my balcony and my charming new toy, the aviary, looked nice, and then, when the salute began, I went out on the steps to receive the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. They were very kind in their appreciation of the efforts we had made to make them comfortable, and they seemed to notice

everything that had been done for them. They breakfasted with us.

After luncheon we looked on from behind a screen at a large deputation of Mahometans who came to present an address. They were all in fine costumes, and wore great varieties of head-dresses.

As soon as D. was free, we started off for the Botanical Gardens. We had settled to go up in the steam launch and to drive back. When passing the King of Oude's Palace, which is opposite the Botanical Gardens, we saw a man standing on the top of a house waving a flag, with which he was directing the movements of hundreds of pigeons. It was very pretty to see them wheeling about and executing manœuvres in the air in obedience to his signals.

The Botanical Gardens are very beautiful and interesting, and we went round them with Dr. King, who is an enthusiastic gardener. We had tea under a large, but very much less pretty banian-tree than our own, and then drove home in the *char-à-banc*.

A 'small' dinner of forty-three ended the day—a military dinner: the Duke told me he had not been in the room with so many Generals for a long time.

Thursday, 15th.—There is nothing like energy. The Duke and the Duchess and all of us except D. were on the coach by seven o'clock A.M., and on our way to the paper chase, which we found a very amusing scene. There were crowds of spectators in carriages and on horseback, besides the hunters themselves, who were arrayed in most sporting costumes. The 'double' puzzled many of them, and I never saw anything funnier than the knot of unwilling horses who remained for about five minutes 'refusing,' and causing the greatest anxiety to their riders. The chase was very fast, and Lord William came in first, but he had missed a fence, and so Mrs. Cooke was declared the winner. We got home for breakfast, and then the energetic Duchess said she required exercise, so I took her all over the house. After that she went out shopping till lunch time, and at four we drove out to see a game of polo.

We had a state dinner of seventy-three, and a great reception after. There were many natives in fine dresses, and I thought it all looked very pretty and gay. The Duchess enjoyed it very much, and of course she was a great attraction. The party filled all the reception rooms upstairs, and the buffet was in the Marble Hall where we had dined.

Friday, 16th.—More energy! Military manœuvres at 7.30.

We were all out again, and D. and the Duke rode, the Viceroy having to take the salute ; then there was a march past, and a sham fight. As we were in the thick of it with four horses I felt it more prudent to descend from the carriage, and the Duchess walked about with me, and we inspected the killed and wounded who lay in our path, and who looked very picturesque and comfortable. A large square red flag represented the enemy, and we were pleased to see it utterly routed. Not until we felt sure of victory did we return home. The Duke went on to see an Army Clothing place, and we came home to breakfast and to read our letters.

We were just going out in the afternoon when a dreadful dust-storm came on unexpectedly, and I feared that it would be followed by rain. Happily it cleared, and the Duke and Duchess played tennis, and we had tea in the garden. We dined a little earlier than usual, and dressed afterwards for the ball. It began about ten o'clock, when we all met in my rooms, and went up in procession to the ball-room, which was already full of people. 'God save the Queen' was played as we came in, and we immediately danced a state quadrille. I had managed to get a great deal more light into the room ; the floor and music were good, and I think, on the whole, it was a very nice ball, pretty and gay and bright.

Saturday, 17th.—I was very tired, and so took the day easy ; but the Duchess, in spite of a headache, did the most fatiguing things. She and the Duke, with Nelly in waiting, went and hunted about in the hot sun for the Chinese Bazaar, which, it appears, does not exist ; and after luncheon they all went with D. on the coach to the steeplechases ; Lady Downe, the Bishop, Major Cooper, and I going up in the launch to Barrackpore. I was anxious to see that all was in order for our guests, and I was rewarded for giving up the races by having a very nice quiet afternoon. The others arrived at 7.30, and we dined a little later than usual, so as to give them time to dress. I was glad to find that no accident happened to Lord William, who had again ridden in a race.

Sunday, 18th.—We spent our day as usual here, and the Duke and Duchess seemed to enjoy it thoroughly. We asked the clergyman and his wife and the Commanding Officer and his wife to lunch, and the only variety made in the hawk amusement afterwards was the experiment, tried successfully, of putting a bit of meat on the top of Dr. Scott's hat as he sat at table under the banian-tree. Twice a hawk came down and carried it off, and the birds swarmed round us as they saw that there was food to be

had. When, however, the gentlemen all went and sat in a row, their helmets surmounted with tempting bait, the hawks suspected a trick and would not come down.

Monday, 19th.—To-day we visited French territory, and were received by the Governor and given a grand lunch by the authorities. It took us about an hour in the steam launch to get to Chandernagore, and when we landed and had climbed in safety over a dangerous pathway of carpet and red cloth, we found ourselves in the tiniest and most uninteresting of little towns. The possession is only about three miles in size, and the French have to keep up a governor, magistrates, and a miniature army there, all of whom are excessively bored, having neither business nor pleasure with which to fill their time, and not sufficient space to supply mischief for their idle hands. Their wildest dissipation is sitting on a ghat looking at the sunset to the accompaniment of a glass of sherry. They were all very kind to us, and the Governor drank the healths of our Queen and country, while we drank prosperity to the Republic.

The lunch, which was very good, took longer than we expected, but the sights took no time at all, and so when we got to Calcutta the sun had not quite disappeared, but was sleepily gilding the river, while the approaching darkness gave to all the ships and barges a sort of beautiful mystery. After this little gleam of poetry came the prose of dressing for a ball, and then the ball itself.

It was given by the city to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, was arranged in the Town Hall, and was a great success. Every one had lent things to help the decoration, and in addition to the ball-room, which was hung with white and yellow, and which had a military trophy at one end and raised seats covered with bright carpets at the other, there were several beautifully-furnished sitting-rooms. The supper was in a great hall with columns, on each one of which was a shield with arms on it. The whole was brilliantly lighted. The Duke and Duchess did their duty thoroughly in the dancing way, and stayed late, so that every one was pleased.

Tuesday, 20th.—I took the Duchess in the morning to see the Economic Museum. Perhaps some day, when I have less to say, I may do a little 'Murray' and tell you about it, but now I will only say that one can see specimens of the commoner Indian materials there, and that I shall certainly return when I have more time to go through it.

The Maharanee of Kuch Behar came to see the Duchess, and stayed to lunch. She is very nice, and seems so pleased to come

here, and keeps telling me she feels so at home. She brought the little boy, who is so early to be made an English schoolboy ; he is a most precocious little creature, not three years old, but he already speaks English and rides a pony.

We all drove to the Zoological Gardens in the afternoon, and a monkey there was a great success. He is quite a character, and goes on in such a human fashion, and does such absurd things with such a solemn face, that it is really very amusing to watch him. We gave him a newspaper, which he appeared to read, and which he opened and turned over and smoothed and studied, and then he put it on his head and looked at us from under it, chewing a toothpick meanwhile.

From the Zoo to the Bishop's Palace!—a very fine house. We had tea there, and then went to see the monuments in the cathedral and to hear the organ. This closed the Royal visit, for we dined in morning dress, and they left after dinner. We were all quite sorry to part with them. They are both so nice, and seem to enjoy everything, and no *contretemps* of any kind occurred to spoil the visit. I must mention that we all wrote in each others' books, that we exchanged photographs and were photographed in a group, and were weighed, all our lightnesses and our heavinesses being duly recorded ; and that, in addition to all I have told you, there were some little rides and walks and games of lawn tennis to fill the spare moments.

Wednesday, 21st.—A complete day of rest for me ; but the Viceroy, who is always at work, gets none. I did not go out at all until the evening, when we went on board an old ship to attend a concert given for the sailors. It is a sort of mission, and the place is called 'Bethel.' The chaplain is very energetic, and several ladies sing and take trouble in getting up these weekly concerts. We thought it was a good thing to encourage, and I believe the Viceroy's presence gave great pleasure to the 'river.' I was given a lovely bouquet with an anchor in the centre made of white roses, and a pretty programme was painted for us, and flags covered in and ornamented the place. The sailors joined in the chorus, and they sang a song themselves in which the solo part was, 'Where are you going to, my pretty maid ?' and the chorus always replied something about 'Rio Grande.'

Saturday, 24th.—In the afternoon our new guests, the Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and Don Carlos, went to the races. D. stayed at home to work, and I went to give prizes at some native schools, Lord Radstock presiding.

It was rather an interesting sight. There was a little platform put up for me in a garden, on one side of which were the Hindu

Christian girls belonging to the Normal School. Many of these become teachers, and some of them looked about sixteen years of age. They were dressed in white, the older ones wearing white veils over their heads. Near them, and on the other side of the dais, were three more schools. All the girls in these were small, and wore native dresses; that is to say, coloured wraps and lots of jewels—bracelets on their wrists and ankles, ear-rings and nose-rings. Their hair was drawn tight back and was done up in a large knob, nature's deficiencies being made up with ribbon; this knob was sometimes covered with a coloured net, and sometimes the whole head and ears were hidden with gold ornaments; but the teachers discourage the wearing of much jewellery at school, as the responsibility is too great for them. None of these girls looked more than ten or eleven, nor are they more developed in appearance than children of that age at home; and it was sad to give a doll as a prize to some poor little creature who, young as she is, is probably on the very verge of matrimony, who may any moment leave her own parents for the tender mercies of a mother-in-law or of an elderly husband, or who as a child-widow may be condemned to a sort of outcast existence all the rest of her days.

The ceremonies consisted in singing hymns and songs in various languages, then an interesting report was read, and Lord Radstock spoke. After this came my part of the proceedings, and I dealt out dolls, little boxes, and picture-books, as rewards for 'Scripture, Geography, Literature, Bengali, and Usefulness.'

We all met at the station and came to Barrackpore by train.

Sunday, 25th.—Sir Thomas Baker, the Adjutant-General, is with us here. The Bougainvilleas, a lovely purple creeper, and the Bignonia, an orange one, are in perfection, and a large cotton-tree, which looked dead ten days ago, is now covered with beautiful large bunches of a bright flame-coloured lily-shaped flower.

Monday, 26th.—I think that in this climate one should record a fog, and we went out riding this morning in the thickest and dampest mist possible, and had to light a lamp for breakfast! It cleared off soon after nine, and we had a pleasant voyage back to Calcutta by the river.

Tuesday, 27th.—I shan't record fogs any more, for they appear to be common enough at this time of year, and this morning again we had to move the breakfast table into the house; my balcony was dripping, and I felt anxious as to the health of my birds!

D. was happy this afternoon in opening his own particular tennis court. It has been made in the space between two wings of the house; it has a red composition floor and wooden walls,

which are eventually to be covered with creepers. Several gentlemen in scarlet uniforms attend to pick up the balls, but they are to be exchanged for small boys, lightly clad. D.'s artistic eye is in perpetual delight here, either over the muscles exhibited by those who wear few garments, such as the Bheesties, or over the majestic folds of the 'Roman toga,' for that is the name we ignorantly give to the costume of the ordinary native of Calcutta. I think it was to their brown colour and to their muscles that the Viceroy was looking forward when he ordered his little boys; but a higher authority has commanded that they shall be draped.

Having mentioned him casually, I must, I think, introduce you formally to the 'Bheestie.' He is quite a character, and a feature in every landscape. Look where you will, out of your window or out of your carriage, you are sure to see a bronze athlete with a large turban on his head, a short garment round his waist, and a heavy skin full of water over his back, laying the dust on every side and defying in his own person all such modern inventions as water-carts or hose. His is real, hard, uninterrupted labour. His calling is honourable, his caste high—every one will accept water from a Bheestie; and those attached to regiments have served so well in time of war that now they are eligible for decorations given for service in the field.

I fear I see too distinctly to share His Excellency's admiration for the 'Roman toga.' I like bright colours, handsome stuffs, and beautiful jewels—in my frivolous feminine way—and although spotless sheets, an occasional laurel wreath, and the primitive sandal may have added something to the dignity of the heroes and emperors of ancient days, I am not very sanguine on the subject, for in my experience classic and æsthetic dress always loses by translation from theory into practice.

In the evening we all went in different directions: I patronised a concert in aid of Roman Catholic schools, D. went to the circus, and others attended a party at the Bishop's.

Wednesday, 28th.—I saw a very horrid sight this afternoon. It was the last day of the races, and Lord William was to ride in some 'consolation stakes,' which I thought sounded like an easy little race for unlucky horses. We went to the course in time to see him ride, and at the very first fence, straight in front of the stand, he had an awful fall. I shut my eyes through part of it; but when I looked up he was lying perfectly motionless, and when he was lifted his face was covered with blood. He has hurt himself badly, but the doctors think his head is uninjured. We shall not allow him to ride steeplechases any more. I had had quite enough of the races after this, and came home.

Thursday, 29th.—I took the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin to a great jeweller's shop by way of entertainment, and I was much interested myself by all we saw there. The jewels set in Europe for the Eastern market are a curious mixture of splendour and childishness : watches encrusted with diamonds, and with such complicated interiors that, besides telling you all you can possibly want to know about the time of the day or of the year, they play you a tune, and give you a representation of the conductor waving about his bâton as he sits somewhere on the face, mixed up with the seconds and the hours. Then there are ornaments for turbans, on which the diamond flowers, being wound up, whirl round and round till you can no longer see their shape. It would be difficult to keep up an argument with a man whose jewels were behaving in such an eccentric manner !

We also saw a fine collection of native jewels which are to be sold by auction in a few weeks. To our ideas they are positively ugly, and one can only wonder at the way in which the precious stones are treated—enormous rubies, emeralds, and pearls bored through and strung together like ordinary beads ; diamonds cut perfectly flat, and looking like very common glass. There were some buttercups, the petals of which were diamonds cut quite thin and utterly destroyed. There are ornaments set double—that is, with rubies on one side and emeralds on the other ; and there are precious stones in all sorts of useless things, such as small boxes, mouthpieces, &c. When we had looked at all these things, the jeweller took us into the workshops to see the silver repoussé work done. The men draw the pattern on a flat piece of silver, and then beat down the background.

The day ended with a large dinner here, and a pretty cheery little dance.

CHAPTER II

FIRST SEASON IN CALCUTTA

JANUARY 81 TO MARCH 18, 1885

Saturday, January 31st.—The Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and Don Carlos have left us.

The girls and I came down to Barrackpore early by train, as I wanted to see the 'institutions' here. They are of a nice small size, so that a little tea and tobacco and a plum cake are sufficient to give pleasure. Four very old women are entirely provided for,

and there are a few other pensioners, and a school for native Christian children. There were some fascinating infants there, and the teaching seemed wonderfully good. The pupils, who had only been learning a year, wrote English and Hindustani characters remarkably well, and they sang in English, pronouncing it most distinctly.

The afternoon was lovely, and we enjoyed it much, as we sat under the banian-tree waiting for D. and our guests. This week Sir Donald and Lady Stewart and their two daughters, and Captain Haines, their A.D.C., came to us.

We are a party of twelve, and we only brought the young members of our Staff with us, so in the evening they play games and enjoy themselves, though I must say that no one is more lively than Sir Donald himself, who is not young. He is such a nice man.

Sunday, February 1st.—Heavy rain this morning! One has to be glad because it is good for the country and because it is right to be unselfish, otherwise I should complain bitterly. This place is only intended for outdoor life, for as none of the rooms have real windows, they are extremely dismal in the daytime. Some have skylights, and some have windows opening on to verandahs.

Happily the day cleared, and we were able to get to church and once more to sit under the trees, and the girls insisted upon having a net dragged through a sort of tank which I have once before described as being covered with red water-lilies, and to our surprise ten or twelve very large fish were taken. We put back some, and ate others. This seems a good place to give you the practical information that there is only one fish to be had in Calcutta, and day after day 'becti' appears upon the bill of fare—becti hot, becti cold, becti of course. In April one more comes in, the mango fish by name, but by that time we shall be at Simla, where there is not even the becti. I have eaten him too often to be able to tell you whether he is good or not, but I will remember to consult some tourist on the subject.

A few new birds have joined the company of hawks at Barrackpore. I can't say they sing, but they are not dumb. The 'copper-head's' 'coo' sounds exactly like a blow upon a piece of metal. The 'brainfever' bird repeats his name over and over again until he nearly gives you the malady itself. The 'mynas' make a sound like intensified crickets, and I am sure that I have heard a bird that says 'Baccarat' constantly, but he does not seem to be known to fame. The oriole's lovely golden plumage is sometimes to be seen flitting through the branches; there are

also squirrels in the trees, and at night there are jackals 'prowling around'! So much for the zoology of Barrackpore as far as I know it.

After church I looked at the Zenana Mission House and the Sunday School. Widows are the most numerous of the converts, which is easy to understand, for going over to Christianity means the sacrifice of home, and therefore those who have the fewest ties, and whose position at home is unhappy, naturally leave it more willingly than women who have husbands to consider.

It is a curious thing that there is no opposition whatever made to the teaching of the Bible in the schools, and all the children are instructed in it and in no other religion. Some people say that the parents do not object because they feel that caste prejudice is too strong to permit of many conversions; others that the children lose their own superstitions and do not gain a new religion; while some persons believe that the ground is prepared, and that it requires very little to bring the people over to Christianity in a mass.

Monday, 2nd, to Friday, 6th.—I do not think the events of the rest of the week have been interesting enough to give them to you in detail. D. paid his return visit to the Maharajah of Jeypore, and was hung with garlands of flowers and gold braid. Admiral Sir W. Hewitt arrived with two ships, and sleeps in our house, but spends most of his days on board.

Sir James and Miss Fergusson, Mrs. Dean, and two A.D.C.'s have also come; and as we expect Lord Randolph Churchill on Saturday, we have had to put up tents in the garden for the accommodation of some of these visitors.

I have had a little durbar of my own, and have received the Maharajah of Jeypore in solemn conclave. The girls had taken Miss Fergusson and Mrs. Dean out for a drive, and I was alone in my boudoir, when Mr. Wallace sent to ask when I could receive His Highness. 'Now,' I replied, and so he was ushered in, and, quite after the manner of the Viceroy, I advanced to meet him on the threshold, waved him to a pink silk chair, paid him 'all the compliments of the season,' mentioned the satisfaction it gave me to see him and to find him well, said how much I had heard of Jeypore, and how much various guests of mine had spoken of his kindness to them, accepted an invitation for myself to go there, and accepted His Highness's photograph in return for my own which the Viceroy had given him.

His remarks and mine were interpreted by a sombre Babu all in black, while the Maharajah wore a pink moiré frock coat,

pompadour trousers, white satin waistcoat, diamond and emerald necklace, and a turban made of red silk cord, put on so as to show a good deal of his long black hair. I must warn you that the words 'frock coat and trousers,' when applied to the costume of the Maharajah, might not be accepted as correct by the great Mr. Poole, but if you can imagine the first to be old-fashioned and short-waisted, and the second to be tight and in wrinkles, and finally to be lost in a pair of European boots, you will have a very fair idea of His Highness's appearance. His manners were quite as beautiful as my own, and he made his exit most gracefully.

The dinner was for about seventy people, but the dance was a little larger than usual in honour of Sir James Fergusson. It ended nevertheless at twelve. Happily the early hours are very popular with the men, and even with the ladies, who are very gay here, and have to sit up almost too many nights of the week. These small dances have been most successful, but this is the last of them, as we have a ball next week, and then comes Lent. During the evening there was a great thunder and hailstorm.

Please to remember that I am in India, for if you don't keep that fact before your eyes you will not find the following description of a flower show at all interesting. You will only imagine that I am in the County Down, and will wonder why I should tell you anything so commonplace.

On Friday afternoon I, being at Calcutta, started off for the Agri-Horticultural Gardens, armed with an umbrella and a mackintosh. A few steps from the gate I put up the hood of the carriage; a few steps farther I put on the mackintosh; and on alighting I put up an umbrella and proceeded to walk through a very damp tent, looking at the various exhibits which had been more or less damaged by the weather last night; then made a rapid passage across the wet grass to another tent to look at cut flowers, but was entreated to hurry through my inspection, as the tent was likely to come down, and so made haste back to the carriage and home. Of course, it is forty years since such a thing happened before, but I can only speak from experience, and it is very unfortunate for the weather that I happen to keep a journal.

I really was very sorry for the people interested, as it quite ruined the show, and I wanted myself, from practical motives, to see what ought to grow here.

By the evening, wet streets and very beautiful summer lightning fitfully illuminating the sky were all that remained of the storm, and I was very glad of it, for it was one of our outgoing

nights. We were patronising an amateur performance of 'Pygmalion and Galatea,' given 'to aid the advancement of dramatic art in India ;' which means, in plainer English than that of the programme, that the amateurs wished to act, that they originally intended to look out for a charity to act for, but that before that object was decided upon it was discovered that their three nights' performances would completely empty the already nearly empty theatres of the place, and therefore it was arranged that the money should go to them ; and we saw some of the unsuccessful professionals throwing bouquets at these self-sacrificing amateurs.

Saturday, 7th.—We gave a Barrackpore garden and children's party. Had two elephants with smart howdahs on for the infants to ride, a band playing, a little target to shoot at, and tea. If it does rain in India it also can dry up, and my party was not at all spoilt by yesterday's downpour.

Sunday, 8th.—Sir Charles and Lady Macgregor, Sir Auckland Colvin, Lord Randolph Churchill, and two Frenchmen—the Marquis de la Grange and the 'Prince de Lucigne, Count de Faucigny'—all came to lunch. The foreigners have piles of letters of introduction, and will come and stay with us as soon as we have room for them. Lord Randolph remains here, and the rest of the party returned to Calcutta in the evening. They all liked their day in the country, and all thought Barrackpore perfectly lovely.

Monday, 9th.—I had an afternoon visit from Mr. Broughton, 'Administrator-General' here, and son of a very old friend of ours. He told me what he was doing, and how he had little ventures in silk and tea ; and, while discoursing on local topics, he mentioned casually that he was trustee for an idol, to which he paid 250 rupees a month. This 'idol' is a sacred stone, and can perhaps scarcely be dignified with the name of 'god,' but the account of it was rather interesting. A deputation was sent to look for two sacred stones in some river, and when they were brought back, a meeting was held to decide whether they were really sacred or not. Mr. Broughton had to be present, while a Fakir and some other learned personages squatted on the floor, with a book and the stones before them, and compared them with a real, old, undoubted 'idol' which was brought in for the purpose. This jury gave it against the new candidates, but I suppose the stones appealed, for the verdict was somehow or other reversed, and a suitable throne was procured upon which the three now sit and receive their monthly stipend.

We had a very pleasant dinner at the Fort ; all the family (the Commander-in-Chief's) are bright and cheerful, and every one

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seemed to be happy. Miss Stewart took our profiles on a blank wall, and I hear my portrait is admirable. She has quite a gallery of these heads. The shadow is thrown on the wall, and the outline is done in pencil and then filled in with black ; the effect is very good. The victim's head rests against a wineglass to keep it steady, and the artist has, after the manner of photographers, to put the chin a little more up or a little more down, which process of arrangement, as performed by a lovely young lady, seemed to amuse and gratify the gentlemen much. Lord Randolph raised his eyebrows a little as he sat under this treatment the day of his first introduction to society here.

Tuesday, 10th.—I am afraid you will begin to doubt my veracity if I tell you that the rain rather interfered with tennis this afternoon, and quite prevented the use of a refreshment tent at the Lieutenant-Governor's ball ! But I assure you it is true. So we did very little in the day ; at night we had a small dinner of people specially asked to meet Sir James Fergusson, and then put up an umbrella and dashed into the carriage to drive to Belvedere. The ball was very nice indeed, and I enjoyed it, for at last I do believe I am making a few acquaintances. Hitherto it has been most uphill work. I may talk all through a dinner on Monday to some persons, but when I see them on Tuesday, they not only don't speak to me, but I can't feel sure that a gleam of recognition passes over their faces, and all the labour of remembering them and of trying to bow to them or to speak to them falls upon me. I am told it is shyness, training, fear of what other people will say, &c., &c. ; but, whatever the reason of it may be, the result is that it makes this the most difficult of all the societies I have ever had to do with. Well, last night I saw a glimmer of improvement, and at any rate a few of the great lords and ladies (Burra Sahib and Burra Mem Sahib) did speak to me without being driven to it. I assure you this sense of progress made me feel quite cheerful.

Wednesday, 11th.—Nelly took Miss Fergusson out to pay visits in the morning, and they played tennis in the afternoon.

I went to give prizes at a Zenana Mission. This one is managed by Miss Hoare, a very energetic lady, 'with no nonsense about her.' She nearly made me laugh by nodding at me after I had distributed a certain number of dolls and boxes, and saying, 'Those are the prizes, now these are the bribes.'

The little Hindu girls are most attractive ! They do look such miniature women with their coil of hair (or ribbon), the jewels on their heads, necklaces, bracelets, and anklets ; and then their drapery of different-coloured muslins variously put on.

It was most amusing to see them come up for their prizes, but I grieve to say that symptoms of European costume are to be seen amongst them. I had just dealt out a reward or a bribe to a real little Oriental picture, when a horrid calico frock of purely English pattern appeared before me! And, alas! even some who began well ended in patent-leather shoes, over which seven or eight silver anklets fell in the most incongruous manner! One child coming forward appeared so lame that I inquired about her, and found she was only suffering from new shoes! Is it not dreadful!—jewels, and green and gold garments wound round with crimson muslin, and then striped cotton stockings and shoes!—and I was made a most unwilling accomplice, for I had to give out English cotton jackets, and dolls dressed in the 'height of the fashion' and well calculated to spoil the taste of the rising generation. These atrocities are sent out by kind people at home. I wish they would get patterns of Indian garments, and make them both for the children and the dolls! Unfortunately the latter are manufactured with chignons and boots, and I suppose they can't be bought without them.

From this function I went on to a party at Mrs. Ilbert's. On driving up to the house, I found two girls in bright native dress playing badminton. Every one was introduced to me. I was most interested in the two medical students who were there, and in a girl who has taken a degree and is now a teacher in a large school.

Our guests from Bombay left us after dinner to return home, and we went to the circus which we were patronising.

The rain came through the tent and pattered on the backs of our chairs.

When I hear the familiar sound, my mind reverts to the 'crops,' and to the effect it will produce upon turnips and mangold wurzel; but then I read of 'rabi crops,' of 'rahar, linseed, indigo, and poppy,' of 'the harvesting of paddy,' and 'the threshing of jowari,' and these new names make me realise, in spite of the homely rain, that I am in a new world.

Thursday, 12th.—The girls and I went on board the *Euryalus* to see Admiral Hewitt and his ship. He had the decks 'cleared for action,' worked the guns, and gave us tea. He also showed us the Order given him by King John of Abyssinia. It consists of a gold Masonic cross set with jewels, and worn round the neck with a silken cord, and a great lion's mane by way of a collar.

We had a ball in the evening. About 1,000 people were asked, but I don't think there can have been more than 600 present, and there was plenty of room for dancing—almost too

much, I thought, for at supper-time the room was nearly empty and never filled again. Like a good chaperon I stayed till the very end, and Nelly and Rachel and their partners danced the last gallop alone. D. having had hard work all day was tired, and disappeared before supper.

Friday, 13th.—I fear the subject of Zenana Missions will begin to bore you, but this is the prize-giving month, and even to-day does not bring me to the end of these functions. This afternoon the schools were seated in rows on the grass at Belvedere, and very picturesque they looked. I am never tired of seeing the curious little girls with their strange garments, stranger life, and mysterious future, and find all that I can see and hear of them most interesting. There was a very striking child, whose costume really deserves to be described. She looked about twelve. Her hair was elaborately plaited at the back, and had worsted flowers stuck into it in the form of a high comb. A broad band of gold covered her parting, and ended in an ornament falling over her forehead, with similar bands from each side and similar ornaments covering the ears. She wore a jacket of blue and gold with short sleeves; and a thin black scarf, with green and red stripes and broad gold edges, came over each shoulder, was confined to the waist by a belt, and was arranged in such a way as to entirely drape her figure, covering her to the feet in graceful folds. On each brown arm were at least fifteen gold bracelets, anklets on her feet, and a pearl drop in her nose. She had a very interesting face, and was dignified to the verge of being cross! None of the children really understand English, but they repeat 'I love little pussy' and 'Mary had a little lamb' in monotonous and tragic tones.

Lord Randolph Churchill left us in the evening.

Monday, 16th.—There was an afternoon dance on board the *Euryalus*. When we arrived the yards were manned, and then we found ourselves in a beautiful room covered in with flags. The party was a great success, and the ship is off to-morrow, leaving behind a Lieutenant Lindsey, who is going to join Sir Gerald Graham at Suakim.

Tuesday, 17th.—I have been giving new colours, and making a speech, and assisting at a garden-party in the Fort.

The regiment I gave the colours to is known to you as the 8th, but is now the 'King's Liverpool Regiment,' commanded by Colonel Le Mesurier. The solemn 'being off with the old love' is indicated by the marching of the tattered rags down the line, saluting them, and retiring them to the music of 'Auld Lang Syne.' Then follows the equally serious 'coming on with the

new,' when the Bishop consecrates the colours, which rest against the drums piled in the centre of the square; then they are unfurled, and an officer receives them from me on bended knee; and then comes her ladyship's speech to this effect:—

'COLONEL LE MESURIER, OFFICERS, NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, AND MEN OF THE KING'S LIVERPOOL REGIMENT,—I confide these colours to your keeping, in the full assurance that you will guard them faithfully, and that a regiment already so famous for its distinguished conduct on the historical battlefields of Europe, and in many an Indian combat, will not fail to add fresh lustre to the glorious record inscribed upon their folds, whenever called upon to defend the honour of our Queen and country.' The Colonel's very nice reply follows, the receiving and saluting of the new colours, and a march past to finish with.

The officers had a garden-party afterwards, which was most successful. Very few of the people had ever seen colours presented before, so it was quite an event.

I felt rather nervous over it, but was especially glad to do it, remembering that it was George's regiment, and that he had served under the old colours.

Wednesday, 18th.—I went to tea with the Maharanee of Kuch Behar, and had a very pleasant visit. Her house is extremely pretty, and furnished in the European style. She herself wears native dress, but has very smart shoes and stockings, while her sisters and sister-in-law had bare feet. Three of her sisters were children, very pretty, with such lovely eyes and sweet expressions; and her sister-in-law, who spoke English perfectly, was a remarkably nice person.

I was very glad of the opportunity of seeing them. The Maharanee herself is very cheerful and pleasant, laughs very merrily, and must be very intelligent—she has so quickly and completely got into European ways, and never seems the least awkward or put out.

D. lets me send you a copy of a letter he received from one of the two great Llamas of Thibet. The style is delightful, the translation is literal:—

'To the great and most opulent Governor, who turns the wheel of power all over this wide world, Ruler of Asia and Pillar of the Faith to his Throne.

'With reverence, and with the full three mundane essentials (the heart, the speech, and the body),

'This most humble and insignificant self, who from his infancy, applying himself to study, has acquired only a minute jot of learning, such as may be compared with an insect's

mouthful of water, has been favoured with a golden robe of honour in the shape of a present of Rs. 2,500 for him, for which he presents his most cordial thanks.

'This year there has appeared the incarnation of that divine personage who is the crown ornament of this world of men and gods. Next year His Holiness's incarnation will be identified. This humble self has been discharging with the utmost zeal and devotion all the religious duties of the Penchen Rimboochay as the Minister of the great Buddhist Church, and, moreover, as the representative of the late all-knowing Penchen, in upholding, protecting, and propagating the religion of the Victor. Together with this piece of news he respectfully sends scarves and the mitre of the late Penchen for acceptance.

'Dated Tashi Lunpo, the 5th of the 10th Lunar Month, Wood-monkey year.' [Corresponding with the 22nd November, 1884.]

Friday, 20th.—I visited the Loretto Convent Orphanage this afternoon, and, on entering it, felt myself transported back to Canada. There were the nuns, and there was the Archbishop, and there were the good little girls 'Vouées au Bleu,' and the indifferent little girls all in white, and there was the little song of welcome, and the flattering address, and the bit of convent embroidery as a souvenir, and myself on a platform, and the purple priestly robes beside me—all exactly as it used to be. What wonder, then, that I fell back naturally into the ancient groove, and obtained a holiday for the whole array of little pupils—who appear to me to have gone on curtsying at every mention of my name for the last twelve years—or that I felt quite sentimental over this sudden return to Canada and all its pleasant memories?

I also visited the establishment of the Little Sisters of the Poor this afternoon. They do much good, and make a home for about fifty helpless old people. Then on to another prize-giving. The schools were all squatting on the roof of a long verandah, and looked, as usual, very picturesque. Several of the dolls had to be kept back, as the girls for whom they were destined were being married.

I saw three European hats and feathers in one school; that was almost too much for me, and I was glad to look away in the direction of a child whose attention was greatly distracted from the Bengali prayer by the difficulties of arranging its yards and yards of muslin into the proper drapery.

We had what I call a 'small' dinner, thirty people. The difference between the small and the large is not only in numbers. I choose the guests for the small, and really know who

they are, and we sit in my room and dine in the throne-room, instead of using the state apartments. I sat by Salar Jung, the Nizam's Minister.

In the evening D. went to a Mahometan conversazione, where they had scientific amusements, and exhibited various things, such as telephones and phonographs.

Saturday, 21st.—I gave away prizes at some athletic sports. It was a pleasant afternoon. We sat out, and then drove back on the coach, and took Sir Frederick and Lady Roberts, two of their A.D.C.'s, and two Miss Stewarts up to Barrackpore.

We spent a quiet day (*Sunday, 22nd*) under our trees, our party being enlarged by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Delves Broughton, who came by an early morning train.

Monday, 23rd.—Invited by Rai Juggodanund Mookerjee, we went in the evening to a native entertainment in his house. To get there we drove through the bazaars—long streets of mud and bamboo hovels, where native colouring and local smells were rampant. Groups of people were standing about, and greeted us with clapping of hands as we passed; near the gate of the house there was a great crowd, and a military band was playing there.

Our host met us and conducted us through a bit of garden brilliantly illuminated, a sort of roof being made to it by quantities of large white lotus flowers, which were, I suppose, attached to a net; this led into an enormous tent lined with flags, blazing with candles and electric lights, full of all the 'beauty and fashion' of the neighbourhood, and with a sprinkling of smart native dresses to orientalise the scene. We were seated in front of the stage, and when the curtain drew up, some very substantial fairies were revealed standing on equally substantial flowers, and they sang the following lines in Bengali:—

As stars round Luna's bright throne wait,
When the blue vault from clouds is free,
Thus girt with officers of State,
Our noble Viceroy here we see.

We bless our Empress-Queen who sent
A Peer so just this realm to sway;
With hearts and feelings reverent
Let us to him our homage pay.

And gladly now 'twill be our task
By art dramatic to beguile
This noble audience—we but ask
Your kind applause, your lenient smile.

Then the play began. It was called the 'Matrimonial Fix,' and we were provided with an English *résumé* of the plot. It is

a farcical satire upon the native who goes to England for ten months, and who is supposed to come back dressed in European clothes and having forgotten his own language; and upon the educated female, who is represented as giving her husband a scientific lecture upon heat, which drives him out of the house, while she, during his absence, makes love to a kindred and educated soul, with whom, in the last scene, she absconds. The dress and absence of dress look more remarkable on the stage than off it. D. still saw ancient Romans in their togas. I still saw ordinary men in cotton sheets. In one scene a bridegroom appeared naked to the waist, with a red loin-cloth as a costume, while in the next he was clothed in a full suit of broadcloth; the match-maker was lightly clad, the bridegroom's father wore the sheet or toga, the women were fully 'draped.'

The best actor was a maid-servant, who seemed to say very sharp things, and when she and her mistress had a disagreement the scolding on both sides was loud and stormy.

As a study of manners and customs, the play was most interesting. It was in two acts, and at the end of the first we were taken into the house and upstairs, where a new joy awaited us.

'A Nautch in the Upper Hall,' says the programme! The old and *blasé* Anglo-Indian despised this one, and whispered something about music-halls; but as we are not *blasé*, it amused us very much. There were about five musicians, who stood just behind the two girls, and who seemed always to have to prompt them about something. These played little stringed instruments of the mandolin order. One of the women was very good-looking, and was heavily clothed from head to foot in velvet and gold, and a great scarf of green and gold; the other wore rather short pink petticoats, but when she did whirl round, one saw that she had on a regular suit of armour, cloth-of-gold down to the ankles. Nothing could be more strictly proper, and nothing could possibly be more languid and gentle and almost motionless than the dancing, if dancing it can be called. The first performer, without moving from her place, squares her elbows slightly, and with her two hands, palms downwards, their fingers almost touching at the points, moves them almost imperceptibly, and manages gradually to glide a few steps forward, then to make one turn, to raise her arms and wave them gently for a moment, to glide the few steps back, and to end abruptly. The second does the same, while the first performer, come to life in the background, shows that she is hot, and tries to cool herself much more vigorously than she danced. There really is so *very* little movement that there is

scarcely evidence sufficient to decide whether it is graceful or not. The elder one had an uncanny way of *lifting* her throat from side to side as if it was disjointed, which was more in the Egyptian style than the rest of the performance. The girls then sang, and a song in English, with a good deal of gesticulation and some play with the eyes, was very amusing. It related how the band was playing, and how the lady peeped out from her curtain at the 'captain' (he apparently played the drum in that regiment), and how he 'with his whiskers' and tattooing all the time cast side-glances at her window.

In addition to this 'Nautch,' there was native music of various kinds—a man who played on bowls of water, accompanied by an old gentleman who held two small drums and played upon each with his fingers; one who made two trumpets sound by placing them against the muscles of his throat (I can't explain further), and one who played well on a sort of metallic 'bones.' At the end of this part of the entertainment a great supper awaited us, a thoroughly European meal, which we played with for a while, and then we were admitted to the zenana. I thought that nothing in the male line lower than a lieutenant-governor would be allowed to enter, but several inferior mortals did. There were four ladies waiting to receive us—our host's wife, daughter, and two relations—and a crowd of females peeping in behind. The ladies wore very smart draperies and numbers of bracelets and rings, and seemed very pleased to see us, but a little shy. Over the chimneypiece hung an oil-painting of me, done from a photograph and really very good. After talking a little, the lady of the house presented us with bouquets, hung us with garlands, saturated our handkerchiefs with rosewater and attar of roses, and presented us each with one of the sticky parcels of betel-nut which I have before described.

After this, begarlanded as we were, we returned to the tent, and saw the last act of the play, and then home, feeling that we had been well entertained.

Wednesday, 25th.—This afternoon we had a garden party by advertisement—a notice in the papers announcing that I should be at home to all those who had the *entrée* to Government House taking the place of any invitation.

We put up a large awning as a sort of drawing-room on the grass, had tents for refreshment, chairs placed two and two all over the grounds, a band playing, and an assortment of conjurers who appeared to me, when I had a moment to go and see them, as the feeblest specimens of the genus wizard that I had ever seen. I arrived at one performance in time to learn that a girl

who was sitting with her head back and her mouth much smeared with brickdust had just had her tongue cut off, and a bit of meat on a skewer was being carried about preparatory to being put on again as the missing piece. After a very clumsy pretence of performing this operation, the young lady got up and exhibited the unruly member whole and uninjured. I was decidedly unlucky, for I believe there were some better tricks ; but it took time to see even one, for they were performed in a sort of Arabian Nights way, one trick inside another, so that one never knew when the original one would be finished. The party itself was pretty and bright, and went off very well. The afternoon was perfect, and I stood in the shade and said 'How do you do ?' to every one before going to see the sights.

Friday, 27th.—D. had his first long Council over the Rent Bill, about which you are all being so troublesome and so agitating in England.

The sittings are public, but I was unable to attend this time, as I had a little engagement of my own, one which had in my eyes the additional merit of obtaining for me an extra day at Barrackpore. My destination was the old Dutch settlement of Chinsurah, which is some way higher up the river than Barrackpore, and therefore it was decidedly convenient to stop there on my way down, and to be met by D., who came on after sitting in his Council from eleven to six. The Council will sit four times a week, and D. will have all this in addition to his usual heavy work.

My expedition had for its object more zenana prize-givings. We left Calcutta at twelve, taking with us Mrs. Wilson, the wife of a merchant in Calcutta. We lunched at Barrackpore, and then went on our way again to Chinsurah. The entertainment was in a large house borrowed for the occasion. All the school children sat in the open central court ; a raised passage ran all round it, on three sides of which the fathers and the brothers and the low caste maid-servants were grouped, and on the fourth I sat, literally in the seat of the gods, supported by the 'quality' of the place. Lady Lytton had been there seven years ago, and the people had refused then to remove their gods. Now, either gods have gone down in the world, or 'Vicereines' have gone up, for unasked they removed the former to make way for the latter. I suppose this is called 'being more enlightened' ; and a further proof of progression they gave, for the married women were on top of the house looking down upon the court, and although a sort of screen was put up, it was very defective in places, and they made large holes for themselves in others. I was glad they

were able to have this amusement, though I am not a very great advocate for 'progress' in such matters, for I think that Eastern women cannot be too slowly brought forward, and that gods, so long as they are objects of faith, should be disturbed for no one. There was also a passage round the second floor of the house, where European schoolchildren sat.

The function consisted in listening to much Bengali poetry repeated by little girls, who stood up, one by one, on a chair to recite it; in hearing a report read, and in giving away the prizes. The report told us that the examiner thought the children said their poetry in rather a sing-song manner, 'which should be discouraged'; that he found these small native girls 'very well up in the history of the Jews'; that they were 'intimately acquainted' with the multiplication table, and were being 'initiated into the mysteries' of grammar and geography. After this satisfactory account of the pupils I stood on the steps and dealt out dolls, the small and ugly ones being received with evident dissatisfaction. The children only consent to attend school on condition that they get a prize, and they naturally feel aggrieved if the hire is not worthy of the labourer. To do lessons a whole year and then to be fobbed off with a very inferior doll to that you see in the arms of a not more industrious neighbour must indeed be irritating! One very discontented child returned to the charge at the very end, but I had nothing left to give her.

I was allowed after this to go up and see the zenana ladies, who had come down from the roof to a room in the house, and when I got there I was very sorry only to have a few moments to spare. They all seemed so pleased to see me, crowded round to shake hands with me, made me sit down and held my hands, and were delightfully cordial; but darkness comes on so quickly that I had to be off, and, had there not been a moon, I should have met with difficulties on the river.

Mr. Wilson joined his wife at Barrackpore, and they both stayed the night. They are very pleasant people. He has something to do with the Zoo, and told us that two tigers there had just committed suicide. It is a very curious thing. They came in large cages, in which they remained for some weeks, but directly they were moved into the permanent cages they refused to eat. The best mutton could not tempt them, and they actually died!

The travelling-cages had been sent away, else they would have been put back into them, to see if that would cure their home sickness.

Sunday, March 1st.—Whenever during the last month we

have ventured to feel chilly, we have been assured that by the 1st of March we should be gasping under punkahs ; but no, I have put on a woollen shawl—the day is dull and dark, and the sky has decidedly tears in its eyes, for they brim over occasionally. What a mysterious, changeable, incomprehensible, and disappointing thing is climate !

Circumstances were too strong for D. in spite of his desire to keep Sunday as a holiday, and he had to do some business to-day with Mr. Hope, who came out for the purpose. The wind changed in the evening and made all things pleasanter, and D. and I took a nice walk in the park. We came across a large poplar-tree, which had a very big palm growing straight up from the centre of it, the palm's roots being wound round the poplar's trunk and branches. There is another in the place which has four fine straight palms growing up through it, but their roots are in the ground.

Monday, 2nd.—The girls and I came home a new way to-day. We rode and drove back to Calcutta before breakfast. The morning was lovely, and we liked it very much.

After lunch we went into the Council Room for a little. The big table forms a 'hollow square.' The Viceroy sits at the top, with the Lieutenant-Governor on one side of him, other Councillors at the sides, and reporters at the bottom, spectators behind them. The speakers mostly read their speeches, and they sit while delivering them. It is not easy to hear, and the proceedings are dull. The room is a very good one, and, with the passage leading to it, is hung with the portraits of old Viceroys. The most interesting picture is that of Warren Hastings, who looks rather like Shakespeare. I was sorry that I did not stay longer at the Council, for all the speeches were over at five, and D. said a few words. This ends the preliminary proceedings of the Bengal Rent Bill, and now the 193 amendments have to be discussed.

We are all very full of the great durbar which is to be held at Rawal Pindi for the Amir. Our big camp will be out ; about 20,000 troops will be collected there, and it will be quite an historical event. The Councillors, their wives, and several other people come, and we wonder whether the present Amir will agree with Shere Ali, who, after seeing all the beauty and fashion of our society, said, 'You English are very proud of not shutting up your women, but you are very clever about it, for I see you only let out the ugly ones.'

Wednesday, 4th.—I had a small garden party for lawn tennis and badminton, and succeeded in getting people to come in the

necessary flannels. I played badminton, D. showed off his new court with wooden walls, and Nelly played tennis with the best of them. We had the band 'discoursing,' and spent a very pleasant afternoon. The Council was only just over in time. They sit almost every day, and all lunch with us, with the exception of Mahometans and Hindus, who sit in different chambers downstairs and eat sweets and drink cold water.

In the evening we went to a Parsee theatre. A beautiful box was made for us in the very centre of the stalls, close to the stage. The piece was an operetta called 'The Padlock.' The singing was of the most sing-song, monotonous, and unmusical character. All the performers, including the heroine, wore black velvet tunics and trousers covered with spangles. *She* was a man, and not lovely. We were amused by it, but the orchestra was a melancholy moan resembling bagpipes. The second piece was called 'A Fancy Ball.' One man kept the stage, while the guests at the ball performed the well-known stage-army trick, and, after passing through one way, reappeared again in a different dress, but without any attempt at disguise. The piece ended with a loyal song and a most unflattering transparency of our gracious Queen.

Thursday, 5th.—The thermometer now is about 85° in the shade. I don't find it at all too hot; but before we go on the 23rd it will probably be 95°. We had a plague of flying ants in the drawing-room just before dinner; they were swarming round a lamp and lying in layers on the table. They made such a mess that the room had to be shut up. They drop their wings, and appear as crawling things, and in every stage of their existence they are extremely disagreeable.

Friday, 6th.—Goaded on by my family to take exercise, and having no engagements for the day, I rode in the morning and played tennis in the afternoon, and found it rather too much for me.

Sir Samuel and Lady Baker arrived. They come on a shooting expedition, and are so full of all their preparations that they actually do not appreciate the prospective delights of Barrackpore, and elect to remain here for Sunday.

Saturday, 7th.—The Calcutta Volunteers were inspected by the Viceroy this afternoon. He went in uniform, and walked up and down their ranks, and then made a speech to them while I remained on the dais, and afterwards gave away the prizes. D. is honorary colonel of the regiment. The small company of Naval Volunteers was also there.

From this function we drove straight to the train, and were at Barrackpore in an hour's time.

Sunday, 8th.—A perfectly heavenly day, the air delightful, and the temperature agreeably warm ; the sun was, however, hot enough to make driving to church more prudent than walking. When we got there we found the whole upper part of the building swaying about—from north to south, from east to west, swing, swing, swing, the punkahs. As I got into my place I heard behind me a very audible, 'These horrid things!' from D., and he immediately had ours stopped, a proceeding which the punkah-wallah found difficult to understand, and he stood all through the service grinning and expectant, with the rope in his hand. The rest of the sky, however, kept waving, and I felt doubtful for some time whether the surrounding oscillations would produce sleep or sea-sickness. Punkahs are very ugly things—heavy bars of wood with very thick and unornamental flounces of brown holland, swung by ropes from the ceiling, and just high enough to escape a short person and to disarrange the curls of a tall one. Next Sunday midday services will be abolished, and if we don't get up at 7.30 we must wait till the evening for our church. And yet so far the thermometer is seldom over 80°. Decidedly we make a great fuss over heat here.

Tuesday, 10th.—The Viceroy had another deputation of zemindars protesting against the Bill, which will probably be made law to-morrow. I don't think they can have expected to gain much by it, but they are very sanguine and have great faith in agitation.

Wednesday, 11th.—The Bengal Rent Bill was passed to-day. I went into the Council Room to hear the final orations. D. spoke last and very well.

Having heard that the Bill had become law, I went off to lay the foundation-stone of a home for girls studying medicine. The money for it has been given by the Maharanee Surnomoyee, who seems to be a most charitable lady. The ceremony was the same as usual, and I was given a very handsome trowel.

In the morning I had an interview with a high authority about doing up some of the rooms in the house. I will tell you more about that when I have quite decided where I shall begin.

Thursday, 12th.—I got a great deal of work into this day. I went in the morning to see the Economic Museum, which I have mentioned to you before, and after looking through the two rooms of which I thought it consisted—the one containing pretty things bought from the exhibition, and the other models of various natives from Assam, the Nicobar, and the Andaman Islands, with their fishing, shooting, and household implements—I found that there were two more rooms in this part of the

building, and that beyond there was a great museum of which I had never even heard before, though the gentleman with me told me it was of 'world-wide' celebrity. I just walked through it, and was very glad to find there was such a place, for there is not very much to see in Calcutta, and here one could spend many days in looking at all the things. This morning I did not attempt to do more than find out that there was a big room full of minerals, one of stuffed animals, one of birds, and large collections of shells, insects, fossils, carvings, musical instruments, &c., &c. Two of the small ideas I carried away were gathered over the insects and the poisons. The butterflies exactly representing green leaves were quite new to me, and I could not have believed that the resemblance could be so exact between an animal and a plant. The poison of the cobra was shown us in a small bottle, on which was written that the quantity contained in it would kill 7,450 chickens or 46 dogs. The gentleman who showed it to us had himself collected it, and the process must have been exciting. One man held the snake by the head and the tail, which naturally irritated it, and our friend presented a spoon covered by a palm-leaf to its mouth; the angry snake bit through the leaf, and the fluid fell into the spoon. Another external poison is a small red berry which goldsmiths use here as a weight; when mixed up with water it can be worked into a point, and a prick from that point is certain death.

The sun was very powerful this morning, and one felt obliged to get very quickly into the covered carriage so as not to be exposed to it for a moment.

In the afternoon I paid my first visit to a zenana. We drove through the native town to the house. The master of it met us at the door, and conducted us up to the room where the ladies were. The whole space seemed to be cut up into very small rooms furnished in the European way, and with punkahs swinging so low that one had to be perpetually dodging them. His wife wore a violet and gold silk garment over her, a black velvet jacket underneath, and jewels everywhere, a quantity hanging over her forehead, enormous rings encircling and depending from her ears, a very big one in her nose, eight or nine fine necklaces, at least sixteen bracelets on her arms, and a large ornament on the back of each hand, to which chains and a ring for each finger were attached. A grown-up daughter-in-law swathed in black and gold was very shy, and kept her face covered, but the father-in-law kept saying, 'You may look at her,' so we lifted the veil and peeped. She was rather a fine-looking girl. A little granddaughter, also magnificently bedizened, and a married daughter

completed the party. We spoke a little, and fingered and admired the jewels, and then the veiled lady was sent away in order that her brother-in-law might be admitted.

The second part of the entertainment was 'Five o'clock tea,' in the shape of cocoanut and other cakes made with ghi (a sort of melted butter, which renders them almost uneatable to us), champagne and ices. I boldly tasted all the cakes, which had been made by the lady of the house, but I did not get very far with them. Then we returned to the zenana, and the wife put wreaths of very strong-smelling flowers round our necks; then she put a still stronger odour on our handkerchiefs, and gave us each a large bouquet of roses ornamented with tinsel; and so adorned we drove through the streets of Calcutta. I am sure we must have perfumed the whole town, and I know I was glad when I could escape from my wreath, my pocket-handkerchief, and from the whole carriage full of scent.

In the evening we had a big 'walk round,' that is, a 'drum' of great dimensions. We opened the first floor of the house right through from verandah to verandah, had the band and a buffet in the Marble Hall, and invited everybody. I thought it a very pretty party; there was so much space, and the Oriental dresses always beautify the crowd. I walked and talked all the time, but D. was obliged to mix some business with his pleasure, and to 'sit out' with a man. He only comes in at the end of our dinner, has his breakfasts and luncheons cut short, and is altogether busy. What peace the two-ton boat on the Bosphorus was, to be sure!

Friday, 13th.—I had been most anxious for D. to see one of my picturesque Hindu schools, and had persuaded him to engage himself for the prize-giving at the 'Bethune School,' which is a secular one for girls, where they teach the 'higher branches,' take degrees, &c., so I was much disappointed to find that it was not at all picturesque. With education unfortunately comes a taste for English millinery, and a departure from the good taste generally inherent to a national costume, and I could really *groan* when princess frocks, marabout feathers, and other shabby finery are flaunted before me. D. and I sat on a dais with a very big table in front of us, which interfered with our view, and the prize-winners who appeared before us had to overcome fearful obstacles to reach us: many a foot of native arrangement was displayed under the European varnish as the unfortunate wearer struggled up on to the platform. It gave me time, however, to consider the costume question fully, and to come to even stronger opinions upon the subject than I held before; it also made me

look at the needlework in a very unsympathetic spirit. Why should we introduce into this country the crochet and woolwork of which we are so sick at home? But we do, and take great trouble to din it into the fingers of these poor children, instead of encouraging their own beautiful embroideries.

We listened to several 'tunes' on the piano, to some songs, and to a report; but the most pleasing thing to me in this particular function was the nice face of the first 'B.A.' She is a teacher in the school now, and happily keeps to her own graceful garments. A very excellent education is given to girls at this school, and I hope to visit it some day when the pupils are at work.

Saturday, 14th.—We were to have gone to Barrackpore yesterday, but put it off, as Nelly had hurt her foot and could not move. To-day I was obliged to leave her, as I had a school feast to see after. Rachel and I went up in the launch, and lunched under the banian-tree, and then soon after four the children began to arrive. The object of the feast was what I call my own little school. I told you about it once before, and I will just say now that it contains the most delightful infant of four years old that I ever saw. She is such a very pretty little thing, with a brown skin, such white teeth, pretty brown eyes, and short black hair, and with her muslin garment over her head, and covering her down to the feet, she looks a regular little woman. She clung to Rachel or me all the day, chattered away in her unknown tongue, played games most merrily, and tied up a quantity of sweets in the corner of her muslin to take home to her mother, which sweets being full of liqueur soon came to grief; and when Rachel put a rose in front of her dress she looked so amused, and so pleased with it; and then at tea she managed the unaccustomed food and silver spoon most cleverly. I never saw such a duck as she is—Shusil Bala by name. The children in this school are mostly Christian; the boys, who were Hindu, could not come lest they should break their caste by eating, but the girls did, and the teacher let them eat, thinking that if the parents were very particular they would not have allowed them to come. The other guests were Sunday-school children, some Roman Catholic children, and some pensioners. It was a feast indeed, and I hope no one is the worse for it. The most showy cakes and shapes of various kinds had been saved up from our last big party, and you never saw such a quantity of pink and white sugar, jams, and all that is unwholesome; while the way in which the guests mixed everything, and ate chocolate, and jelly, and ice, and bonbons, and plum, sponge, and seed cakes all together, made one shudder.

The pensioners were given meat and beer—and thereby hangs a tale, for the beer rather elated a poor old man, who says the ‘Amens’ loudly in church every Sunday, and he began to pray for me and for every one else in such an obstreperous manner that he had to be sat upon and sent home. We thought it had also rather excited some soldiers’ wives who slipped in, and one was heard enthusiastically to declare ‘that she wished she had come here without her children!’ We had elephants, which were extremely popular, every one wanting to have a ride, but unfortunately the animals got cross over the constant kneeling down and getting up again, and I had to stop the rides for fear of accidents. Lord Herbrand Russell (who was most good-natured the whole day) began, at my request, to hurry down all the children from out of a howdah, and was wondering how on earth one howdah could hold so many, when he discovered that Major Cooper was as rapidly lifting them up on the other side.

My little school played games very nicely, but the Europeans were rather grand and dull. I dealt round more cakes before they went, and they all looked very happy and pleased. The band was nearly as attractive as the elephants, and the soldiers’ wives danced to the music, their performance in that line helping to amuse the little ones.

D. came out in the evening.

Monday, 16th.—Yesterday was the warmest day we have had, 90° where we sat all the morning. A very big snake, over six feet in length, fell out of a tree on to a sentry, who killed it and showed it to us.

We went to church in the evening, and our bonnets were perpetually swept by the punkahs. They are dreadful things, I think. There is a sort of confusion which is bewildering. Some swing across you, and some to and from you, and they are pulled by different men, who keep different time, and one feels as if one never could get accustomed to the unsteady appearance of everything overhead. They made the church quite cool, and I was not at all conscious of having felt the heat, but I suppose I did, for when I got up this morning I found myself staggering about, and was really far from well all day. The doctor kept me lying down, and gave me a great deal of stimulant; and as I am not supposed to have believed in the heat, I am triumphed over. I have not really *felt* it, but one melts in the most rapid manner at night, and I suppose that it takes it out of one.

Tuesday, 17th.—We are still somewhat of invalids; Nelly, having made her foot worse by over-exertion, has to be careful, and I found that a few guests at dinner tired me much. We

dined out on the balcony, but it was mail day, and D. was so busy that he ran in and out at dinner, and did not manage to dress for it.

Wednesday, 18th.—The packing has begun, and our rooms are once more denuded, and I feel that before going I ought to give you a short retrospective account of our life here as it appears to me at the end of the season.

The house I like very much, and we have been very comfortable in it, and hope by degrees to do it up and make it very pretty. My own rooms are charming, and the balcony delightful, and, though I never go into it, there is a very nice garden. The tennis court I do frequent sometimes, and D. plays almost every day in his. He works all day, with the exception of this hour's play, and only appears at breakfast, luncheon, and again at dinner, but happily he seldom does anything after that. The girls have their little boudoir and very nice big rooms upstairs, and are very happy and merry together.

Though we live in the same house, and have our meals together, I do not really see much of the Staff here. They are all young, and all have their own friends and amusements; and as they have nothing to do with the Government business it is quite different from an embassy.

I don't think I have quite enough to do, and there seems a difficulty in Calcutta in ever getting hold of anything one can do. I have, I hope, got the society on rather a better footing, and I have managed to have some small entertainments, instead of always asking everybody to everything, and the parties have been pleasant, and not stiff.

For my day, I write more or less all the morning, occasionally going out on my balcony and communing with my birds; and in the afternoon, if there is no function, I sit on the tennis ground, and then come in and read till dressing time. Now that it is hot we dine on a verandah, and sometimes we sit out in the evening, sometimes manage to get up a game of some kind, and always go to bed early and go through a process of melting till the morning.

This afternoon I had a final small garden party to say goodbye to a few people here. I had meant to play badminton, but was not up to it.

A native gentleman sent me what they call a 'Dolly,' which is really a trayful of little presents. It was a very interesting one, and he wrote a nice letter with it, saying that we had 'evinced a kindly feeling towards our Eastern customs and the welfare of our women; therefore I venture to send these presents at the earnest request of my wife. . . . The greater part are held

auspicious by our women as conducing to the success and long life of their husbands.' One tray contained bouquets and wreaths of flowers, and then there were a quantity of puzzle boxes, bangles cut in bone, two toilet baskets covered with cowrie shells, and containing small mirrors, combs, red powder, &c.—mothers present these to their daughters on the occasion of marriage; two large conch shells, one of them a sacred blowing instrument used at marriages, births, &c., and one used at the time of coronation by pouring water from it on the head of the king. 'It dispels all evils where water is drunk out of it or poured on the head.' The red powder is used by Hindu women from the day of their marriage. The bridegroom with his own hand puts this powder on his bride's forehead where the hair is parted, and she always wears it until she becomes a widow. With these things were some models of fish, frogs, serpents, &c., made in clay.

We are going to ask the Duke and Duchess of Connaught to come to Rawal Pindi. We had not asked them before, as we thought all their plans for going to England had been made.

CHAPTER III

RAWAL PINDI DURBAR AND VISIT TO LAHORE

MARCH 23 TO APRIL 20, 1885

Monday, March 23rd.—Our last days at Calcutta have been too much taken up with packing to be very interesting. Emptying drawers and filling tin-lined cases occupy our time, and the whole house looks untidy and dismantled.

We managed to go to church on Sunday morning, and to walk in the Zoo in the afternoon, and, coming home from there, I noticed that Nelly looked tired, but unluckily she managed to put off my budding alarm by tolerably reasonable excuses, and I did not make the doctor see her till this morning, when he found her temperature was 100° and declared that she must not travel. This came upon us like a bombshell, for it was difficult to know what to do, with a special train waiting and every sort of preparation made for our departure. The doctor thought she was 'almost sure' to be able to travel the next day, so I decided that, on the whole, it was best to leave her and Rachel and the doctor

behind, and myself to go on with D. to Allahabad, where we were to remain twenty-four hours, and then either to be joined there by Nelly, or to return to her, as the thermometer might suggest. It was a choice of evils, but this was the plan we carried out. His Excellency and I left at 8.30 p.m.; and as we walked down the steps of Government House, with the carriages there, and the large Guard of Honour, we almost felt as if we must have got through the five years very quickly and were already homeward bound!

The people in the streets outside gave D. quite a warm reception, and though our departure was 'private,' there were a great many at the station to see us off.

Tuesday, 24th.—The night was quite cool, and we almost wished for more blankets, but to-day the sun was very powerful, and one required all one's cooling and sun-protecting comforts. Our carriage was the coolest of all. In several of the windows there are khus-khus tatties, that is, pieces of matting set in frames which revolve, and as they revolve they get wet with water, which is arranged to trickle through them, and the air coming through this is very pleasant to the hot and dusty passenger. In our compartment it was never above 90°, but in that of the A.D.C.'s it got up to 96°. At the stations one felt the necessity of a very big hat! I wish you could see mine! It is an enormous 'coal-heaver' made of thick pith. On the way we got a telegram saying that Nelly was just the same and was not fit to move. I am very anxious she should be got away from Calcutta, as it is getting hotter and hotter; how fearful it would be if we were shut up there and could not get to Simla!

At Allahabad, the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Alfred Lyall, the local government, and a number of natives met us. An address was read, and D. took the opportunity of saying with what pride we had heard of the gallantry of our Indian troops in Egypt.

Allahabad is very uninteresting; there is nothing at all to see, and there is nothing very characteristic about it. The crowd is rather more picturesque than that of Calcutta, but all we saw of the town was brown and dusty and muddy-looking—mud houses, a tank with mud banks, and two mud islands in the centre of it, with a muddy-looking tree and little temple upon them, a long dusty road and a bit of park—the grass part struggling to be green, but only managing it by contrasting itself with the asphalt tennis courts which cut into it—then the Government House, which is nice. It is of the bungalow type, but has high and large rooms opening on to the prettiest flower-garden I have

seen in India. The dining-room is rather like a church, especially when a church is hung with punkahs. Lady Lyall is in England, and one daughter is left with her father here. There was a big dinner and a party in the evening. I was rather sleepy after my journey, but I was carried off to bed just as I had found some one I knew something of—Mr. Hackett, a missionary. We had begun to talk of Bray, and then of his work here, when the party ended. We had better news of Nelly before dinner, so I shall not have to go back to her.

Wednesday, 25th.—D. had a durbar for the Maharajah Holkar, and a private conversation with him afterwards, and later in the day the Viceroy returned his visit. I drove to see the Fort. The only points of interest there are the view from the ramparts of the junction of the Jumma and the Ganges, and a shrine. Thousands of pilgrims come here to bathe in the sacred river and to propitiate the gods at the shrine. The view, as a view, is an ugly one; there is no excitement over the meeting of the rivers, and there is much sand, and no high ground to be seen. The shrine is an underground place supported by small columns and thickly populated with gods. One is a brass face, another is a lump of stone: the favourite one had several bits of money and some rings lying before her; and a piece of stone with a split in it is shown, which a great king said was no god, but when he struck it with his sword, blood proceeded from the wound, and then he said it was a god.

The air here is hotter, but much drier than that of Calcutta, and mosquitoes are plentiful, but not very poisonous. We have just heard that the Duke and Duchess of Connaught will come to the camp, and there is very little time to make preparations for them. We left Allahabad late in the evening, and had a cool night in the train.

Thursday, 26th.—Another day and night of travelling, but the air is getting so refreshing that it really does one good. I won't say much about our journey, as I shall have so many things to tell you in this letter. Nelly leaves Calcutta to-night.

Friday, 27th.—We had a perfectly delightful day in the train; rain had fallen in the neighbourhood, and everything was fresh-looking, no dust and no heat. I feel so very much better than I have ever done at Calcutta, and quite free from a sort of depression that I suffered a little from there. The scenery was very interesting as we came along, the stations gay with flowers, the trees with their fresh spring foliage on, and the country peopled with a new, more picturesque, and much more stalwart set of beings than one sees in Bengal. There were great stretches

of land so carved out by water that the mud banks looked just like the volcanic rocks at Aden, only that we were on a level with the tops of them, and could see the patches of grass growing on their summits ; then there were mud villages, just like the Egyptian ones ; and at last the mountains, and glimpses of snowy peaks, and trees in the foreground, and all toned down by the recent rain into blues and purples and mysterious tints.

As we approached Rawal Pindi we could see a whole town of tents before us, and we kept passing groups of strange figures sitting on house-tops or gazing up at us from the wayside, impromptu stables full of horses and mules, yards full of camels and fine white cattle ; and when we actually reached the station there was a magnificent array of British uniforms—the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Donald Stewart, General Hardinge from Bombay, Sir F. Roberts from Madras, Sir Michael Biddulph, the General in command here, many more officers, heaps of aides-de-camp, governors, members of Council, &c., and behind them a long line of native princes, the Punjab chiefs. They were presented one by one to the Viceroy, which gave me time to admire their clothes and their splendid jewellery. One had a great crown on, something like a bishop's mitre, but, magnificent though it looked, it is by no means his best one ! We walked on a little, and were met by the 'Mayor and Aldermen' of Rawal Pindi in full Oriental costume. They read the address from the municipality in Hindustani, His Excellency replying in English. Then we got into our own carriages, which have come down here, and, preceded by our own magnificent body-guard and escorted by the 9th Lancers, we drove to our camp. It was a mile from the station, and the whole way soldiers stood shoulder to shoulder on either side of the road, English and native regiments alternately, ten thousand men ; and as the carriage approached each new regiment saluted, and 'God save the Queen' went on from band to band all down the line. The mere fact of seeing all these different uniforms and races of men was most interesting. Seaforth Highlanders, Light Infantry, Irish Fusiliers, Rifles, Bengal Cavalry, Dragoons, Carabineers, the celebrated Guide Corps, the Mooltan Horse, and the warlike and bellicose little Goorkhas, were all there ; and behind their lines were crowds of natives ; camels wearing smart red saddlecloths and red Marie-Stuart caps upon their heads, with their ears coming coquettishly and becomingly out of them ; a big carriage drawn by four camels belonging to Sir Charles Aitchison, and much batteries, and occasional groups of English people—such a combination of military and Oriental pomp as I feel it impossible to give you any but the

very faintest idea of. And as we reached our camp came the last honour in the shape of a salute booming in our very ears.

The Viceroy's camp consists of thirty-six tents for Staff and for guests, and these form a street, eighteen on each side, with a broad strip of grass in front of them, and two wide roads with another wide stretch of grass down the centre, the length of which is broken with fountains and rockeries and ferneries. At the top of this double street is our tent palace. The first room in it is an enormous drawing-room, then comes a still bigger 'durbar tent,' and then—always under cover—you pass on to Her Excellency's boudoir, His Excellency's office, her bedroom, his room, with dressing-rooms and bath-rooms; and then there is the 'young ladies' boudoir' and their bedrooms, and a tent for Miss Blackwell, one for Mr. Nowell, one for Miss M'Donald, and one for His Excellency's bearer (or under-valet), and one for our ayahs (or under-maids); and my boudoir opens on to a square, full of pots of flowers, where a little fountain sprinkles a bed of maiden-hair; and in all the rooms there are Persian carpets and sofas and armchairs; in the bedrooms pier glasses, chests of drawers, and wardrobes. The 'street' has lamp-posts all down it and water laid on; there are telephones and a post-office, messengers on camels, and six extra aides-de-camp in waiting on us—and that is the way we are 'roughing it' in camp!

In addition to this, you must imagine the kitchen department, and our band, and our numbers of servants, and then our guards! I believe we have rows and rows of body-guard and policemen and Seaforth Highlanders keeping watch over us here. And this that I have been describing to you is only our own camp. The Commander-in-Chief's camp is a mile away, and there is the Lieutenant-Governor's camp nearly as far off, and the native camp still farther, and the Civil camp somewhere about; and then all the various regiments quite out of sight of our establishment, some of them nine miles off.

The only drawback to our comfort is that after the heat of Calcutta we find the tents cold. D. and I dined alone and sat over a little stove, while all the guests dined in the mess tent.

Saturday, 28th.—From eleven till one o'clock the Viceroy sat in durbar, while I managed to see all that was interesting and to omit what was tiresome. He received seven of the Punjab chiefs one by one, each one with all the ceremonies I have described to you before. As each Rajah approached, a gun at the bottom of the 'street' announced his arrival, while his departure was signalled by another at the top. These gentlemen all came in their proper order of precedence.

First Patiala, a boy of twelve, who arrived in a wonderful silver and gold carriage. Then Bahawalpur, the owner of the two crowns ! He was worth seeing. He wore white trousers, a heavily embroidered gold coat, and then such a tiara, encircling such a picturesque head ! His hair is long and black, and the lowest part of his diamond crown must be three inches high, while the front of it cannot be less than seven. There is a black cap inside of it, but being the same colour as his hair it does not show. Jhind was a fine old man, also with some splendid jewels ; and then there came Nabha, who disputes with Jhind the third place, and therefore it is arranged that while Jhind visits the Viceroy first, the return visit is paid to Nabha first. Kapurthalla is twelve years old, but he weighs fourteen stone, and is at present 'learning English, Persian, Urdu, and Gurmukhi.' So far in the list I watched their arrivals, and was amused and interested in their 'turn-outs.' Some had scarlet runners before them carrying lances, some had mounted lancers, and gentlemen playing the 'tom-tom' as they rode. Some had great state umbrellas over their heads. All had four horses, and Patiala and Kapurthalla both drove in silver carriages. Each had a European gentleman with him, who led him by the hand into the presence of the Viceroy. There sat D. on his golden throne during seven long visits, making conversation, touching and remitting mohurs, giving attar and pan. It was a hard morning's work, followed by a hard afternoon, when he had to return all these visits. The number of guns fired during the day was 499, that is 127 for the Rajahs who came, and 372 for the Viceroy's return visits.

I received a few people (without guns) at four o'clock and then went for a drive, taking Lady Roberts and Mrs. Paget with me. There is a very pretty park here, and the lovely mountain view and bracing air made it very pleasant. In the evening we had a small dinner of fourteen, and afterwards D. had a levée at which 1,100 presentations were made.

Sunday, 29th.—We are cold, very cold indeed. It rains and blows, and we sit over our little stoves, and put on extra garments and winter underclothing, and Mr. Balfour, who does not take these precautions, immediately falls ill. D. and I thought the church very draughty, for in India it is always supposed to be hot, and windows and doors are dealt with accordingly.

This is a good moment just to tell you about our extra staff. We have Colonel Fitzgerald and Captain Gubbins, both of the Hyderabad Contingent, Mr. Lawrence, 17th Lancers, a son of the late Lord Lawrence, Mr. Goad of the Bengal Cavalry, and Colonel

Fergus-Graham, who is always an Honorary A.D.C. Our guests are Sir F. and Lady Roberts, General Hardinge, General and Mrs. Paget (travellers), the Hopes, Bayleys, Mr. Gibbs, General Wilson, and Mr. Ilbert, Councillors.

In the afternoon D. and I went over to see the house and camp arranged for the Amir. If it continues to be so chilly, I am sure he will appreciate a house. For durbars he has two magnificent red tents lined with Kashmir shawls which have been lent by the Maharajah of Kashmir. They are supported by silver pillars, and are altogether beautiful. We had a few young men to lunch, have a small number of people to dine, and expect Nelly and Rachel to arrive about ten o'clock.

Monday, 30th.—We were awoke this morning by the rain pattering on our tent, and were kept awake by the noisiness of a crow who sat on our roof and discoursed to the surrounding colony. It is really dreadful that it should be so damp and cold!

We could do nothing all day on account of the weather, and when the Duke and Duchess of Connaught came late at night, I had to get into a waterproof to go across to their tent.

Tuesday, 31st.—Alas! alas! such a night! Thunder and pouring rain, and such torrents in the morning that there was no use in getting up to see the Amir's entry. As it turned out there was nothing to see, for under the circumstances he naturally preferred a close carriage to a state elephant, and the procession had to be given up. The fifty elephants were sent home, and the troops in great-coats looked miserable; the only cheerful and appropriate part of the proceedings was the tune to which the Amir was marched to his house—'He might have been a Russian, he might have been a Prussian, but, in spite of all temptation, he is an Englishman!'

Our condition in our tents is very bad: all the passages between one room and another are wet, and one has to rush past every join to avoid receiving a cold drop down one's back. The great Shamiana (a flat-roofed tent) is so destroyed that it is impossible to have the durbar to-day, and the prospects for the review are very bad, as the ground is in such a fearful state of mud. When once it was decided to postpone the durbar, it was arranged that the Amir should come and see the Viceroy privately. D. was taking the Duchess a drive, between showers, and saw him one by one going and coming. He seems to be a very fine-looking man, you be in uniform has something of a Russian character. D. asked the 'strike of Connaught to be present at this visit, as it was purely signalled entry.

their proposed an enormous dinner in the 'durbar tent,' the biggest

tent in India ; it is long and narrow, lined with blue and white, and considered very smart. There are great chandeliers round the gold and white pillars, and these come up through the table. We had brought our ornamental plate, and the table looked very nice, and the room got comfortably warm—but oh ! the bitter cold of the sitting-room ! And the drippings as we got to it ! We all sent for woollen shawls and wrapped up.

Wednesday, April 1st.—Things got worse and worse all day, until at last, when dinner-time came, we were in a hopeless condition, and decided to go into houses at once. We did not attempt to change our dresses, and even to pass from one room to the other we had to put on waterproofs and thick boots ; and every time any one attempted to come through a door he had to put up an umbrella and jump a ditch, and when I, clad as if for a country walk, put my foot out of my bed-room, I sank in the mud and had to go back to change. The Duchess and Lady Downe had to be carried across to dinner ; the girls were told to pack their things and to sleep in the sitting-room as a drier place than their own tent. The Downes and Bayleys were washed quite out of their tents, and every one was in a more or less dismal condition.

You can scarcely imagine how dreadful a well-soaked camp is—how everything you touch is wet, and how odious the drippings are. Early in the day we had hoped for better things, and had settled to ride at five, but by that time the rain was coming down in torrents and a thunderstorm was in full swing. The Commander-in-Chief managed to ride over to dine with us, and we had two other officers and Colonel Bradford and Major Lang, who travelled with us from England, to make up our party, but we are all getting depressed by this odious weather. It is extraordinary how the servants manage everything, and bring the dinner unharmed through the seas of mud—but one feels very sorry for them and for their muslin-covered legs, for they all wear white trousers. One of the funniest sights is the man who attends to my stove. His duty is to sit outside and to come creeping in every few moments to poke it up and to put on more fuel. He is anything but smart : his garments consist of a turban, a jacket, a loin-cloth, and a sheet, all of a very dirty white ; thus lightly clad, I cannot bear to know that he is squatting in wet and mud outside, so I request him to ‘baitho’ in the room—that is, to roll himself in his sheet and to sit huddled up in a corner ; there he squats, eyeing the princes, governors, commanders-in-chief, and ladies into whose society he finds himself introduced, and every now and then he throws off his sheet and stalks with his bare brown legs over to the fire, then returns to

ruminate in his warm corner. This is a specimen of the mixture of shabbiness and finery which one notices so much in Eastern life; for what would the most modest little householder in England think if he saw a beggar coming in to do up his grate during an evening party! And yet here we are, with scores of servants in gorgeous liveries at hand, considering this quite a natural apparition and no blot upon our household arrangements. D. did laugh, however, when he found him and me *tête-à-tête* over the stove before dinner, I reading and he looking on.

The maids have really been miserable, and Nowell has a touch of fever. We take quinine every morning and are keeping well.

Thursday, 2nd.—Hurrah! The rain is over, the sun is shining, all the wet passages are opened out, and currents of nice dry air are allowed to penetrate into our rooms. Every one has brightened up, and the way is clear now for making our plans. Yesterday it was impossible to think of the *darbar*, or the review, or anything but mud.

Directly after breakfast we went out to revel in the sunshine and to see the world, and there we saw a *really* Indian sight. While all our thoughts were fixed on *drying* things, the indefatigable Bheestie was hard at work watering the muddy grass in front of the tents! He filled his skin with water from the nearest puddle and spilt it out again at the doors of our guests!

The mountains look perfectly lovely to-day, and the more distant snowy range is visible in this clear atmosphere.

I ought to tell you that the Amir was pleased with our wet weather; some unkind people say because, being in a house himself, it gratified him to think of the discomforts other people suffer. The natives too, though they can't like it, always consider rain as a good omen, and many people here prefer it to heat and dust. Yesterday I could not forgive them for expressing this preference, which seemed to me absurd.

The Amir is in great good-humour, and almost wants to go on to England. He would like to dine here, and altogether wishes to enjoy himself. He was to come and see His Excellency at three o'clock, so we stood near to see him arrive; our own carriage had been sent for him, and he had two others behind full of his followers. He himself is a stout man, not very tall, and suffering either from gout, rheumatism, or Russian boots, so that he walks lame.

He and the Viceroy, an interpreter, our Foreign Secretary and his, sat in a tent carefully guarded on all sides, and there they discussed matters for three hours. The Amir took a good deal of snuff, but had no other refreshment, though his pipe.

bearer duly arrived by himself in a carriage to prepare his 'Hubble bubble' for him should he want it. All that passed is wrapped in mystery, and D. only told us that after he had explained the English intentions, and propounded our views upon the 'Afghan question,' he said to the Amir, 'And now what are your proposals and opinions?' upon which the great man replied, 'I don't think that is a fair question.'

The Amir has a very curious guard, which came to ride back with him. The steeds are small and thin, and their little rats' tails are tied in knots; the riders are splendid specimens of the genus ragamuffin. They wear bright orange tunics, tall Russian boots, and on their heads an imitation of our Guards' bearskin, only made in the loose long wool of the black sheep. We walked round them to look at them, and the odour that pervaded their neighbourhood was terrible! I must tell you one nice gentle little trait in the Amir's character. He spent three hours yesterday morning arranging cut flowers in forty vases, and he expressed a wish to have large supplies sent him daily! And this is the man who cuts off heads and hangs people when at home, and who is accompanied here by his executioner, who, dressed in red velvet, and wearing his axe and strangling rope, helps at other times to put up the tents.

The Rajah of Bahawalpur sent us up (by request, of course) his great crown to look at. It is quite magnificent. Some of the very largest are Cape diamonds, but as they are arranged in alternate rows with the white ones, their yellow colour does not look amiss.

Another Punjab chief, Nabha, let his pipers play to us at luncheon. It was very amusing to see them, as the whole costume is Scotch, but pink silk tights have to be worn to simulate the delicate complexion of the ordinary Highlander's knee.

We have people to dinner and luncheon every day, and we ride, or drive, or walk, and always spend much time in considering the weather, which continues to look uncertain. We are quite frightened when a gun goes off, lest it should bring down the rain. Sometimes, however, the sun shines a little, and the snowy range of the Himalaya looks quite lovely.

Saturday, 4th.—There was a durbar in the Shamiana this morning for the smaller chiefs, who may not be able to remain on for the great durbar. Even this one was a fine sight. There must have been over a hundred of these men, each one in a different costume—an array of beautiful colours, curious turbans, and different types of faces. The Shamiana is a great room, ninety feet square; the throne was placed opposite the entrance,

and one side of it was filled with these natives, the other with officers and spectators. When all were assembled, the Viceroy walked up the centre, preceded by his Staff, and seated himself on the throne, and then the chiefs passed one by one before him, each one offering gold mohurs to be touched. At the end the Viceroy told the interpreter what to say, and he made a speech in Hindustani. As soon as this was over, the tent was arranged for an evening party, and then down came the rain again, and the carpets had to be taken up and the furniture removed. Don't let me speak any more upon this odious subject.

We had a big dinner of seventy. It is wonderful how well everything is managed; all looks as nice and is as good as it could be at home. A dinner for forty is going on at the same time in the mess tent, and breakfasts, luncheons for eighty persons, and occasional buffets have also to be prepared, so the cook's post is certainly no sinecure.

Sunday, 5th.—A dreary, showery Easter Day. We got to church in the morning, and managed to take a walk in the afternoon.

Monday, 6th.—As all hope of having a real review is over, owing to the muddy state of the ground, it was decided to do the best that could be done with the roads, and to have a mere march past to-day. It was a really splendid sight. No one could have imagined under what difficulties the troops made so fine an appearance. There was the horrid wet weather in which they have lived for ten days, and the perpetual showers actually going on, and there was the tactical difficulty of getting them all to march past in order and at regular intervals when they only had the roads to form in. Everything went off as well as possible. Our military ardour was greatly inflamed by the sight, and we felt very proud both of our own and our native troops.

The parade was 20,000 strong, a larger number than has been got together here before, and there were the Viceroy, the Queen's son, three Commanders-in-Chief, Sir Donald Stewart, Sir Frederick Roberts, General Hardinge, and the Amir to show off before. The marching lasted an hour and forty minutes. The elephant, mule, and bullock batteries interested us much. There were four guns, and three elephants to each gun, and the twelve enormous beasts looked very solid and steady as they passed. The bullocks stand fire better, however, and have to take the elephants' place in times of danger. When our troops had all passed, the native contingents came to the tune of 'We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do!' They also looked extremely well.

The rain was not quite sufficient really to spoil anything, but just as we drove away it came down heavily, and then suddenly cleared away and allowed a bright sun to appear.

The Amir wore a white uniform, and was, I hope, impressed with all he saw. We thought his Commander-in-Chief looked bored, but that may have been his guile.

The afternoon continued lovely, and His Excellency took the Amir out for a drive and showed him the park, which is really very pretty, and from which there is a fine view. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught rode, accompanied by the girls, and Lady Downe and I went out quietly together. We visited the native camp, and saw how very uncomfortable and miserable its inhabitants must have been during the rains, for the ground is low and looks quite swampy. The general effect of the camp is that of a great show, for at the entrance to each chief's own encampment is a bright red arch; these, and the kannats to all their tents, being made of cotton printed in colours, while some of the tents themselves have patterns on them. Bands were playing in all directions, and the soldiers did not seem to have quite settled down since the morning. The background of lovely mountains served to raise the scene in one's estimation and to give grandeur to it, but I watched with anxiety a black cloud, 'no larger than a man's hand,' which grew and grew and still hung over us even at dinner time. I said fervently, 'If it will only not come down till half-past eleven'—and that is exactly what it did.

There were two big dinners going on, one for the Amir in the durbar tent, all the guests being men, and one for us in the mess tent.

The official dinner went off extremely well. The Amir watched D. all through, and did as he did, while his personal attendant, a boy of sixteen, who always goes about with him, stood behind his chair and smoked cigarettes! The interpreter also sat behind, and His Excellency's conversation was transmitted by him. After the Queen's health had been drunk, D. gave the Amir's, when, to everybody's surprise, His Highness got up and made a very nice little speech, full of the friendship that existed between England and Afghanistan, and of good wishes for the success of the British army everywhere. The only way of returning this civility was by having 'three cheers for the Amir,' and the Duchess and I just arrived from the mess tent in time to hear these truly national sounds.

The Seaforth Highlanders walked round the table playing their pipes with tremendous swagger; and all this time my evening party was collecting in the Shamiana. As it was quite

full of people, the Duchess and I thought we might as well go in, but we soon began to wish the gentlemen would come to our assistance; for when our guests saw that introductions were being made to us, they all pushed forward, and we were soon entirely surrounded by the most picturesque medley of faces and dresses that you can conceive. There were native officers of different regiments, from the very tall men in the Mooltan Horse, with their great blue and white or red turbans, to the tiny Goorkha, all in black. There were guests dressed in gold brocades, others all in white, with big turbans and long black hair and beards; and there were the Rajahs resplendent with jewels. But it would be quite hopeless to attempt to describe the dress of an assembly where each individual is able to consult his own idiosyncrasies, where he is tied to no particular colour, form, or material, and where every creature is picturesque, whether in a luxurious or in a simple fashion.

I will just describe one or two specimen costumes, and the rest you will have to imagine. I have often mentioned the Rajah of Bahawalpur, but he is such a magnificent-looking Rajah that I must tell you again about him. His dark-coloured face is handsome. He has straight features and fine eyes, a short black beard, and long black hair resting on his shoulders. In front of his gold-embroidered cap he wore a most magnificent aigrette of European-cut diamonds, round his waist a diamond belt, and round his neck about seven rows of splendid jewels—emeralds and pearls and rubies and pearls strung alternately. His coat was velvet and gold, and the skirt of it stood out a little over large loose white trousers. I have also seen him in a beautiful sage-green *moiré* coat embroidered in silver. His taste for gorgeous display makes him as interesting as a prince in the Arabian Nights!

Of a very different type was a little Sikh 'high priest,' who was swaddled in shirts and sheets, with a bit of black shawl to relieve the white, and who went about producing from underneath his wrappings a picture of Sir Donald McLeod, whose memory he adores. The old Rajah, Nabha, is another interesting man—wearing a tight green and gold tunic with short sleeves to the elbow, the long sleeves of some under-garment, also of rich material, showing from underneath. I have seen him on horseback in this dress, with a shield on his back, and he looked quite like an old knight in the days of the Crusaders. Jhind, too, is magnificent, an old man with very fine features and long grey beard; he wears a white close sort of turban which rather frames the face, and a handsome aigrette in it; the rest of his dress is

like that of Nabha. Kapurthalla wore a large pink and gold muslin turban, with big aigrettes and diamond brooches in it, and a loose red and gold coat. Patiala also wears this dress—but that is enough millinery for the present !

As I was saying, the Duchess and I were beginning to feel quite oppressed by our surroundings, when the doors lifted (they do lift in a tent) and the Viceroy and his guests came in. The Amir was in a dull brown uniform and grey Astrakan cap. We spoke to him, exchanging a few compliments, and as soon as His Excellency had seen some of the principal people we were glad to make our way to the front of the tents for air and space. A great bonfire was burning there, and we had a number of wild men to dance their own peculiar savage war-dance round it. It was a curious sight, that enormous circle of natives and Europeans, all in full dress and uniforms, collected round this fire, while a hundred most cut-throat-looking creatures, indifferently clothed and with long hair hanging down, went shrieking and jumping and dancing and brandishing their swords to the sound of a horrible tom-tom and some worse pipes.

The Duchess and I went back to the tent again after this, and made several tours of the room, and many more acquaintances, and then by a happy inspiration, at a particular moment, I suggested that we might retire, and we had scarcely reached our own tent when down came my thunderstorm !

Tuesday, 7th.—Yesterday we had the march past ; to-day we had a real review, for the ground dries so quickly that it was found to be possible to move the troops a little. As we had to go over rough roads and ploughed fields, our barouche and char-à-banc had artillery horses put into them ; and I felt very happy with such well-seasoned campaigners in my carriage. As usual here, the mountains made a lovely background to the picture, while the foreground was well filled with Oriental and military colouring. There were elephants and camels, and native costumes and beautiful uniforms, and carriages and riders, and grand stands—quite a gala day it was—and then in the middle distance our long, long line of splendid troops ! The Viceroy with a very large Staff rode down the lines, and I was allowed to drive after them, so that I saw everything quite as well as the Commander-in-Chief did ; and then I was placed close to the Staff at the saluting post, and the troops went by in brigades—Infantry, English and native, mule and elephant batteries, then at a trot all the Cavalry and Artillery, the latter passing once more at a gallop, the whole ending with the royal salute.

Everything went off without a hitch ; the troops looked

splendid, and twice as numerous as they did yesterday, owing to the different formation. There was but one opinion on the subject : both soldiers and spectators were delighted to have seen such a magnificent sight. We only got home at two, and were glad of a little time to rest before my garden party, to which we had asked every one staying here to come this afternoon.

Our state elephants were ordered out, and were stationed like a magnificent guard of honour down either side of the approach, the party taking place between the lines. There were twenty elephants on each side, all with scarlet and gold howdahs on, while the Viceroy's own elephant with its attendant small one, and two other particularly fine animals, stood opposite and on either side of our tent door. The state elephant is gigantic, and he is almost entirely covered by a scarlet cloth very thickly embroidered with gold. The howdah is silver, and is a great weight ; the cushions are scarlet ; one man sits behind holding a large state umbrella, while the mahout, also in scarlet and gold, sits on the elephant's neck and guides it. The attendant elephant carries what appears to be a silver ladder, and he also is magnificently clad. The elephants have never been used in this way before, but they were considered to look so splendid to-day that they are to re-appear at the durbar to-morrow.

The same gorgeous dresses attended the party, and one could see them better out of doors than in a room. Bands from the various regiments played, and we had some Highlanders to dance reels and sword dances. I had all the native officers presented to me, and touched the hilts of their swords which they held out to me. This is the first time they have ever been presented to a 'Lady Sahib,' or even to the Viceroy except at a levée. We had a few people to dinner, and so ended a very full day.

Wednesday, 8th.—I have now to try and give you some idea of the great durbar. For this occasion the division between the durbar tent and the great Shamiana was taken down, and they were thrown into one. A dais, with three thrones on it, was at the extreme end, facing the entrance, while the whole space in both tents was filled with guests, leaving only a broad passage down the middle covered with scarlet cloth. The Punjab chiefs had seats placed for them, and arrived each under his own salute, and each one more splendid than the other. Patiala sat first ; he had a canary-coloured turban, with chains of emeralds and diamond drops hanging about it. Bahawalpur surpassed himself. His white puggaree was quite gigantic, and was a mass of jewels, the most enormous aigrettes of diamonds round it, and strings of emeralds and pearls. It came quite over his forehead, and the

height of the aigrette in the centre was quite twice that of the face beneath it. His coat was black velvet embroidered with seed pearls, and I believe he was covered with jewels in front, but I could only get a general view of things, and could not see all the details. Besides these chiefs, there were crowds of other durbaries (natives who have the right of attending durbars), officers in uniform, and ladies; and as the sun shone brightly, everybody and everything looked its best, and we all admired and sat in breathless expectation to see the thrones filled! At last a 'boom' sounded from a cannon, and the Viceroy's Staff was seen marching up, and then appeared the Viceroy himself, very gorgeous indeed in his Lord-Lieutenant's uniform, the Star of India and the four collars of his various Orders ornamenting him richly both back and front! The Duke, who walked on his left, had his stars and collars on, and the Amir on his right wore a very dull plain brown uniform. When the three were seated, the Viceroy turned slightly to the Amir, and probably said that he was glad to see him, and that he hoped he had slept well; and the interpreter having passed this on, the Amir most likely made some equally new remarks; and we all watched their nods and bows and 'wreathed smiles,' when a voice was heard to say, 'The Dresses of Honour for His Highness the Amir!' and then servants poured in with trays full of very nice things which we should all like to possess, and each tray was laid down on the floor till the display reached right down to the door, where horses and elephants, and cannon and mountain batteries joined the company of presents. Those on the floor consisted of watches and clocks, guns, jewellery, cabinets, musical boxes, silver cups, and quantities of beautiful stuffs; and I particularly liked a good ebony walking-stick with a watch in its ivory handle. Well, these having been exhibited, the Amir taking pains not to look at them, the trays were all removed, and then more came on for His Highness's sons, and more for His Highness's followers, until we all got quite tired of seeing other people's presents. Though the Amir did not appear to notice these little offerings, I am sure they warmed his heart, for he suddenly began to make a speech, which was translated by the Foreign Secretary, and which proved to be a hearty declaration of friendship for England, with a warlike flavour in the expression of it. This quite 'fetched' the audience, which broke out into enthusiastic plaudits, such as have probably never been heard in durbar before. I am sorry to say that at this most critical juncture one of the presents behaved badly, and, a birdcage having been brought in, its mechanical inmate set off at intervals to sing a little song, 'Afghanistan will

ever be a true friend to England.' Chirp, chirp, chirp, chirp, said the bird, and so on ! An effective present was a portrait of D., which was borne in by two men, who held it opposite to the Amir for a moment and then backed it out again, and one heard a whisper all over the place, 'The Viceroy, the Viceroy,' as it was recognised all down the line. Last of all the sword of honour was carried in on a cushion, and D., taking it in his hand, said that he presented this to His Highness as a mark of his own personal esteem, and in recognition of the friendship for England which His Highness had just expressed so forcibly. In reply, the Amir was still more friendly to us and more warlike to others, so the British soldier again applauded vehemently.

The sword is a Damascus blade with a gold hilt set with diamonds, the scabbard is red velvet and gold also with diamonds on it, and it bears an inscription, which says that it was presented to the Amir 'by his friend, the Earl of Dufferin, Viceroy of India.' This ended the durbar; the chief actors marched away, each member of Council was led down and bowed out by Foreign Office officers, and each chief in his turn was handed to his carriage. We rushed to the door just to have a private view of the silver and gold carriages, and the jewels and the finery, but we were called away to be photographed in a group, and had only time to see that wonderful head of Bahawalpur's drive away in a barouche. Would not you like to see a sight of that kind driving down Regent Street ?

D. and I and the girls went a family drive in the afternoon, the A.D.C.'s following in another carriage. This was a rest, as we both felt tired with big and little anxieties, and we are so glad that all is so well over. The last three days have been lovely, and it has all been so interesting and so fine ! Those wild dancers came again in the evening, and we sat round the bonfires till bedtime. I thought we were rather courageous, for 100 swords flourishing wildly in the air, in the hands of complete savages, look rather terrific.

April 10th, 11th, 12th.—There have been no very stirring events the last few days, so I shall be able to put very shortly all we have been doing. The Viceroy had a small parade one morning to see his escort, which consists of the 9th Lancers, the Corps of Guides, the Seaforth Highlanders, the 1st Bengal Infantry, and a battery of Artillery, and with these the Native Contingent. They are troops kept up by native princes. There were about 4,000 men on parade.

At other times we have ridden and driven, and written our letters, and paid one or two visits, and the girls have tried

elephants and camels, and there have been races and polo matches ; only, as our camp is exactly in the centre of the racecourse, no one can see anything of the races. This morning the Amir left, and before D. was up he got a telegram from home telling him to invest His Highness with the Star of India. So he very hurriedly got his own ribbon and star, collected A.D.C.'s and cushions, and sent off a deputation to present the Amir with this Order. He was delighted, and put them on to go away in. It poured again with rain when he was leaving, but he expressed himself as truly grateful and pleased, and said he had not expected to be treated with so much honour. He intends to remain some days at Peshawar, so we have to give up our trip there, as we cannot wait until he goes on.

In the evening the Duke and Duchess of Connaught went off, and to-morrow we start ourselves, and so ends our camp life at Rawal Pindi.

Tuesday, 14th.—I told you that we had to give up our expedition to Peshawar ; but as we were determined to have one day's rest before entering upon further duties, we decided to go and see the Attock Bridge and to drop down the Indus in boats for about sixty miles. In pursuance of this plan we slept in our train at Rawal Pindi, and just awoke for a moment at four o'clock to feel it gently moving on, and again about eight in the morning, when we found ourselves at our destination. We walked across the iron bridge, which is very high on account of the great rise in the river after the rains. Underneath the railroad there is a subway for carriages. The train followed us across, and we breakfasted in it, and then got into our boats, the servants remaining in their carriages and going by rail to meet us, a journey of about 100 miles. The fortress of Attock was just opposite our breakfast place, and we were sorry not to visit it, for the walls and towers climb up a great hill, and enclose a large space of ground, looking very ancient and picturesque. We had three boats, with six rowers in each, and a man in the stern steering with a long oar. The river is extremely swift, and, in spite of my Canadian experiences, I sometimes felt quite frightened, especially as in our very first rapid a solid wave came in and drenched Rachel and me completely. Nelly's dress got wetted too, but the Viceroy was respected. We were in such a condition that we were obliged to land, and after taking off as many clothes as possible we got into ulsters and spread our dresses and etceteras on the awning of the boat, to dry in the sun as we went along. By luncheon time we were able to put them on again, and to enjoy our picnic on the sand and a little climb about the rocks. Then we proceeded on

our perilous way, and had a most delightful afternoon in the sunshine and fresh air. The scenery was beautiful—the rapid river, and the high rocks, and the innumerable little bays, and the distant mountains—and all so bright that, even with my tinted spectacles, which I found it prudent to wear, there seemed a perpetual blaze of light on everything. We landed at a picturesque spot, where the river made a sudden turn, and where there was a bridge of boats across it, and a road passing between two immensely high rocks. We drove up to the station in a tonga, and had tea there before our train arrived. We dined, and then started off again, and, travelling all night, reached Lahore at two o'clock next day.

Wednesday, 15th.—There was an address at the station, and then we came on to the Lieutenant-Governor's house, where we are staying. It is a very curious house, being, in fact, an old Moslem tomb. The dining-room is a square Moresque chamber, vaulted and high, with a row of windows near the top. It is all done in blue and red patterns, which look very like the tiles in old mosques. The rest of the rooms form an octagon round this, so that on each side there is one good room and two odd-shaped long ones. We found every one complaining bitterly of the heat, and fanning themselves, and shutting up the house to keep it cool, but in my room, to which I gave the sun free access, my thermometer never went above 85°. It was considered safe to go out about five, and then we started in two big char-à-bancs to drive to Jehangir's tomb at Shahdera, a distance of about five miles.

My first impression of Lahore is one of luxuriant foliage and flowers and cultivation. I don't feel that I have seen any *town*, but we drove through gardens and along roads with double avenues of trees, and there were palms, and nurseries of roses, and fertile-looking fields, and then we reached the garden in which Jehangir built his tomb. First we saw the Serai, or great house of entertainment for men and beasts, a place such as the Arabian Nights' travellers used to put up in. These establishments existed about every fifteen miles on the great high roads, and they were all built on the same plan; there are three gateways, the principal one being made of red sandstone with marble inlaid in patterns, and the rest of the building encloses a large square, which must have looked very grand when it was filled with equipages and travellers in gorgeous Eastern dresses. These buildings are all in a very ruinous condition now.

The tomb itself is a very large square building, with four high minarets at the corners; the covered passages are much decorated,

and all the entrances to the tomb have carved and perforated white marble doors. The sarcophagus is white, inlaid with coloured marbles in the Italian fashion, the sides of it being covered with the name of God ninety-nine times repeated in very beautiful characters. The roof of this building is also tiled with marble, and from it we proceeded still farther, up to the top of one of the minarets, in order to get a view of the city. Even from this elevated position Lahore seemed too much enveloped in trees to show much *town*, and we only carried away an idea of one or two mosques rising out of the misty distance. It was prosaic of us to have tea on the roof of Jehangir's tomb, but we did both have it and enjoy it.

In the evening there was a big dinner and a *levée*, and oh ! we were so sleepy, and so glad to get into a quiet and stationary bed !

I must tell you that the roses at Lahore are things to rave about. I never saw such a profusion ; one drives through hedges of them, and there are great bushes, and arches, and trees covered with them ; it seems to me to be a real city of gardens. There are several public ones through which one drives in a perpetual state of exclamation and admiration ; and then there is a garden five miles long surrounding the walls of the city, so that whenever a Lahore cockney chooses to step out from his close dwelling and narrow street, he finds himself amongst plantains, and roses, and palms, and mangoes, and popul-trees, and lovely flowering pomegranates.

Thursday, 16th.—I have a great deal too much to tell you, and I long for the pens of ever so many ready writers to give you even faint ideas of all we see and all we do and all we appreciate and enjoy ! In the afternoon the Viceroy received the Maharajah of Kashmir in *darbar*. He is such a fine old man, with a handsome and distinguished-looking face and courtly manners. He is very ill, I fear, and his eldest son does not look a worthy successor. He and his people all wear muslin petticoats, and these look very well when a handsome loose coat is worn over them ; but without the coat I think it is an ugly dress.

When the visit was over, we began some sight-seeing, and visited the *gaol*, where we saw the prisoners making handsome carpets, which are said to be everlasting, and are sold for as much as 2*l.* 10*s.* a yard. It is an enormous place, holding nearly 2,000 prisoners. Our inspection of it was very imperfect, but it looked clean and cheerful in the blazing sun.

Then we saw the Museum and the School of Art ; but there is no use telling you about things which are everywhere much

alike, and in the latter place the only uncommon sight was a row of juvenile carpenters, about eight years of age, learning their trade. They begin with carving, and they sit on the floor as only an Oriental can sit, working away with a chisel and hammer on a sort of wooden copy-book and using their toes almost as much as their hands. I went home after this, but D. visited the Oriental College, which interested him much.

Now, how am I to describe our evening entertainment in the Shalimar Gardens? We started off in time for dinner, expecting nothing in particular, and only knowing that we were to dine in a garden, and that there were to be two addresses presented, and a party afterwards. We drove about five miles along a road, which was lighted the whole way by torches, and as we approached our destination, we found the wall of the garden, which covers about seventy acres, designated by a line of illumination. Then, when we got down from the carriage and stopped under an archway, we looked down upon a real garden of light! Straight away from us went a pathway of water, down the centre of which played a succession of little fountains, giving a sort of misty mysteriousness to the scene. On either side of this fairy-like canal were broad bands of fire, and walks, and great rows of large trees with quantities of Chinese lanterns and various illuminating devices intermixed. These lines of fire and water crossed the gardens in every direction, and at the end of the first terrace we found ourselves in a sort of open colonnade, where dinner-tables were spread, and on the other side of which we looked down upon another great illuminated water-garden. It was too lovely: the water from the first garden passed immediately under the place whereon we sat, and fell as a waterfall out at the other side down to the terrace below; and moving about and standing in the illuminated kiosks one could see the figures of the attendants adding their mite to the completeness of the picture!

In spite of the poetic nature of our surroundings, we sat down and ate an ordinary dinner! Then the native guests began to arrive—the Rajahs of Jhind and Faridkote, the Maharajah of Kashmir, &c., &c., and I need not tell you these finely clad men always add to the beauty of the scene. While they were assembling I walked round the gardens and saw how the beds of light were managed. There must have been hundreds of thousands of tiny earthenware jars full of oil placed quite close one to the other, and a wick burning in each. The lines of light round all the buildings were done in the same way. Then I returned to hear the addresses. The first was presented by a deputation of

five old Sikhs, with handsome faces and long grey beards turned over their ears and fastened away under their turbans, Sikh fashion, all of them dressed in their artistic Oriental garb; and then came the representatives of the 'modern school.' The young man of the period in India surely never looks in a pier-glass, or he could not possibly show himself in his black alpaca square-cut coat and trousers by the side of his gorgeous elders. The one dress is ugly and undistinguished, the other all that is beautiful and comfortable and fine. D. spoke in answer to each; and as I watched the two parties listening, I was struck by the superior dignity of the elder group—their manners are so good, their expression so grave and sensible.

We left this lovely scene with regret, and had a nice drive home, the night being only pleasantly warm.

Friday, 17th.—We have had such a day of sight-seeing that I take up my pen with a feeling of despair. Everything we saw was so interesting; and yet it is so impossible to convey to you a tithe of the pleasure we had in seeing, or to describe at all minutely, all the wonders and beauties that delighted and surprised us!

The sun was slightly veiled, and so we were able, with unheard-of audacity, to be out from nine till 12.30 in the day. We began by driving through many gardens and shady roads to the Delhi gate, and, passing through that, entered immediately into another world. We drove through narrow streets, where strange old houses and curious carved windows were filled with crowds of people, and through which we could only slowly move along, until we passed another archway, and found ourselves in the outer court of a mosque, the face of which is decorated with inlaid pottery in brilliant colours and beautiful designs. The inner court, the mosque itself, and the minarets were once entirely covered with these splendid colours, and, though much has been destroyed, there is enough left to make one feel how supremely beautiful it must have been in its original state of perfection. Leaving this, which is the Mosque of Wazir Khan, we looked into a smaller one with golden domes, and had rose-leaves dropped upon our heads as we got down from the carriage. After this came some modern waterworks, then another mosque, within whose large and quiet court sat a boys' school learning the Koran. The decoration of this mosque is a white marble-looking material with a raised pattern on it, the whole having rather the effect of chintz.

Next we saw the tomb of Runjeet Singh. This is very beau-

tiful indeed ; the tomb itself is marble, with a large round covered vessel on the top to contain his ashes. Round this were eleven knobs of marble, some plain and some ornamented. The latter hold the ashes of his queens, the former those of his slave girls, all of whom were burnt as his widows ; and at the corners were two more of those round tombstones over the ashes of two pigeons which had flown on to his funeral pile. The roof of the dome itself was of gold, very slightly ornamented with colour, and the colonnade outside had a lovely sort of decoration which we had never seen before ; it had the effect of a beautiful soft grey, and was made with small convex pieces of looking-glass imbedded in a pattern of delicate white plaster leaves and flowers. Runjeet Singh seems to have been fond of both these styles of decoration, for when we went on to his palace in the Fort, we found a great many rooms there done both with the gold and with the glass.

From a single view of these lovely creations one can only carry away a general impression and a great sense of pleasure, and it is difficult to resolve the expression of it into any real description. One feels that the mere recapitulation of perforated marble doors, and inlaid marble floors, and carved marble pillars, and golden domes, and arches decorated with painted illustrations of the stories of the gods, and splendid coloured tiles, gives no idea of a morning spent in passing from one thing which is beautiful and interesting to another which is still more so ! Nor can I impress you with my view of these sights unless I can make you add to the actual things I am attempting to describe the crowd which is always present. You have to picture to yourself the most curiously built and characteristic streets, and then to fill every nook and corner, and to cover all the roofs, with men, women, and children, each individual being a picture in himself. We pass through them going into the mosques, and look out at them from the mosques, and as we move on from one beautiful building to another there is always this swarm of human beings adding to the interest and picturesqueness of the scene.

The Fort and Runjeet Singh's palace, which I have mentioned, came next, and then we visited a native girls' school, which, at his own special request, the Viceroy was allowed to see. It was in such a narrow street that the carriage could not go up it, so I got into a palanquin and followed D., who was on horseback. We could have touched the houses on either side, and, as usual, felt much interested in the inhabitants. I need not tell you about the school, as my former letters have given you some idea what the children look like in these establishments.

On our way home we had to see a modern building, an

Assembly Room built in memory of Sir Robert Montgomery, and a Reading Room to Sir John Lawrence ; but it was like descending from 'Ivanhoe' to 'Aurora Floyd,' and I could not appreciate either ! This was the sight-seeing of the morning, and one felt quite 'exalted' after it. We went home, and the Viceroy immediately started off to pay a return visit to the Maharajah of Kashmir and to look in at the new cathedral ; then came lunch, and good-bye ! At the door some people from the Rajah brought a beautiful bundle of shawls for my acceptance, which I graciously took, and passed on to the Foreign Secretary, to be sold for the good of the Government ! Sir Charles and Lady Aitchison, our host and hostess, have been so kind to us, and have done everything to make our visit pleasant.

This would seem a good place to explain to you the Indian system of gifts. When money is presented to the Viceroy, he always 'remits' it, but when presents of jewels, arms, stuffs, horses, or other things of value are given him, they are accepted, and are immediately handed over to the Tosh Khana or Government Treasury, where they are sold, return presents of equal value being made to the donor.

A 'dolly' generally consists of trays upon trays of fruit and vegetables and sugar-candy ; these are offered at every place, and are accepted and divided amongst the servants, who enjoy the good things immensely.

We had an hour and a half in the train, and then got to Amritsar for our afternoon sight-seeing. More beautiful narrow streets, the houses almost swathed in Indian shawls, brilliant phulkarries, and bright-coloured cottons ; more overflowing windows and crowded housetops, and then the Golden Temple ! The name is not at all too poetical for the place. There it stands, a golden building in the very centre of a large square sheet of water, only to be reached by a narrow marble pathway. Nothing more fairy-like can be conceived. Viewing it from a distance, you get its reflection in the water, and see all the picturesque houses on the further side and the great minarets in the town beyond, and this temple really does seem to be a dream ! No wonder that to approach it you must take off your earthly shoes and put on embroidered slippers, then you descend the stairs and walk a long way round the banks of the water. First you visit a sort of chapel where the high priest sits, and he shows you the swords of the great Sikh warriors, for this is the religious capital of the Sikhs ; and still about, and above, and around you are always the ornamental people ; the nice old Sikh priests offer you silver coins which you 'touch and remit,' then they produce some

puggarees and sugar-plums for your acceptance, which you are actually allowed to take ; then they perform for you the Sikh baptism ! It sounds strange, but it seems to be quite within their customs to show off the ceremony. The son of a Sikh is not a Sikh until he has received the baptism of steel. Two young men were the objects of the ceremony. They stood below the priest, who stirred water and sugar in a bowl with a steel dagger ; this he poured into their hands, and they drank it ; he poured it on to their faces and over their heads ; he exhorted, and they repeated vows, and thus the steel entered into their souls ; and they sat down together with a bowl of sugar-candy between them, and fed each other with it to show that they were brothers. Henceforth they are Sikhs ; they will never cut their hair, and can easily be known by that, and by a peculiarly shaped turban.

While this was going on, there sat immovable, below a little marble archway, a holy man in a pink turban, who looked exactly like a carved god in a niche, and in the balcony above were some very holy Sikhs, wearing curious yellow and black turbans covered with steel ; and everywhere we looked there seemed to be fresh interest, and not half enough time to realise it all. We next passed through a golden gateway on to the marble path to the Golden Temple. Priests sit there all day singing to most primitive music, and reading the 'granth' (pronounced grunt), which is their bible. The book is covered with gold-embroidered cloth, and over it is a jewelled arch, in which diamonds and emeralds and rubies are set, and from which hang countless strings of pearls ; and again I must tell you of golden roofs and solid gold doors, and silver doors and inlaid marble walls, and yet you will have no idea of this lovely Golden Temple !

We drove back through a different set of streets, and out of the town, to the Fort and to a large gardeu, and, like Lahore, we found here, at Amritsar, a profusion of flowers, and great spaces of green, and avenues of trees, so that when we got back to the train we were really worn out *admiring*. Our minds had been on the stretch all day, and very delightful it was !

Saturday, 18th.—We breakfasted at Umballa, which we reached in the night, and then left railways and took to open carriages-and-four. We changed horses very often, and in about four hours arrived at Pinjore, where we are to be the guests of the Maharajah of Patiala for two nights. He met us near the place, and D. got into his carriage. This is another fairy scene. The gardens are just like those at Shalimar, but on a smaller scale ; there is the same succession of terraces, and straight sheets of water, and fountains, and kiosks at the end of each terrace,

through which the water flows. We live in one of these on the top of the waterfall, and you can't think how pretty it is. The central room is entirely open, but furnished like a drawing-room; there are three great arches on each side with muslin curtains lined with pink, and great crimson blinds which can be dropped if necessary; at one end of them is a dining-room, and at the other a bedroom, and the girls are in tents. This is a real Capua at the bottom of the mountains.

The Maharajah entertains us right royally, and every meal is a banquet: his pipers played for us at dinner, and walked round the table afterwards. They are really rather good, but they played several different tunes in the room, and the bagpipes groaned in such a fearful manner at the beginning of each that, in spite of the Viceregal gravity of D.'s face, I could not help laughing. Our host came in after dinner to see some conjuring he had provided for us; he is such a nice boy, and speaks English very well. It was very pretty, sitting at the edge of our drawing-room, looking down the illuminated garden at a waterfall which was lighted at the back, and watching the crowd of retainers who looked on with us.

Sunday, 19th.—We had rather a heathenish Sunday, for there was no church, and there were fireworks in the garden after dinner; but the most extraordinary 'firework' was a natural one. There came on suddenly a storm of thunder, lightning, and wind, which in two minutes upset our open drawing-room and sent our muslin curtains flying all over the place; candles and lamps had quickly to be extinguished, a tent outside was burnt, and for the space of ten minutes everything was confusion and desolation.

With the exception of this pyrotechnic display and the boisterous and *mauvais quart d'heure*, we had a very quiet, peaceful, and nice warm day.

Tuesday, 21st.—I have now to give you my first impressions of Simla—impressions greatly tempered by the consideration that it is to be our home for the greater part of every year. We breakfasted early, and then started off on our long eight hours' drive—D. and I in one victoria, the girls in another, and the rest of our party in much less comfortable machines called tongas. Yesterday was lovely, and we saw the mountains looking their very best.

We went at a great pace, ascending and descending, and twisting and turning round the most fearful corners, always at the edge of a precipice! Sometimes our road was exactly opposite to us, either very much higher or very much lower on the

other side of a ravine ; sometimes it appeared to be altogether lost, and was only to be found again by pursuing it round some very sharp angle. There were patches of cultivation almost all the way up, culminating in beautiful and enormous rhododendron-trees here. For the rest, the scenery is that of a real sea of mountains, rolling hills of various heights, with snowy peaks in the distance, but no very striking range or particular peak to appeal to one's imagination.

We changed horses every four miles, but even so our last pair seemed to feel the ascent to Government House very severely ; indeed, the road had become more precipitous and more angular than ever ! The only place that I have ever imagined at all like this spot is Mount Ararat with the Ark balanced on the top of it, and I am sure that when the rains come I shall feel still more like Mrs. Noah.

The house itself is a cottage, and would be very suitable for any family desiring to lead a domestic and not an official life—so, personally, we are comfortable ; but when I look round my small drawing-room, and consider all the other diminutive apartments, I do feel that it is very unfit for a Viceregal establishment. Altogether it is the funniest place ! At the back of the house you have about a yard to spare before you tumble down a precipice, and in front there is just room for one tennis court before you go over another. The A.D.C.'s are all slipping off the hill in various little bungalows, and go through most perilous adventures to come to dinner. Walking, riding, driving, all seem to me to be indulged in at the risk of one's life, and even of unsafe roads there is a limited variety. I have three leading ideas on the subject of Simla at present. First, I feel that I never have been in such an out-of-the-way place before ; secondly, that I never have lived in such a small house ; and thirdly, that I never saw a place so cramped in every way out of doors. I fear this last sensation will grow upon me. There is one drive which I tried to take yesterday, but had to turn back on account of a thunderstorm ; mine is almost the only carriage allowed here, most people going about in jinrickshaws or dandies. The former is a sort of bath-chair pushed and pulled by four men, and the latter is an invalid chair carried on their shoulders. All these men have liveries, and it looks so funny to see them coming along. Sometimes you meet three ladies sociably in a row, and their men in brilliant colours like a quantity of gaudy birds—blue breasts, yellow breasts, red caps, &c., &c. They go at a great pace, and I shall have to use mine whenever I forsake the one carriage road.

CHAPTER IV

SIMLA DURING THE RAINS

APRIL 22 TO OCTOBER 19, 1885

Wednesday, April 22nd.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are staying with Sir Thomas Baker (Adjutant-General), and he asked us to go and lunch with them, and afterwards to join them in an expedition to Mushobra. Our neighbours here look very near to us, and so they would be had we the wings of a dove wherewith to fly from our ark to their eyries on the surrounding hills ; but as we have to toil up and down in jinrickshaws or on ponies, it takes time to go anywhere, and we were three-quarters of an hour reaching our destination. You will be really amused to hear that I require six men to take me along in my bath-chair, and a jemadar to look after them, so that when Nelly, Rachel, and I take a little gentle exercise together we have a small regiment of nineteen men in scarlet liveries pulling and pushing our three machines ! In spite of these numerous attendants, locomotion here is most unsociable : there is only room for one at a time, and I must say I think a long expedition in a jinrickshaw is decidedly dull. We went to a place some seven miles off, following each other and occasionally shouting a remark ; and when we got to Mushobra we had tea, and then, finding it extremely cold for sitting out, we set off to walk ‘a little way’ back. The Duchess and I led, and as we thought every one had his or her own conveyance, we felt at liberty to follow our inclinations, and on we walked for quite four miles. It appears, however, that we made one of our party very miserable, for he had on a pair of tight, thin, patent-leather riding-boots ; the stones were very rough on the road, and as he watched us disappearing round turn after turn on the mountainous path, he groaned aloud, but did not dare to mount his steed while ladies and Royal Dukes walked.

D. and I visited ‘Observatory Hill,’ which is a site Lord Lytton chose for the new Government House. At Calcutta it was proposed that we should alter this cottage into a fitting Viceregal residence, but the moment we saw the proximity of our precipices and the smallness of the house, we began to think that it would be a mistake to build here, and now that we have seen

the new site we are convinced of it! There is a splendid view from it, and a large space of vacant ground to build on, and I should say it has every possible advantage over this.

We were very much amused, while walking about there, to see that it requires two men to use one spade. The first man digs in the ordinary way, but the second pulls a rope which is attached to the spade, and thus helps his friend up with his shovelful! These men come from Ladak, and are curious-looking creatures. They shave the front part of the head, and wear long curls at the back and sides; they have flat ugly features, and look dirty. The women are not pretty, and their dress, which consists of a straight blouse, and trousers gradually tightening down to the ankle, is most unbecoming. Their nose-rings are of thick silver, and are as large as bangles.

We had a small dinner for the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who are to leave for England on Saturday. I found my little house was very comfortable for a party of twenty-three, but I fear that when we get beyond that number people will grumble over the 'horrible crushes' at Government House.

Sunday, 26th.—Going to church is a matter of difficulty here, and I am not sure but that strict Sabbatarians would forbid one's attempting it, seeing how much labour it involves. There are two jinrickshaws for the girls and one between the maids=19 men. There is a pony carriage for me, a horse for His Excellency, and ponies for all the A.D.C.'s, while at the church door the congregation of bath-chair men in all their various costumes standing by rows of these machines, and the collection of horses held by their syces, give more of a festive than of a serious character to the outside of the building, and a lady stepping into her pew, booted and spurred and habited, disturbs all one's conventional notions of a 'Sunday gown.'

We walked up to the Military Secretary's bungalow for tea. The lucky man has really a charming house, and I wish the proper owner was in it. We miss Lord William very much. He is at home on leave.

Monday, 27th.—The girls and I energetically got up early to see the snow mountains. They rode all the way, and I drove to the bottom of 'Jakko,' a very high hill, and was carried up it in a jhampan. I tried to walk a little, but one is so easily put out of breath here that I could not manage the climb. Besides the view of the mountains, we were to see an old Fakir surrounded by all the monkeys of the neighbourhood, who assemble at his call; but we were most unlucky—the snows were not visible, and the monkeys were otherwise engaged, so we saw

nothing, and must make the expedition again while the weather is still cold.

In the afternoon Captain Harbord drove me to tea with Lady Stewart, and we were going on to a 'Monday Pop.' Fancy having a 'Monday Pop' in the heart of the Himalayas! The tea we managed, but on our way from it we were caught by the most terrific dust-storm. Anything more completely disagreeable I never felt. It quite frightened one by its vivacity, and both blinded and choked us. We drove on as fast and as well as we could to the nearest shelter, opening one eye at a time to peep at our situation, coughing, and holding on to our flapping garments, and altogether miserable. We just got into the photographer's shop when the dust ceased, and a bad thunder and rain-storm succeeded it. We did not mind this so much, and thought the mud only too delightful after the dust.

The night was still worse, and there was a squall of wind and rain in the middle of it which made one quite tremble for the roof. The cold returns after all this 'weather,' and we want our warmest clothes and fires to keep us at all comfortable.

Tuesday, 28th.—I was to receive visitors to-day between the fashionable hours of twelve and two, but the first detachment had only just arrived when rain, hail, and thunder came on with such 'impetuous rage' that those who had come were obliged to stay, and those who had not started could not come at all. The hail rattled on our iron roof in the most deafening fashion; the ground was quite white when we looked out after the storm, and we picked up lumps of ice as large as cherries on the lawn. We thought that this must really be the climax and the end of all our meteorological troubles, and in this mistaken idea we started out riding and walking in the afternoon. Those on horseback got wet through, and D. and I had a very adventurous walk, the only improvement since the morning being that the hailstones were now no larger than currants; pelted by them, enveloped in cloud, dazzled by lightning, and listening to the growling thunder, we plodded on, greatly admiring by the way the big trees of crimson rhododendrons, which will be sadly dashed by the ice-balling they have received; and, on the whole, we quite enjoyed the tempests!

The Stewarts came to tea with me, and we had Mrs. Cunningham, General Wilson, and General Gordon to dine with us. The latter has come to report the safe departure of the Amir. He received from His Highness two Orders—the one a little gold medal with 'Honour' written on it, the other an extremely pretty ornament with large flat diamonds set in enamel. As the

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Amir calls it an 'Order,' General Gordon is allowed to accept it, but his daughter will wear it. He told us that the first night the Amir entered his own territory six new Martini-Henry rifles were stolen from him, whereas in our country he lost nothing. He must have felt very safe and happy here, and he said himself, 'One need not wear a sword in a friend's house.'

Thursday, 30th.—I felt that the happiness of my life here depended upon my having some thoroughly steady, safe, and yet fast means of locomotion, so I have set up a mule. Her name is 'Begum,' and she is a treasure! She walks very fast and canters beautifully, and the gentle expression of her eye is most reassuring. To-day I tried her for the first time, and though I fear she is not Viceregal-looking, I maintain she is sensible and useful; and when she wears a blue necklace and has a few red tassels about her, she will look lovely. I shall be glad when she has become an established fact, and when people cease to gaze at her long ears.

Friday, May 1st.—A most lovely May morning for seeing the snows! We all got up early, and I on my Begum, and the Viceroy and his Suite on nobler but not better animals, went up 'Jakko' before breakfast! At the top we saw the funniest sight. The old Fakir called 'A'o, A'o' (Come, come), and the monkeys arrived, whole families of them—fathers, children, and mothers with their little ones clasped to their breasts (only it is the baby that does the clasping, so that the mother moves about quite freely); and when grain was thrown to them they scrambled for it and ate it up very quickly, while they even ventured to take food from out of our hands. All the time they gave a sort of little gentle cry; and the infants looked too funny, gazing upside down at one from between their mothers' arms—their little wrinkled faces and neatly parted hair make them look so old-fashioned. The view was magnificent—such an immense range of snow mountains against the background of blue sky, and such a varied foreground of hills and woods, with the sun shining brilliantly on all. Still I shan't do it often, for expeditions in the early morning don't suit me, and I had to go to bed for a little on my return.

Thursday, 7th.—I told you that I did not think my domestic and countryified life here would provide material for a weekly journal, nor is it important enough to be divided up into days; so I will just give you a retrospective account of a week at Simla, and will begin by telling you that I really think it is a very nice place, and that it is growing larger and larger in my estimation. The roads seem more numerous and much safer

than they did at first, and I find the riding and the walks delightful.

Besides going up 'Jakko,' one can go round it, and a lovely ride we found it, and much did my Begum astonish the rather scoffingly-inclined girls by keeping up with their steeds at a canter, and outstripping them altogether at a walk.

We had one very amusing afternoon. By dint of much levelling, great labour, and considerable expense, a playground has been made in a valley here, where races and gymkhana meetings can be held, and where cricket and football can be played. It is called Annandale, and it is the only place I have seen in Simla from which you don't look down upon the world; it is so surrounded by hills that for a moment you can forget that you are yourself upon a mountain. This playground is a creation of Lord William's, and our A.D.C.'s are the principal promoters and supporters of the sports there, so we went down to have tea and to watch them practising for a gymkhana, while the girls were to try tilting at the ring. Nelly was very successful, and enjoyed it immensely. The two Miss Stewarts were there, and they all galloped about, lances in hand, their hats falling off, and their hair much dishevelled, looking very energetic and very much amused. The men, meanwhile, were tent-pegging, or riding wildly round the course leading one or two ponies, going over hurdles, or simply racing. Lady Stewart and I sat and looked on, and 'Begum' was led out to tilt and covered herself with glory, Nelly being her rider.

The descent to this playground is of course very steep, but the road lies through a lovely forest of deodars and rhododendrons, with several of our most precious ferns growing at their roots. The most common tree about here is a white oak, whose only claim to relationship with our oak is that it bears acorns. In other districts near there are green oaks and brown oaks, but none of them really resemble their English namesake. This white one covers many of the hills; it looks grey in the distance, and is not a pretty tree.

I am at home one morning a week from twelve till two, those being the extraordinary hours at which visits are paid all over India. As houses here are so difficult of access, people kindly put up little 'Not at home' boxes at the bottom of the hills, and you may imagine how the unsociable ride about in search of these!

Our daily life is much as follows: We breakfast in a little room upstairs, which at other times serves Nelly as a studio, and then we step out on the balcony and admire the magnificent

range of snow mountains, which at this time of year are nearly always visible. After that we are all busy till lunch-time in our various sanctums, then come these rides or walks, and in the evening the girls manage to have some game, while D. and I generally sit quiet enjoying a book. We found an old bagatelle board here, on which they play a most simple game of ninepins, but it appears to afford all the young party endless interest and excitement.

Captain Harbord and Mr. Balfour have gone down to the plains to shoot tigers.

We do not begin to entertain until the Queen's Birthday, when a levée is held and a dinner and ball given; to the latter everybody here is asked, and our house appears in all its incompetence. I have not mentioned D.'s work, which is continuous. I am wondering whether a settled peace will diminish it at all. Thunderstorms have come on again, and we begin to hear for the first time of 'little rains,' which may possibly precede the certain deluge.

Friday, 8th, to Friday, 15th.—I am sorry to write about the weather, and I would not do so were the subject commonplace; but it really is such remarkable and unrivalled weather, it obtrudes itself so much upon one's attention, it interferes with so many plans, it is so noisy and obstreperous, so industrious and indefatigable in pouring and thundering and making itself generally disagreeable, that I am compelled to take some notice of it—more especially as, when the 'weather permits' itself such vagaries, it prevents every one else from doing anything. A gymkhana meeting, church, the Sipi Fair, the 'Monday Pop,' are some of the little pleasures with which it has interfered, so you see that every other interesting topic has been flooded out of my journal, and therefore it only remains for me to tell you how the storms are conducted.

The clouds lead off; they rise in smoky columns from behind the woods, they wander lightly over the hillsides, they lie in the valleys like great bales of cotton wool, or float in tufts over the housetops; they playfully invade one's boudoir, or in the form of a dense fog they darken and envelope everything; then they collect overhead in great black threatening masses ready for action! Next is heard a distant rumbling, which, instead of being a short, sharp ejaculation of meteorological wrath, is a long, continuous remonstrance carried on from hill to hill, with angry flashes of lightning to accentuate its meaning; and then comes the rain! Such rain! Not the soft and genial Irish shower, but a malignant downpour which resounds upon the iron roof, rattles on the

balcony, and rustles through the air like a very Cataract of Lodore.

This is the way in which Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday were spent by the weather, while we kept up a running commentary upon it, expressive of displeasure, disappointment, discouragement and dismay!—for these rains, you must know, are only the ‘little rains,’ and we still have the ‘great rains’ to look forward to. They begin about June 20, and pour on and on for ten weeks; for them we are storing up a fund of resignation and a supply of mackintoshes and umbrellas, but for this rehearsal we were unprepared, and we cannot even comfort ourselves with the reflection that the present rain is good for the country. On the contrary, some people fear that the extraordinary cold of the season may put off the monsoon; and should that be the case, there would be a famine next year. This is too dreadful to think of; so I will take a more cheerful view, and although Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday have only been slight improvements upon the preceding days, I will go on hoping that a new moon may do something for us, and that the sunshine of this morning (Friday, 15th) may continue in spite of the too abundant clouds pervading the sky.

The Ripon Hospital was opened yesterday. It is a very pretty building, divided into five blocks, with accommodation for natives, Europeans, and paying patients. They hope to use one wing for a lying-in hospital. After walking through it we sat under a Shamiana and listened to a speech from a Mr. Hume, who expatiated upon the perfections and beauty of the new building. He said that only 7,000*l.* was wanted now to complete it, and he hoped we should make it up by next year. D. also said a few words and declared the building open, and then we all started off for church (Ascension Day), our umbrellas and mackintoshes being greatly needed; and when we returned it was through, if not under, a cloud that we drove home.

Tuesday, between showers, we rode over to call upon the Aitchisons, with whom we stayed at Lahore. They live quite at the other end of Simla, and have a beautiful view and pretty garden. They have also (happy people!) built a ball-room, and can now do their necessary entertainments in some comfort. We then went to tea with Lady Stewart, and succeeded in only getting a little damp going there.

Wednesday I walked to one of the Staff bungalows to see the ‘Langours,’ monkeys with white whiskers and black faces, who live all round here. There were quantities about, and it was very amusing to see them take headers from tree to tree. It

struck me as a most delightful athletic sport. Fancy seeing fifty heaven-born Leotards flying from branch to branch down a precipice, many of them with babies clinging to them ! They occasionally sat still and looked at us ; sometimes they throw stones at passers-by, but we could not excite them to any such evil practice.

I was nearly forgetting to tell you of one of the great events of the day. The tennis court is open ! The rain makes D. appreciate it immensely, and it will really be a great boon to all the young men in Simla.

This morning the heavy silver thrones are being lugged up some precipitous paths to a hill Rajah's house, and His Excellency and Staff have ridden after them. I thought you would like to know that even to this mountainous region we carry our state chairs, and that, although we live in a cottage, we hold durbars and are accompanied by all the symbols of our official dignity.

Nelly, Rachel, and I have begun to take lessons in Hindustani from a Munshi, who tells us we shall speak it in a month ; but as he gives us such sentiments as ' Evil communications corrupt good manners ' to translate, I fear our conversation in this language will be more stilted than useful.

Nelly is doing a series of portraits in chalk, and Major Cooper provides her with models. She did one of the jhampani men with great success, but at the first sitting given her by a second model, a wild man wrapped in a sheet, he fainted, and having first subsided into an arm-chair he next rolled on to the floor and lay with his head under his wing. The jemadar had gone to dinner, and Nelly and her maid were left for some time vainly calling for assistance, and doing their little best to resuscitate the victim, who declined all their pressing offers of brandy-and-water, and would have no remedy but fresh air !

Saturday, 16th.—The first gymkhana went off successfully to-day. It was really a gymkhana *à deux*, for as no outsiders took part in it, and as some of the Staff were absent—some ill, and some not sporting characters—the burden of the day fell upon Captains Burn and Gordon, who manfully steeplechased, flat-raced, rode postillion races, and submitted to being carried in jhampanis through a water jump. People might have complained of a want of variety, but I am sure they did not, for after so much rain we are all too glad to get out again, and should enjoy any outdoor amusement provided for us. On my way to this entertainment I looked in at a charity bazaar, which in all countries is a trying ordeal to go through.

Monday, 18th.—Our little Sipi Fair outing began to-day.

We had to ride eight miles to Wildflower Hall, along a narrow road at the edge of a precipice. I am not afraid of precipices, however, when mounted on Begum, though even she shied once at a Fakir who sat on the wayside, shaking his long red locks about and looking most uncanny. This country villa of ours is 1,000 feet higher than Simla. It is on the top of a hill, and is in the midst of most sweet-smelling pine-woods. The mountain view from it is magnificent. A great range of snowy peaks bounds the horizon, and shuts in a world of rugged and sharply-outlined hills and rocks and dales, a much more accentuated world than any I have lived in heretofore.

Our house is a real cottage, the biggest things about it being the fireplaces, which happily (for it is very cold) are quite out of proportion to the tiny rooms. We were a party of eight, and were very merry at dinner and at some games afterwards.

Tuesday, 19th.—At eleven o'clock we mounted our steeds and commenced our descent to the valley. A most delightful ride we had through the forest of oak and pine, the hillsides covered with maidenhair and other lovely ferns, the sun shining through the trees upon us, and the mountain view just visible between the branches.

Our path was such a zigzag one that I felt as if I was trying to dance a quadrille on horseback, there were such sharp turns in it, bringing one face to face with one's partner either above or below ; and then we passed picturesque groups of people bound for the fair, and could hear the sounds of revelry from the people already there, and as we approached the place we saw such a lively scene ! There were about twenty merry-go-rounds, all revolving at once, carrying basketfuls of men, women, and children round and round through the air ; there were little shops selling the latest things in the way of novelties from Birmingham ; there were serpent charmers, and performing monkeys, and men beating tom-toms with all their might and main ; there was an elephant beautifully got up, and there was a little brass god seated in an arm-chair receiving small coin ; then there were of course crowds of natives, some Europeans, and all the horses and jhampanis that had brought the people down, and last, but most important of all, there was 'the bank of brides.' Matrimony is supposed to be the object of this fair, and so in a sort of amphitheatre on the hillside sit the candidates for hymeneal honours ! I will not declare absolutely that they were all brides ; but, at any rate, there were rows and rows of women and girls dressed in their very best. Bright-coloured jackets and scarves and nether garments adorned them, while their heads, noses, ears,

throats, arms, and ankles were all heavily laden with jewellery. A really smart woman wears silver or gold ornaments falling over her forehead, and almost concealing her hair ; rings of great size and weight hanging from every available space in her ear ; one of such gigantic dimensions in her nose that it requires to be kept in its place by a broad chain across the face attaching it to the already overladen ear ; necklaces innumerable reach from her throat to her waist ; quantities of rings adorn her fingers, and on her thumb she wears a looking-glass set in silver, a most practical ornament for so well-decorated a lady ; bracelets and anklets of course.

Many of these women are very good-looking, and have refined and intelligent faces ; but those of the Mongol type are extremely ugly, while their dresses do nothing to improve their appearance, being dark in colour and suspiciously dirty-looking. They wear flat round cloth caps on their unkempt hair, but they have jewels too, and like very much to have quantities of rough turquoises sewn on to their headdresses. They sat together the whole day, and I made many excursions through them, airing my few words of Hindustani, and presenting some nose-rings and toys to the children, which were always received with great pleasure. We bought a few of the ornaments from the women, but they are sufficiently sophisticated to make us pay dear for our purchases, and I even suspect that some of the jewellery is put on to attract and defraud the unwary European ; many of the things look much better on than off, and are evidently new and rough copies of the old patterns.

We enjoyed the fair immensely ; it was all so gay and bright, with so much colour and life and novelty about it. However, I was glad when lunch was announced, for the sun was shining on the valley, and as we had not allowed the police to push every one out of our way according to their desire, I was exhausted with wandering through the crowd.

The lunch was given by our aides-de-camp, and was quite a banquet. I was saying to my neighbour that one never was allowed to 'rough it' in India, and that a picnic in our sense of the term seemed to be quite unknown here. He told me that the native word for a real picnic is a 'poggle-khana,' that is, a fool's dinner ; so I suppose that if we will dine out of doors we shall be obliged to do our folly in as wise a manner as possible, with tables, and chairs, and silver, and every luxury that we are accustomed to at home.

After lunch I made one more tour through the beauties, and then a hill Rana, the lord of the soil, had some tricks performed

for us, while the Rajah of Rutlam, a really gorgeous figure, sat and looked on. He wore a crimson velvet jacket or tunic embroidered in gold and silver, and on his long smooth black hair a bright yellow turban covered with jewels. The first performance consisted in one man shooting with a bow and arrow at the legs of another man, who danced and jumped and capered about so as to make the shot as difficult as possible. It was a most infantine amusement. We also saw some performing birds and a dancing girl, and then we turned homewards, and mounting our steeds began the ascent. It was so pretty to see the thin line of people zigzagging up the hillside, some riding, some walking, and some being carried, the Rajah looking very stately and magnificent on a fine Arab horse. Altogether we had a most delightful day, and enjoyed it very much. It was fine too until the night, when one of our real heavy rains came on with the usual thunder, and lasted some sixteen hours.

Wednesday, 20th.—A most desperate outlook of mist and rain this morning. However, we resolved to get home, so, wrapping ourselves up in ulsters and waterproofs, we started off, and I believe we really found our very wet ride rather amusing; it took us about an hour and a half. Wildflower Hall was so exceedingly cold this morning that we are glad to be back in our own warm room. Need I add that the oldest inhabitant has never seen such weather?

In the evening we went to the theatre. It is a nice little building, 'run' by Lord William for amateurs to act in. 'The Palace of Truth' was acted to-night—a bad piece for private theatricals; so, although nicely put on the stage, we found it rather dull and long. We drove part of the way there in the brougham, and then got into rickshaws to make an otherwise impossible descent to the theatre. We did not get back till half-past twelve, which was extremely late for us, who generally go to bed at half-past ten.

The mail day changes this week owing to the coming monsoon, and I have to send this off on Saturday instead of Tuesday morning.

Thursday, 21st.—The weather continues its unnatural conduct, and it kept me in great uncertainty all the morning as to how my first garden party here would go off. Will, or won't it clear up? Will, or won't people come? were the questions we 'wondered' over. I determined to have something to fall back upon, should both rain and guests attend, so had the dining-room cleared for dancing and put tea in the house. However, we had Queen's luck, and about four o'clock it settled down to be fine for

the afternoon. The garden party was a small and select one; badminton and tennis were played, and the band, perched upon my balcony, discoursed to us. I think it went off very well.

Saturday, 23rd.—Too many clouds about, and in the afternoon a deluge. It was raining after lunch, but we settled to ride at four, if it cleared. We got out, but in about half an hour we had to turn back, and through a pretty heavy thunder-shower we rode home, and just escaped a most terrific hailstorm. The bits of ice hopped into my room from the window-sill; the rattle on the roof was so great that we had to scream to each other to make ourselves heard, and when we looked out the ground was quite white. You are probably basking in sunshine in England.

The Stewarts, Barrington Footes, and Major and Mrs. Keith dined with us, and we had a musical evening. Captain Foote also recited for us. Captains Balfour and Harbord came back from their tiger-shooting expedition; they did not get nearly so much sport as they expected. Mr. Balfour killed one tiger, and they all had a very exciting search after him on foot. The beast was wounded one day, and was only captured at the end of the second day, after having knocked down a man. Happily he only struck him with a broken paw, and so did not hurt him much. The description of all their doings is very interesting. Even in the plains this is a cool year, and so, except that the rocks were too hot to sit upon, they don't seem to have noticed the heat much.

Monday, 25th.—We kept the Queen's Birthday by a large official dinner and a levée, difficult things to manage in a small house. Forty-eight people dined in the ball-room and sixteen in the dining-room, and my drawing-room was cleared for the levée. We three ladies dined; and as the room was very light, as the table was covered with plate and flowers, and as all the guests were in uniform, it was very pretty and very gay for an official performance. We disappeared directly after, while the guests who had dined smoked, and those who were just arriving collected in a large Shamiana (somewhat damp) erected on the lawn outside. Then the Viceroy placed himself in front of his silver throne, and everybody passed before him.

Tuesday, 26th.—Our thoughts are centred upon the state ball, and upon the problem of expanding our limited space. As you don't know the house, it would be useless to try and describe our arrangements to you, but I hope next mail to tell you how the event went off.

Wednesday, 27th.—The day was a lovely one, and we all went

down to Annandale to enjoy ourselves. We tilted at the ring and tent-pegged. I actually tried the former amusement on Begum, and D. was very successful with his first essay at the latter. It was most delightful down there, and we enjoyed it very much.

Thursday, 28th.—The morning of the ball, the day fine, and not much fear for the supper Shamiana! What a piece of luck!

I did very little all the day except to take an active interest in the arrangements for the ball, and particularly to superintend the decoration of the conservatory, which I did up like a sitting-room. It is at one end of the drawing-room, opening into it; so, when furnished, it added greatly to the available space, and was really very pretty. Unfortunately at night it was rather cold, and the frequenters of 'kala jagah' (or dark places) were unable to enjoy it as much as I had hoped they would. There were many more odd corners curtained in, and whole verandahs utilised in the same way, and for supper we had a big Shamiana, which held places for 100, and which was very well lighted, and looked very nice. Dancing was intended to be in two rooms, but there was a misfortune with the floor of one of them, so that practically the dancers were confined to one. Before dinner, I received from my English guests at Rawal Pindi a most lovely Indian necklace and bangles as a souvenir of their stay with us there. The necklace is a real Oriental one, with all sorts of precious stones set flat in a collar shape, and with fringes of pearls at each side of it; the inside is beautifully enamelled. Each bangle is a single row of stones of different kinds—turquoise, diamond, cat's-eye, ruby, &c. They are very pretty and uncommon, and I wore my new jewels at the ball with great pride and pleasure.

We four dined alone, and dressed afterwards, and then, when sufficient people were collected, we marched down in solemn procession, and took our places in a state quadrille. There must have been nearly 450 people—all the men in uniforms, and the ladies very smart—and all seemed to enjoy themselves and to dance with great spirit. His Excellency did his share, and we only retired at two o'clock, and were able to go to sleep to the distant sounds of music, the dancing being kept up for some time longer.

Friday, 29th.—A quiet ride of an exploring nature was considered to be the best thing after a ball, so we went up Prospect Hill, a peak very close to our own, and had from it a most magnificent view, the best I have seen here. Nothing gets in the way on any side, and one can see all round the ruggedness of

the earth's surface near, and the high, higher, highest ranges of mountains in the far distance, the superlative degree of comparison being covered with snow. It was a rough kind of mountain path to the top, and we thought it prudent to have our horses led down and to walk ourselves.

Saturday, 30th.—Our lovely weather seems about to break up again. It was very cold in the evening, and it rained this morning and is most gloomy; but the greatest convulsion of nature was in the night, when we had an earthquake, shaking about our beds and making us very uncomfortable. I thought it most alarming, and was somewhat relieved by the consideration that our house is a wooden one; but then, *en revanche*, it is quite at the edge of a khud. We have since heard that at some place in Kashmir eighty persons were killed, and about the same number injured.

An ominous sound of thunder and a shower at five o'clock threatened to stop the gymkhana, but it soon cleared away, and there were sufficient races to ensure the wounding of one man. Mr. Balfour was the victim this time, and he had a nasty fall riding one and leading another pony over some rails. It is in vain that we entreat everybody to have safe and easy jumps; they seem to enjoy the element of danger.

I am getting up a garden fête for the hospital here; it is to be a mixture of garden-party, fish-pond, shooting at targets, band, and indoor concerts. If only the day is fine, I think it will be very successful; but who can answer for the weather this year? and the 25th of June is perilously near the rains!

Wednesday, June 3rd.—Mrs. Ilbert is giving six lectures on sick-nursing; the proceeds to go to the Hospital Fund. The girls and I attended, and the forty pupils sat in rows, listening and taking notes; and then, having learnt how to arrange a sick-room, they proceeded to make a bed in the proper manner and to answer questions. Mrs. Ilbert did it very well, and her lecture was both interesting and useful.

In the evening we had a big dinner and a dance after. We only asked the dancing people, and it was most successful, every one appearing to be in the best of spirits. It ended at twelve, which is a comfort, and I am so glad that early dances do succeed, for then one is not incompetent to perform one's ordinary duties next day, and can even compass one's Hindustani exercises in the morning.

Sunday, 7th, to Tuesday, 9th.—I am afraid you will soon begin to find the history of my life at Simla extremely dull, for although it is in reality almost too gay for a country place, yet

perpetual short notices of garden parties, gymkhanas, Monday Pops, small dances, dinners, lectures on nursing, and rides will pall upon you ere long ; and even were I to enter into more particulars, I should not be able to add much to interest you, for you don't know the people at all, and I only know their outside shell.

But I remember something upon which I am certain you are dying for information. You want to know how I like 'mangoes,' which from your earliest youth you have heard of as the 'most delicious fruit in the world.' After some trouble and much perseverance in eating them, I have got to think them very good fruit ; but whereas I can understand raving about a pineapple, I can't understand raving over a mango. Outside the mango is like a large apple, ill-shaped, which is not to be wondered at, considering that inside it contains a big flat oval stone which it is difficult to cover symmetrically. When ripe, and exactly right, it is the colour of an apricot ; when wrong, which is most often the case, it is green or pale yellow, and tastes strongly of turpentine ; but unripe it can be made into a 'fool,' which you could not distinguish from gooseberry : that is a great merit. Eating it properly is quite an art. You have to turn it on one particular side and cut it the *flat* way of the stone, then you eat it out of its substantial skin with a spoon. If you wish (I am told) to enjoy it thoroughly, you should retire into a bath and bite it. I can't say I think it would be worth that trouble.

We have another fruit called a 'lechee' ; it has a tough skin almost amounting to a shell, which comes off easily, and leaves a fruit the size and colour of a plover's egg, with a strong flavour of rosewater. Another fruit outside is like a potato, and inside looks and tastes like an over-ripe pear. A pommeloe, or very large coarse orange with a bitter taste, is rather nice and refreshing.

Now, after so much information, you will only want to know further that on Thursday I had a large garden party at home, and that on Friday I went to one at the Adjutant-General's (Sir Thomas Baker's), where all the space was taken up by a tennis ground, and where all but the four guests who were playing were confined to a gravel walk. The place is so far interesting that Miss Eden lived near there, and that out of compliment to her it is called 'Elysium.' On Saturday we went to a 'penny reading' for a charity. The place was crowded, and I never saw such a stream of rickshaws as that which came pouring down the steep hill to the theatre.

Thursday, 11th.—The Simla sky races began to-day, and a

steeplechase was got through without an accident, though not without a difference of opinion, which is likely to lead to 'unpleasantness.' The Ilberts dined alone with us, and we all went on to a party given for us by the Rajah of Rutlam. I thought it a good party, well arranged, and very pretty and pleasant. He gave it in the rink which exists here for roller-skating. The room was decorated with carpets, embroideries, chandeliers, and baskets of ferns, and it was so large that there was plenty of room to have tables with photograph-books, chairs, and sofas all about it, while a raised place which surrounds the rink proper also made a good place to sit. Music went on all the evening, and people talked and moved about and seemed very happy. I was decorated with a wonderful gold braid ornament, and was given an embroidered bag full of spice. I must really send you one of these 'garlands' to see; they are beautifully made, and replace the flowers one gets elsewhere. I much prefer them, as they don't dirty one's gown at the time, and one can bring them home and keep them.

Friday, 12th, was also a busy day. It is the one morning I have for writing letters after the arrival of the mail, but at 11.30 Dr. Franklin came to give me his views upon the medical question, and directly after lunch I had Miss Stewart, Captain Turner, and Mrs. Franklin to rehearse their piece for my garden fête. This was no sooner over than we had to mount a very steep hill to the Military Secretary's house, Colonel Graham having a garden party there, and after that we had a little dinner at home.

Saturday, 13th.—We are all very busy preparing for the fish-pond, tying up parcels, painting jars, &c., &c.; but the weather! Will it last till the 25th? The monsoon has already broken at Bombay. How long will it take to travel up?

Monday, 15th.—We had such an interesting afternoon 'inspecting' Major Carré's mule battery from Jutogh. We had turned our backs on Simla, and were in a delightful spot in the heart of the mountains. The battery started from the top of one hill, crossed a ravine, and came up a very steep cliff on the other side. We rode up a narrow rough path, and stood at the top watching them as they threaded through the woods on the opposite hill, then came up, almost like flies on a wall, to where we were. The red turbans of the native drivers, and the white helmets of the soldiers, looked well among the trees. When they had reached a flat place on the very top, the guns were made ready for action. One mule carries the carriage, another the wheels, a third the barrel, a fourth ammunition, and some of

the larger guns have another subdivision. The whole is put together instantly. Targets had been placed at different distances across the valley, and very good shooting was made with shell.

Thursday, 18th.—We went to the third lecture on nursing this afternoon; it was most practical and most amusing, for Mrs. Ilbert taught her class how to lift invalids in and out of bed, and how to change their sheets, and everybody had to try her 'prentice hand upon the only lady present who had on a habit, it being the least cumbersome garment. As that one was a stout young person in rude health, she was a considerable weight, and was dropped and flopped down upon the sofa in a way which would have killed any real patient; and then she submitted to be put in and out of ever so many nightgowns, and to having ever so many clean sheets pushed under her, and it was altogether very funny and very hard work. Every one was busy; there were ladies learning to roll up sheets on the floor, ladies walking about two and two in apparently the most affectionate attitudes, or carrying one another upright like children in arms. These were various ways of moving patients who were not absolutely helpless. Everybody laughed very much, and every one expressed an intention of finding some *light* amateur invalid at home to practise upon.

In the evening we had a large dinner, and a very nice dance lasting till twelve o'clock. People danced most vigorously, and did seem to enjoy themselves immensely.

Friday, 19th.—I had rehearsals of both the charity entertainments, and then went to visit the Mayo School. I was caught in a most fearful storm, beginning with dust and ending in waterspouts. I never saw such rain. The girls were riding, and, though they turned back at once, they got completely drenched. I do hope these are not *the* rains.

Sunday, 21st.—This was D.'s birthday, and so the A.D.C.'s asked us to come down into the woods and have tea there. We had a fine morning for going to church, and then it began to pour, but was fine again at four, and we went down, down, down the khud until at last we arrived at one smooth flat little bit of grass surrounded by high wooded hills, and there we found—no tea! It had gone wrong, but happily it was recovered before too late, and we sat on the ground—a real 'poggle-khana'—and had a very pleasant hour in this lovely spot. The Stewarts and the Durands came, and the A.D.C.'s had provided a real birthday cake with good wishes in pink sugar on the top, so what could D. have wished for more? He enjoyed his picnic very much, and we toiled up the hill again just in time for dinner.

Monday, 22nd, to Thursday, 25th.—The weather preoccupies me fearfully. These must be the rains, and they come down in a desperate way sometimes, and then cease for a few fine hours; but shall I hit upon those few fine hours for my fête or not? It will be too hard if it rains, for here a shower is no joke, and cannot be overlooked or lightly passed through with a small umbrella; if it is fine, every one will come, and it will really be very amusing and money-making. I write this on the morning itself, and feel deeply the heavy clouds hovering overhead. Last night we had a rehearsal of the two entertainments, which I will describe later. In the afternoon we had had another very good lecture, with practical illustrations upon all sorts of poultices and external applications; and *that* afternoon was fine, not to say lovely, whereas this—but we shall see!

Thursday, 25th.—This afternoon too was not only fine, it was lovely! The sky cleared its stormy brows, the clouds disappeared, and the sun beamed upon us! Greatly relieved in mind, we 'officials' set to work about three o'clock to arrange our various little establishments. The lawn was covered with Shamianas; there was a big one in the centre for the fish-pond; another at one end for the refreshment tables, while opposite at the further end I presided over a box full of parcels: 'Put in a rupee and take out what you like' was the plan of my box. Then there was a bank (for receiving our winnings and giving change) behind me, and a photographer beside me, and a weighing-machine near. There were raffles also, and a *very* few things to sell. People began to come at four o'clock, and remained till nearly 7.30. The band played outside; the fish-pond was besieged and entirely emptied; my box only held out for a short time; all the amusements were patronised; and the 'theatre' filled four times for the 'entertainments.' The only complaint made was that people could not spend enough money, and that they took home part of what they brought with them, but I was delighted to hear this, for our object was to extract money without pain. All sorts of people came, and all seemed to enjoy themselves, and we made 2,862 rupees (I suppose about 230*l.*), a large sum for Simla.

Friday, 26th.—I was almost pleased this morning to see that this is a bad day. It is delightful to know that my outdoor venture is safely over, and now I am prepared to try and admire the heavy clouds and their shadows on the hills, and the fluffy little bits they leave behind them in the valleys when they choose to lift for a short time.

This evening we gave a 'light music' concert, and not too much of that; and although we had far more guests at it than

we could attempt to seat, they did not appear to mind, and the overflow stood about in doorways and verandahs, and did not grumble. Captain Barrington Foote on these occasions is a host in himself, and he and a friend who are accustomed to sing and act together sang some very pretty and amusing duets. We finished up with the 'Torpedo and the Whale' out of 'Olivette.' This party was given for the Rajah of Rutlam, and in connection with him I must tell you that I have started My 'Female Medical Scheme.'

I have been working at it for some time, but did not intend to tell you about it until my plans were more thoroughly matured. But the Rajah, whose sympathy I enlisted in the matter, has given me a handsome subscription towards it, and Major Barrington Foote promises me the proceeds of a concert for my Fund, so now I shall make my scheme public. My idea is to form a National Association, with a Central Committee and a Central Fund, with branches in all parts of India, managed locally, to promote Female Medical Tuition, Medical Relief, and the establishment of Hospitals for Women all over the country, and to invite subscriptions for these objects.

As, however, I will send you all the papers connected with this work, I shall not tell you much about it in this journal. I do hope it will succeed, and that it will be a real benefit to the women of this country. The Fund is to be called 'The Countess of Dufferin's Fund for supplying Female Medical Aid to the Women of India.' When you come across people with loose cash, you may mention it.

Sunday, 28th.—The monsoon indeed! Fog not only out of doors, but smoking in at the windows, pouring rain, and no possibility of going to church until the evening, when it cleared for a time, and then I never saw anything more lovely than the lights and shadows on the hills, the colours in the sky, two broad rainbows (we are glad to have their assurance that this is not leading up to a second deluge), and the clouds in the valleys below. This respite did not last long—the rain came on again and went hard at it for twenty-four hours.

Wednesday, July 1st.—It is actually fine, and so people say to themselves, 'Perhaps the great rains have not begun. There are, however, a large supply of clouds about, and nothing can be more beautiful than the hills are between showers. Such a day as this is a perfect study of light and shade. Sometimes the top of a hill is covered with cloud, and then quite a bright light seems to come from underneath and illumine all its lower half; then on another hill there may be a streak of sunshine sliding down

its side; then great waves of bright green wood, succeeded by purple and blue ones, a sort of opalescent tint everywhere, and clouds of every variety, large and small, dark and light, hanging heavily or floating lightly about.

All this I admired on my way home from Mrs. Ilbert's lecture; but I ought not to attempt to describe such effects, for that is an impossible task. How tired you will be of the clouds and the rain before my monsoon is over!

Saturday, 4th.—An amusing afternoon, keeping Niss Nora Stewart's birthday. The party was in the afternoon at the Rink, and every one seemed happy, and Sir Donald, who is always the gayest of the gay, enjoyed himself immensely and joined in everything. We had a small dinner with a little music. Did you ask after the weather? Thank you, it's pouring nicely, and is quite as well as can be expected.

Sunday, 5th.—'It' made morning church a difficulty and evening church an impossibility, so I have not much to tell of this day.

Monday, 6th.—I managed to drive round Jakko, and to look in at a Monday Pop, coming home in time to read my mail before dinner. Afterwards we went to the play, and saw the 'Private Secretary' really very well done, but the play here ends much too late. We did not get home till nearly one.

Wednesday, 8th.—Our last lecture at Mrs. Ilbert's; presentation of 210 rupees for the hospital, with a few neat sentences on behalf of the company by Her Excellency; and then home to a dinner and a dance, where a lady rather amused me. I noticed her first after dinner, when she lay back in an arm-chair deeply interested in His Excellency's conversation with other people, and then during the evening she came and confided to some one near me that she had had such a nice dinner, and such a nice man to take her in, and that Simla was a heavenly place, and that she had lived seventeen years in India without coming here. Now she really felt that all her previous life had been wasted!

The monsoon behaved in an admirable manner during our party, and the evening was lovely.

Thursday, 9th, to Thursday, 16th.—My daily life nowadays will really not bear journalising. A little *aperçu* of it is all you could possibly stand. In fact, it would read best in the form of a list of occupations, thus:—

Hindustani.—Lessons four times a week. Preparation every day.

Correspondence.—Days devoted to lady doctors. Intermittent

attacks of private letter-writing, with five hours of it uninterruptedly on Fridays.

Entertainments.—‘At home’ every Tuesday morning. Dinners and dance or music every Wednesday fortnight.

Outdoor Dissipations.—A Monday Pop, and on Saturdays a ‘variety entertainment’ when wet, which becomes a gymkhana when fine. Occasional charity concerts.

Exercise.—A walk in a deluge, wetting one through in three minutes and penetrating the best umbrella. Riding mule or pony, and driving in a jinrickshaw, jhampan or carriage.

Evening.—The young ones play ninepins, and D. and I read.

The morning amusements do not apply to him, for he is in his study all the day, and I never attempt to tell you about affairs of state.

I will mention Sunday this week, because we were preached at in two such very good sermons that the whole of Simla is talking about them, and most people plead guilty to the necessity of the attack made upon them. The first was upon the observance of Sunday, and the second upon our lives of dissipation.

It is quite true that the atmosphere of the place is one of pleasure-seeking. As the Archdeacon said, everything nowadays is ‘urgent’: our business is ‘urgent,’ our common occupations are ‘urgent,’ and our pleasures are ‘*most* urgent.’ ‘We must just show ourselves here,’ and ‘we must look in for a moment there,’ and we talk as if ‘poor society led a most precarious existence, and would come to an untimely end were we to desert it for a moment.’

He speaks so very well and earnestly, without any exaggeration or want of liberality, that his exhortations ought to do good; and I know of at least one person who hurried from a Sunday tea-party to second church, because after the morning sermon ‘she really *must* go again.’ That was a result of a homœopathic kind; . . . but alas! for my story, I find she did not go again, only *intended* to do so when she left her own house. What she did do was to exchange a lawn-tennis match, to which she had meant to go, for the milder dissipation of a little tea-party elsewhere—a result of a still more microscopic nature than I credited her with at first.

The other things that I have done this week are these:—

I went to Major Marshall’s to see a collection of butterflies. There are some very lovely ones, and we gained a certain amount of information there. I will only trouble you with one of the lightest facts. Some of the creatures, with the most gorgeous colours outside, shut themselves up so as to form the exact re-

presentation of a dead leaf, and so hide from their enemies; there are quantities of them in the neighbourhood of a brewery here, and they actually have acquired such a taste for beer that they sit helpless on the casks, and can be caught with ease. These dissipated butterflies quite deserve to have a pin run through them, and to be shut up in glass cases, far from all temptation; we shall be hearing next that they have taken to skittles!

Major Marshall's house is in the woods near here, where the ferns and the vegetation generally are quite lovely now. The rain covers everything with green; the walls disappear under a new growth of verdure; the trunks and branches of trees are grown over with ferns; and there are some most curious plants to be seen as well. One is a sort of tall green flower, out of which protrudes what appears to be the tail of a small snake. It is rather startling at first sight. Then another has a thick stem spotted exactly like the body of a serpent. I can imagine getting a 'turn' from that. I may as well record here that I have not yet seen a live snake in India, nor a scorpion, nor any terrific spiders. I don't shake my shoes, or peep through my sleeves, or carefully examine my gloves before putting them on, and the only animal that I live in expectation of seeing and suffering from is a 'fish insect.' He habitually eats all your papers, all your clothes, has a particular taste for the noses in your best photographs, and soon runs through the thickest book; even he has treated me well so far, but I know the day may come when I shall find that some valuable garment or some precious picture has been devoured by him.

To go on with my doings. I had a committee meeting to arrange some matters respecting the nursing in the hospital here, and we also had a sort of examination at Mrs. Ilbert's upon her lectures, where Nelly's downright manner of explaining her way of looking after a patient, and the dulness of another pupil, were rather amusing. We are quite sorry these gatherings are over.

I must mention a further encouragement I have had for My Scheme by a donation of Rs. 4,000 from the Maharajah of Ulwar, and an 'order' from him for the training of two native students.

If I am industrious over my Hindustani, His Excellency is still more so over his Persian. He does work hard at it; but he has one advantage over me which I must tell you of. He is never allowed to stir without a policeman—a Persian-speaking policeman in a white turban and a calico overcoat, very imposing as to size, but very commonplace as to dress. Wherever His Excellency goes that man has to be. He stands by at tennis;

he appears at the church door when D. gets there. As sure as he pays a visit, or goes out to dinner, or to tea, or to the theatre, the policeman is bound to be there, and sometimes, when one has forgotten his very existence, one is startled by his sudden apparition; and as nobody sees him go, or knows how he gets to a place, there is a sort of awe connected with his inevitable appearance there. When D. simply takes a walk, the policeman follows and walks like any other ordinary mortal; and then it is that D. profits by him, and, instead of resting his mind from his very heavy and anxious work while taking his exercise, struggles away to talk Persian and to learn words and pronunciations. I have no policeman, and so I get on more slowly with my conversation. I am not, however, learning 'under a bushel,' for last night I received a letter from the editor of a native paper, who, 'hearing that you are studying the vernacular,' suggests that his own paper, 'which is written in the best taste and the purest Urdu,' would be a good one for me to take in. If I follow his advice and read it, I shall have to add to my list of employments, 'To spelling out a column in a native paper—four hours.'

I send you a telegram which will certainly amuse you. It was addressed to a distinguished officer of the Royal Engineers, from Nari Gorge, by 'all the Babus, Sind and Peshin Railway,' and there is no question whatever as to its authenticity: 'All railway Babus assembled. To stay here is instantaneous death. What can Babu give in exchange for his soul? In anticipation of sanction we all leave to-night.' And they went too! Cholera was raging at the place.

Sunday, 26th.—I have at last found a horse which I really like and am happy on; but it is, unfortunately, Lord William's favourite polo pony, and I do not yet know if I can have it; meantime, Begum's nose has become slightly disjointed.

I have had some long interviews with 'authorities' about my Scheme—Sir Steuart Bayley and Dr. Simpson (the Surgeon-General), Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Ilbert; and I am now trying to reduce it to writing, so that at least people may know what it is *not*. It was reported that I was going to abolish all civil surgeons and put women in their places, and that I intended to insist that no English nurses should be employed, but only natives. I am evidently credited with much more authority than I have found myself to possess.

Wednesday, 29th.—We had a dinner and a dance, which I overheard guests describing as 'exceedingly jolly.'

We have taken up whist as an evening amusement, and I am very glad of it, as a 'rubber' is good for D., gives him a change,

and prevents his studying Persian after dinner. One day we had a few people to tea in the tennis court to see some games. It is such a nice place now, and the Arabic and Persian inscriptions ornament it beautifully. Fifteen or twenty men come to play every day, and it is only closed to the public for a couple of hours in the afternoon.

Thursday, 30th.—After two very fine days the rain has begun again, so all we could do in the way of exercise was to go a sort of paddling walk to gather ferns—a new mania. We have set up little rockeries in front of our windows, and there is to be great rivalry as to whose is the best, whether from an artistic or a botanical point of view. It is quite delightful getting one's fingers well dirtied and feeling so countrified as one does when one grubs up roots without any implement and carries them home in a basket, and when, having said 'Na mangta' (not wanted) to all offers of assistance from jemadars or followers of any sort, one escapes into the woods and does exactly as one likes—for a very short time. The ferns now are most lovely, and there seems to be an endless variety of them.

Saturday, August 1st.—To the great delight of the young men the weather 'permitted' a gymkhana. True, there are few performers, and while one race was run by Captains Burn, Harbord, and Russell, the next was run by Captains Russell, Burn, and Harbord; still every one seems to like the afternoon and to enjoy the excuse afforded them for meeting, and this time there were no falls and some rather amusing 'events,' and everything went off well.

Tuesday, 4th.—My 'medical affairs' are coming to a crisis, and I have had many interviews on the subject; on Saturday I hope to settle the 'prospectus.' I shall be glad when all is in working order and when I have got over the plunge. I don't in the least mind the work, but I sometimes shudder over the publicity and wish it were a quieter little affair. The Maharajah of Kashmir sent me 500*l.* the other day, and I am 'opening an account,' starting cheque, receipt, and letter-books, and trying to be businesslike from the beginning.

The weather is as usual rather wet, and it has changed its raining hours for the worse, coming down often in the afternoon, which it used generally to leave clear for us. Some days have been very lovely as studies—curious lights and shades on the hills, and peeps underneath heavy canopies of cloud on to the distant and sunny-looking plains.

A very pleasing and perfect English-speaking native lady who lives close to us has offered to come and help us with our Hindu-

stani. She is called the Kunwari (or Princess) Harnam Singh. I have only just made her acquaintance, as she has been ill. Both she and her husband are Christians. She is remarkably nice and clever, so we ought to improve under her. I am reading quite a series of tracts and little moral stories, as the style of these is simple and more conversational than that of grander books.

Thursday, 6th.—This morning we went to the consecration of a very pretty little chapel of ease that has been built close to our grounds. It will be very convenient to us, as the church is rather far off.

Friday, 7th.—We went a second time to the 'Pirates of Penzance.' The performance was really very good, and there was a verse in a topical song which brought down the house. It said that when the Amir was made a G.C.S.I. and Sir P. Lumsden a G.C.B., and when there were difficulties here, and Komaroff was kicking up a row there, then '*some one's* life was not a happy one.' We were all wondering how it would finish up, as we knew they would not like to have said the 'Viceroy's.'

Saturday, 8th.—I had a great meeting about the Scheme—a round table, and pens, and ink-bottles, and paper, and Sir Steuart Bayley, Sir Charles Aitchison, Mr. Mackenzie, Dr. Simpson, myself, and Major Cooper, all sitting round with our various copies of the prospectus before us. Mine was a very much corrected one, as I had been collecting hints upon the subject, so I read it out and suggested the alterations, and we discussed until we agreed; and you shall soon see the result!

I only had a short walk by way of exercise.

Sunday, 9th.—A more despairing look-out than ever; absolutely nothing to be seen beyond the balcony, and a drenching rain falling. I don't think we should have faced ordinary church, but we had promised to attend the consecration of a native Christian Church, so we set off, and half-way had to desert the carriage for rickshaws, and in them we made the most terrible ascents and descents through a bazaar. Such turns and twists and steep gradients you never saw. Happily, after the service it was fine, and we were able to climb up on our own feet. The service was in Hindustani. My command of the language has scarcely arrived at the devotional stage, but I listened with extraordinary attention to every word that fell from the clergymen's lips, to see how much I could understand. The Bishop was most fluent, and I am in hopes that I carried away some faint notion of his meaning. His Excellency had to content himself by picking out the Persian words in the discourse. In the afternoon we

went to our new little chapel, and we had tea with Mrs. Cunningham, who lives close to it.

Monday, 10th, to Wednesday, 12th.—Monday and Tuesday were so wet that it was impossible to get out, and so on Wednesday morning we determined to seize a dry moment and have a ride. We had scarcely started when a deluge came on, but we got some exercise in spite of it, and came in very much dragged, or, to put it more poetically, like flowers bathed in dew.

I will not trouble you with any more Scheme, though it has kept me very busy this week. I am in hopes a lull will come now, as the prospectus will be out in a few days, and all the correcting of it and thinking it over is at an end. Major Cooper is my honorary secretary, and has had a very great deal to do. The Queen has consented to patronise the Scheme, which is a great help.

Thursday, 27th.—I do not think that I have ever told you how we manage here with regard to our household. D. and I, the two maids and the two girls, occupy the only beds there are in the house; but a few native servants sleep in the passages, ready to run any nocturnal messages we may have to send, while Goorkhas and policemen watch over us outside. Then all about the place there are cottages for the A.D.C.'s and for the servants, barracks for the body-guard and the Goorkhas and for the mass of native servants. The A.D.C.'s have a sitting-room in the house, and have all their meals here. They live two and two in various cottages, and the Military Secretary has a really nice house on the top of a still higher hill than ours.

Every person keeps a lot of horses, and all the stables are under the direction of our coachman; but as each horse has a syce of his own, each A.D.C. has as many men as he has horses.

This morning mist and rain, and an incessant pattering on the roof. It is trying!

Friday, 28th.—We attended a performance at the theatre got up by the Babus, or clerks in the various offices, to obtain money to build a covered place for themselves at the Burning Ghaut. We had rather dreaded it, because we heard that on the first night it lasted from nine till two, because it was to be in Bengali, of which we know not a word, and because all the female parts were to be played by men; so we took the precaution of telling them that we should have to leave at eleven, but we did remain till half-past, and were quite sorry not to stay till the end. It really was most curious and interesting; and as the piece consisted of a series of scenes, and as we had a short abstract of the story in English which enabled us to understand the drift of each

scene, the unknown tongue was rather an advantage than otherwise, for it added a sort of mystery to the performance, and made us feel as if we really were looking on at some ancient play.

When the curtain drew up, it revealed Ravana, the King of Ceylon, in grand array, sitting upon a very high throne, with all his courtiers squatting on the floor on either side of him, and one messenger all in white, and with his face buried in his hands, bowing before the king. A melancholy nasal song was going on which lasted for some time, and then the messenger with much wailing told the king that his son had been killed in battle. The king was deeply moved at this intelligence, but also a little annoyed to think that a son of his should have fallen by the hands of the son of the King of Oude. While he is expressing these sentiments, exit messenger a little suddenly, and enter Chitrangada, the king's youngest wife. Her entry is peculiar; she is a good-sized man wrapped in women's garments, and she comes in falling, and flops down on her face full-length before the king. He consoles her, she goes out, the king prepares for war, and the curtain falls.

Act II. takes place in a pleasure-garden, and is devoid of incident. One man asks news of another, and is told of his brother's death, so he exits to prepare himself for the battlefield; then women come in and wander about, and either are consoled or refuse to be comforted. They are all tall and plain, and show their faces very little, and are the wives of personages in the drama.

Act III. The curtain draws up and reveals two goddesses, Doorga and Bejaya—melancholy women seated on the floor. Doorga wears a silver crown. Indra, the king of the celestial regions, and his wife come to consult these ladies and to tell them about the war, and Doorga says she will see what Siva says. Unfortunately that god is sleeping, so she employs a most alarmingly ugly cupid to help her to awake him; and we then see Siva's head and bare shoulders and his trident appearing above a rock in the background, and the overgrown cupid (in a red uniform) takes deliberate aim with his bow and hits the god with his flower-tipped arrow. The Destroyer of Creation awakes, and a short conversation ensues.

The curtain is constantly going down, and a Volunteer band plays during the long intervals; the scenery changes every time, and all the acting is very quiet and methodical.

After this comes a scene in a tent, where Fakirs are sitting with whitened faces and long hair, and warriors and their wives come to consult them, and there is much bowing with foreheads

to the ground ; and the women have now put on male attire for battle, and wear knickerbockers and short jackets and exhibit most pronounced figures, the work of the tailor, and then some one is advised to enter the temple, and prayers are made in front of the door, and finally the god Siva himself appears before it—rather a startling figure. A very fat man he is, with nothing on but a short petticoat, and a trident in his hand ; much local colour about him. Then there is some one whose mind has to be diverted, and so ‘soorbalas’ try to charm him with songs and dancing. They are tall figures swathed in female garments ; they move slowly about and get in his way when he attempts to leave them ; but finally they give it up and run away, and the man left alone enters the temple, and there we had to leave him.

I read the rest of the play, and I don’t think we missed much. There was a battle—off the stage, of course—and the news of it had to be brought to the king and to the women ; and the chief warrior fell, and the king, astounded, asked who killed him, and the messenger said that, having entered in disguise into the sacred shrine, Nicoomvilla killed him in an unjust battle ; and the curtain falls for the last time.

I am sorry to say there was a very bad audience. The night was terribly wet, which was I suppose the reason, but the play, which was very well dressed (in spite of Siva) and well put upon the stage, was acted to empty benches.

D. and I, who both really like sight-seeing, enjoyed it much ; it was all so strange and so ‘behind the times.’

When I first came here, I said that Simla was suggestive of the Ark. The likeness increases, and I have the greatest sympathy now for Mr. and Mrs. Noah and their aides-de-camp, shut up in that erection for 150 days and over. How they must have hated the patter on the roof and the sh—sh down the sides of their habitation, and how tired they must have been of talking about their animals, and of wondering when they would all get out again ! What a thrilling incident the sending out of the dove must have been, and with what joy they must have wept over the bit of green leaf when it was brought them ! We invented an incident yesterday, and asked some people to tea in the tennis court ; and though cats and dogs were really coming down, all the guests arrived, and all seemed truly thankful for this excuse to get out, and for something to do. The doctor beat the Rajah, but he received rather heavy points from him.

Sunday, 30th.—Things (by which I mean the weather) improved a little, and in the afternoon we went to the church near us, and then on for a walk up to Observatory Hill, the site for

the new house. As we climbed the hill the view was quite lovely, and we could distinctly see the plains, and very wet they looked; but by the time we reached our destination everything was enveloped in cloud. However, we sat down on a pile of wood and waited, and then, reflecting how much shut up we had been lately, we determined to be energetic and 'waterproof' this week, and to make expeditions and see something of the outer world; and, while these plans were forming, the fog did clear away, and left rows of hills lying in layers of cotton-wool, with a little tiny attempt at a rainbow in one small cloud above, and the glistening plains in the distance below.

Monday, 31st.—Put a bit of our plan into execution. Determined to go and have tea at Mushobra, and there to spend a 'happy day.' Of course it was thought at first that it would require twenty men to convey our tea there, but I insisted upon 'roughing' it, and so two only were laden and set off; and directly after lunch the girls, Major Cooper, Doctor Findlay, and I started. (His Excellency declared wild horses should not take *him* there, and, besides, he is much too busy for long expeditions.) We drove up to a horrid tunnel which there is on the way, and then mounted our horses and had a nice but foggy ride out to the 'Gables,' an inn in the woods. There we found an excellent tea, with very many more things than we really wanted, so that I think one man might do next time, only that I suppose he will want company on the road. Then we took a walk, and afterwards rode home all the way. We enjoyed our little change.

Wednesday, Sept. 2nd.—People do say positively now, 'The rains are going,' so I do hope we shall come down from perpetual deluge and fogs to occasional storms. The shortest gleams of sunshine are most thankfully received, and we are beginning to talk of our tour; the very idea of it is delightful. Think of emerging from the clouds and descending to Agra and Delhi and Lucknow and Cawnpore!

Thursday, 3rd, to Tuesday, 8th.—It is true the monsoon is really over. It no longer rains hopelessly, and when a heavy shower falls we say, 'It will soon clear,' with some assurance in our tone. Oh! it is a comfort; you can't think how tired one gets of the gloom and the everlasting drip, and the impossibility of settling beforehand to do anything out of doors. This morning, therefore, when we found ourselves fogbound and saw the ground soaking, we did not despair, nor did we put off our engagements for the afternoon, but allowed Colonel Collett to come and lunch, and ordered our horses at three to start on our fern expedition. The first thing I got the Professor to do was to come up to my

rockery and to mark in a book for me all the varieties I had already collected, and against these I put private descriptions by which to know them again. Then we started off down the glen, riding some way, after which we took to our feet and to alpenstocks, and so descended the rougher path to the bottom. It is quite a new sensation to walk out with a naturalist, who seems to have several more pairs of eyes than you possess. Colonel Collett knows all the plants and trees and insects, and it was very interesting going about with him. We had a very long, hard walk, and finally reached Annandale, where we had tea to meet us, and very glad we were of it before riding up to Simla again. I got two or three new varieties of ferns, and am now tolerably perfect in about twenty long Latin names and varieties, which I look upon as a sort of little beginning for next year.

Friday, 18th.—Sir Alfred Lyall and Sir Lepel Griffin are staying with us ; that is to say, they sleep in one of our cottages, and come here for their meals, for, as I have told you before, we have no spare room in our Viceregal cottage.

Saturday, 19th.—Ten thousand rupees to-night from the Maharajah of Jeypore, with a very nice letter upon the medical subject. As this is the largest subscription I have had yet, I chronicle it.

Thursday, 24th.—It had long been arranged that we were to camp out for a couple of nights for His Excellency to get some shooting, and we were to have started yesterday ; but it was so wet in the beginning of the week that we put it off one day so as to give the camp time to dry. I had forgotten, during this time of freedom from the trammels of state at Simla, that the moment we again stirred from our own door we should be put in charge of a deputy-commissioner and a police officer ; but directly arrangements for a move came under discussion, then printed papers appeared on our tables, stating what officials were to go with us, what time we should start, what time we should arrive, what posts we should receive from Simla, &c.—and it is only eight miles, after all, that we are going.

The day was lovely, and we left home after luncheon, riding ; our commissioner met us on the road, and Sir Donald Stewart followed. The ride was through the hills, and very pretty and warm, with a nice bright sun shining on us. Our destination is called Dhamin, and we are to be the guests of the Rana of that place, whose privilege it is to spend a certain sum yearly in entertaining the Viceroy at a shoot ! Honour and glory above his fellows is all he gets by it. He is a man of about 700*l.* or 800*l.* a year, and, as I saw when he met us on the road, a very nice-

looking man, speaking a little English. We reached our camp at five. It is pitched on a hill, and is, of course, most comfortable : two tents, opening into each other, as dining and sitting-rooms, and a little street of small tents, prettily lined with blue and white. We each have one.

As soon as we arrived, the 'dolly,' or presentation from the Rajah, was brought forward. We stood at the door of the tent while trays of gold and silver, of rice, bananas, pomegranates, dishes of honey, bundles of sugar-cane, and ginger were laid before His Excellency, and a ram was dragged by its horns to be presented to him. He graciously accepted all except the money, which is always remitted, and then the Rana said there was another 'dolly' for the Lady Sahiba, and more trays and more sheep were brought before me. We dined, and sat round a bon-fire, and looked at the moon, and then went to bed. The only sounds to be heard an hour after were the voices of the natives calling to each other from hill to hill, a wild and rather melancholy sound.

Friday, 25th.—We have been out the whole day, and have enjoyed the fresh air and the sunshine, and the little change from the Simla platform on which we have been stuck for six months. Breakfast was at eight o'clock, and directly after it we started—I on my mule, which is admirably suited for the sort of riding here. She can go up and down staircases, and along the dry rough beds of rivers, and through streams and up narrow mountain paths, without ever slipping or seeming to think the road at all extraordinary. The girls were carried in jhampans, and only rode back. Our way was through the hills, the weather perfectly lovely, and the vegetation quite different from that of Simla. Bananas, and rice, and ginger grow here, and we saw one palm-tree, and the hills are covered with a handsome sort of cactus, and there are new ferns, and, in fact, the 2,000 feet we have descended make a great difference in all one sees and feels. The shooting was nothing to speak of—there were only twelve brace killed, and 'much ado' about killing them—but all the guns were content, as rest from business and change was what they really wanted, and these they got. What happened was this : We all descended from our horses in a valley, or rather in the bed of a river, surrounded by hills, on whose tops we saw white figures, who, when the guns were placed, began to shout and to descend on all sides to drive the birds in. I suppose there were a thousand beaters employed, and, as I told you, there were about twenty-four birds killed. We went to three different beats, and had lunch in the middle of the day. One bird was a sort of partridge-

and another a kind of pheasant with most lovely plumage. A big umbrella was held over D. while he shot, and he was surrounded by sympathising retainers, who were always anxious that he should aim at anything that might be sitting in the neighbourhood, or at any speck visible upon the horizon, and who were perfectly indifferent to the dangers there might be to any coolies in the line of fire. The Rajah always kept at a distance under another umbrella, and did not shoot.

We came across a very curious custom practised by the hill people here. By the side of every stream we saw a quantity of very small, very low, thatched sheds, and, hearing these had something to do with babies, and seeing many women approaching these places with infants in their arms, we went to examine them, and found that the stream is directed into a quantity of little wooden troughs, and at the mouth of each trough one of these little sheds is placed. The babies are made to lie down with the crown of their heads just under this miniature waterfall—what for, I can't make out. They say it is to put them to sleep, but it seems an uncomfortable, laborious, and roundabout way of arriving at repose! I crept into one or two to watch the process. Sometimes the mother lay flat alongside, nursing the child while the douche poured upon it. One woman told me she should stay there all day; others spoke of half an hour or an hour or two. Even in winter this treatment continues, and it must be painfully cold both for mothers and babies. I wonder whether during the next century my doctors will reach this barbaric custom and suppress it!

Amongst the followers were two men with falcons. I saw one kill a bird; but I think it is a most cruel sport to watch, and I prefer seeing the hawks at Barrackpore catch pieces of meat.

Saturday, 26th.—We again breakfasted early, and shot over three beats; there were no birds, but plenty of fresh air and sunshine. This place is ever so much warmer than Simla. We rode home in the afternoon, and passed on our way one Rajah, who has arrived here for the *darbar* the Viceroy holds on Thursday. The chief sat on a litter under a red dome, and was preceded by a number of men in scarlet, holding silver sticks. We shall see all the *darbar* very well from our balcony, as it will be held in a *Shamiana* on the lawn.

Sunday, 27th.—Mr. and Mrs. Grant Duff and their party arrived this evening from Madras, and, after some tea, were conveyed in rickshaws to the tops of the various hills where we lodge them. They descend for their meals, and scatter again at night.

Thursday, October 1st.—There was a durbar for the hill chiefs to-day, and it certainly was a very pretty sight. The Shamiana was placed on the lawn exactly opposite my windows, so that from the verandahs the whole ceremony could be seen perfectly. The tent was lined with pale blue and white; there was a scarlet carpet on the floor; the Viceroy's throne was at the far end of the tent, and the chiefs and their followers were ranged all down one side of it, while European officials sat on the other side. There had not been a durbar at Simla for nine years, so I believe the roads were crowded with spectators, and I shared my balcony view with a good many people. The chiefs began to arrive at eleven o'clock, and were conducted to their seats, and at twelve the Viceroy's procession marched straight from the house to the throne, the salute firing, and three military bands playing 'God save the Queen' in unison. D., in red, with all his collars on, was smart enough to satisfy even the Oriental idea. The whole thing looked like a picture: the open tent, with the Viceroy, on his throne, sitting in isolated splendour at one end, a line of the tall bodyguard at his back, and two attendants with yak-tails in their hands at either side of him; then lines of natives in costume and officials in uniform filling the tent and sitting all in solemn silence. The first symptom of life in the tableau was when, having asked the Viceroy's permission to do so, the Foreign Secretary had each chief brought up in turn to be presented, and after him, one by one, the number of followers that his particular rank entitled him to bring with him, and each man offered gold nuzzars which the Viceroy touched. After this, a speech was made in English, and repeated in Hindustani, and then attar and pan were handed round, and the officials, bowing to the Viceroy, told him the ceremony was ended; his procession was re-formed, and the chiefs gradually dispersed. These were all small men, and there were no splendid jewels, but for a country durbar it was a pretty one, and the sun shone upon the glittering dresses and showed off everything at its very best. D. has invited all these chiefs to meet him at Annandale for a gymkhana on Saturday; only two of them had the right to visit him, and he felt anxious to give the others an opportunity of speaking to him.

I have been able to send our guests to some dinners, garden-parties, and to a fancy ball in Simla, so the week has passed away very satisfactorily, and they leave us on Monday morning. Mr. Grant Duff comes down from Inverarm to breakfast with us, and his conversation comes as a delightful break in the everyday small talk about dogs and horses, gymkhanas, and Simla gaieties.

Thursday, 8th.—I think I told you long ago that, before coming to Simla, I took a little country-house here in which to spend Saturday and Sunday. But I soon came to the conclusion that it was quite useless to us, that we felt sufficiently countrified here, and that we certainly were warmer and more comfortable at home than we could possibly be in a miserable little wooden cottage on a distant peak—so I shall never again hire a house. But a 'standing camp' is another luxury that is possible; and as after the rains a little change is pleasant, I thought I should like to see Naldera, the place where other Viceroys have had one, before I went down to the plains. This involved sleeping out one night, and I could not induce D. to come; but Nelly and Rachel and Major Cooper and I went on this expedition. It was made easy for us by Mrs. Ilbert, who gave us beds in her 'Retreat.' She and her husband and little children were alone there, with a most lovely view around them, and delightful woods for walking in. We rode out in the afternoon, getting there for tea, and we had a nice walk before it got dark.

Friday, 9th.—My instructor in photography insisted upon my taking the camera out with me, so I was obliged to get up early in the morning to take a few views. I felt extremely nervous over it, as I had never been left to my own devices before, and I did not wish to fail entirely. I may tell you now that my efforts were very successful.

After breakfast we started off on our horses and rode for about two hours, first through a sweet-smelling pine wood, with glimpses of lovely mountain scenery on either side, and then along a very curious open bit of country, where limestone rocks jut up through the soil like almonds in a pudding, and where there are stretches of grass like English downs. Naldera is in the midst of these downs—a hill covered with knots of trees, at the foot of which stand out some fine single firs and a very pretty picturesque little temple. While lunch was preparing we sat down to admire this place, so very unlike anything else to be seen at Simla, and I photographed the temple, of which I will send you a copy, as I am rather proud of my first unaided efforts in this line. We spent a very peaceful two hours there, and then mounted the hill for luncheon, and after that meal sat and looked at a fine view of the Sutlej winding like a green ribbon through the plain below. The valley is very unhealthy to live in, but very beautiful to look at. We could not dawdle much, as we had a long ride before us, and it soon gets dark and cold now, though the sunshine and the weather in the daytime are perfect at this season.

Tea was provided for us at a half-way house, and there we left our horses and returned home, first in rickshaws, and the last bit of the way in carriages.

I think I must copy you out a paragraph in Lord Randolph's letter to H.E. :—

'I am greatly interested in following the progress of Lady Dufferin's Fund for providing Medical Aid to the Women of India. It appears to be having a most remarkable and encouraging success, and will, I am sure, be one of the conspicuous social reforms of the many which will mark your reign.'

Tuesday, 13th.—I had a meeting of the Ripon Hospital Committee this morning, and before retiring from it myself made some suggestions for altering its constitution. Now that I have my own Fund to attend to, it is better for me not to be officially connected with anything else except as patroness.

In the afternoon I went over the hospital itself. The women's ward was full, but there are no nurses as yet, and all the invalids are waited upon by their own families.

In the evening His Excellency had a big farewell dinner for the Commander-in-Chief, whose health he proposed. We are all so very sorry to lose Sir Donald.

Wednesday, 14th.—We went rather a long ride to the top of Tara Devi, a hill in the neighbourhood; from it there was a most splendid view of the snows, which are now looking quite beautiful. The weather this month is perfection, but we never can forget the rains.

I shall not write to you again from Simla. We leave it on Tuesday morning, and are now 'in our boxes.' Our rooms are dismantled, and to-day I say good-bye to people here. On the whole, I like the place very much; there is a monotony about it which makes the time pass quickly, and in fine weather it is very beautiful. The month of August, however, is most unpleasant, and I hope that it is not the time that I shall best remember when I prepare to return here.

Every year there are great changes in society, and next year we shall greatly miss both the Stewarts and the Archdeacon and his wife.

The new house is begun; it is on a beautiful site, and in two years' time we hope to be more suitably lodged than we are at present.

CHAPTER V

AUTUMN TOUR, 1885; NAHUN, DELHI, RAJPUTANA, CENTRAL INDIA, AGRA, AND LUCKNOW

OCTOBER 20 TO DECEMBER 16, 1885

Tuesday, October 20th.—We breakfasted at eight o'clock. At a quarter past the Viceroy signed the declaration of war with Burmah, and at half past we were saying good-bye to the Somités who had come to see us off; the band was playing, the Goorkha Guard was saluting, and I was trying to smile amiably, while I was really wondering how the horses would stand the thirty-one guns. They stood them admirably, and we were soon on our way down the tonga road.

Our drive lasted till 1.30, when we reached Dagshai, and were entertained at a very nice luncheon by the officers of the Highland Light Infantry. I need scarcely tell you that our party is large, for we are always in charge of commissioners, district officers, and police officers, while the Foreign Secretary goes with us everywhere.

At Dagshai we leave behind us posts and telegrams, and start on our march; so we mount our horses after lunch and ride nine miles to our camp. The Rajah of Nahun, whose guests we are, met us half-way and conducted us here. The roads have all been put in beautiful order, so that the most nervous of us need not fear, and the ride was extremely pleasant. We reached the camp in time for five o'clock tea, which we found ready for us; indeed, the whole camp is fitted with every luxury; bottles of lavender-water, ink, paper, pins, scissors, every little thing we can possibly want has been thought of, and in D.'s tent and our dining-room are beautiful fireplaces and fires in them! My tent is most spacious, and I am writing now before dinner, while the natives outside are chattering with all their might. I am expecting every moment to hear a stentorian voice calling them to order.

The maids rode up, and are delighted so far. His Excellency has been a little cold, but is warming, and we all feel very well, though we are ordered to begin each day with a dose of quinine, which I have undertaken to make all my family swallow regularly.

The Rajah speaks English, and seems very nice. His servants

are all in brand-new red and gold liveries, and he has some very fine police and soldiers guarding us.

We certainly are not very lucky in our weather. It came on to blow in the evening, and all night our tents were flapping about ; energetic cold blasts made their way through every crevice, and we had to roll up our heads in flannel, while our pillows were knocked about by the shaking canvas walls against which they leant.

Wednesday, 21st.—I was quite glad to find that all were well this morning in spite of the cold. As soon as I had got into a warm dress, jacket, and a fur cape, and had climbed two or three high hills in the neighbourhood, I got warm and was ready for breakfast.

We all spent a very quiet morning, but got into our habits before lunch and rode off directly after. The march was thirteen miles, along a very good road, and we got to our new camp in time for tea. After dinner a fine leopard was brought in which had been shot in the neighbourhood.

Thursday, 22nd.—The morning, as before, spent in reading and writing, and then a long ride of about fifteen miles through lovely hills and fine woods to a new camp. This one is very picturesque, the tents being all on different levels, and the highest platform, on which our dining-room is pitched, being shaded by two enormous trees, and having a curious little temple upon it. The plains look quite near now, and have a very sandy and dusty appearance. The weather is beautiful, and we are gradually descending into warmth.

Friday, 23rd.—D. went out shooting before breakfast, and I took some photographs of our camp. Letters and telegrams unexpectedly follow us everywhere, and with Burmah on hand D. always has some business to do.

We again set off after lunch, but as I found the marches rather long, I began my journey in a jhampan, and only got on my horse six miles from Nahun.

The last four D. rode with our host the Rajah, and his sons and sirdars met us near the town. Nahun looked very white in the distance, and more like a camp than a town, on the top of a small hill covered with wood. When we reached the place we found a guard of honour of elephants with their howdahs on, and there were some baby ones standing under their mothers ; people threw flowers at us, and soldiers lined the way up to the Rajah's palace, where we stay. It is a really good house, with a central room used as a durbar hall, and comfortable apartments all round. The views of hills and plains from the house are lovely. As we

rode along yesterday the plains looked exactly like a sea when the tide is out, the coast line distinctly marked, green and rocky, and gradually rising higher and higher ; the 'sea' part completely flat and sandy, with streaks of water showing here and there.

The Rajah speaks English well, and looks after all his affairs himself. He has his own foundry, makes all his bridges and roads himself, uses no forced labour, has only one wife, and is altogether enlightened. He will not, however, ask me to see that one wife, which is disappointing. I had his secretary sounded on the subject, but he said that some lady had asked before, and had been told that 'it was not the custom of the Rajpoots.'

The English mail came in.

Saturday, 24th.—I read in the orders for the day, 'At seven A.M. the Rajah will send four of his sirdars to enquire after the health of His Excellency. An aide-de-camp will receive them.' Of course they came and received a good report.

At eleven the Rajah himself came and 'was received in durbar ;' offered his seventy-two mohurs, and went through all the usual ceremonies. The Viceroy returned his visit in the afternoon, and we met him later at the palace door, where the Rajah had arranged all sorts of sports for us to see. The 'barrack square,' where they were held, is, for the hills, quite a large piece of level ground ; on all sides it was bounded by crowds of human beings, while the Nahun army, cavalry and infantry, occupied the centre. Military manoeuvres filled the first part of the programme, and we saw some exercises which are now quite out of date elsewhere. Elephant fighting was the next sight. There seemed to be nothing very vicious about it, and the combatants received no greater hurt than a twinge of tusk-ache. They walked up to each other, a man on the neck of each, and, locking their tusks together, they pushed and pushed till the losing one seemed about to fall over. When they were hurt a little they cried out and did not seem to like it at all. The tent-pegging and lemon-cutting on horseback, which we saw next, were not very good, and then came a troop of athletes, wearing a mere vestige of clothing, who tied themselves in knots and twisted themselves about in all sorts of curious ways. One rather novel way of performing the 'wheel' we saw. Two men clasped each other so as to have their heads in opposite directions, and when they went 'head over heels' they lighted first on one man's legs and then on the other's. A curious band of wild-looking hillmen came next, some playing musical instruments, the others, with bows and arrows and hatchets in their hands, dancing about, and shooting at each other's legs.

Amongst the musical instruments were some beautiful brass trumpets, quite five feet long. We are trying to get some of them for Clandeboye.

When these performances were over, we saw the Rajah's big elephant, which is said to be the largest in India. We had tea in the palace and waited there till it got a little dark, and until all the illuminations in the town were ready. As we looked out from the windows the view was lovely. An amphitheatre of hills on one side, the mysterious-looking plains in the hazy golden light of the sunset on the other, the white flat-roofed town below, with lines of light gradually appearing everywhere to mark its outline, all the inhabitants busily at work with their decorations, and then, passing through the narrow streets, an elephant with a silver howdah, in which sat—our maids!

We soon descended ourselves, and in procession rode through the bazaars, every house being lighted up with innumerable little oil lamps, till we came to a great tank, where we dismounted and sat on chairs to see fireworks.

They were all made at Nahun, and some of them were very good and curious. All sorts of spit-fire devices, wheels and rings, and lions and tigers, and fortifications which suddenly grew before our eyes in lines of light and sent off a regular cannonade from their walls. Their reflections in the water doubled their beauty. But the full moon rose, and our sight-seeing came to an end. We went home, entertained the five European inhabitants of the place at dinner, and then on a platform in the open air we saw a nautch. Plain women, with harsh voices, sang loudly, while they gently moved backwards and forwards on the space allotted to them; they chewed pan at intervals and made faces, and no one could tell what they were singing about; and so when we had had enough we said so, and the entertainment ended.

Sunday, 25th.—We had a quiet morning, but had to start off again in the afternoon. This time we drove most of the way, and so arrived at our new camp at Majra with very little fatigue. The road lay through the real jungle, with long grass and bushes between us and the hills, where you might imagine any number of tigers to be crouching. The camp is such a pretty one. D. and I are in a cottage, and down a stretch of grass on either side is a long street of tents. A very big tree grows in the middle of this street, and looks very shady and picturesque. Lord William arrived here for dinner, which was an unexpected pleasure; he is so cheery, and looks ten years younger than when he went to England.

Monday, 26th.—We have had a long day out in the jungle,

but I can only tell you about our preparations for tiger shooting, for alas ! we saw no tiger after all, and so I have no great event to chronicle. Directly after breakfast we dispersed ourselves over the backs of thirteen elephants, and set off in a long procession through the tall grass of the jungle, up and down banks and through woods, not without occasional small alarms, on my part, lest we should slip off behind or before when the monster animal performed gymnastic feats, or lest we should be swept off his back by some great branch of a tree. We arrived safely at our destination, and, descending from our elephants, proceeded to place ourselves at our posts. When D.'s and mine were pointed out to us, we looked up in the air and saw two bedsteads tied very high up in a tree, on which we were to sit in safety. With great difficulty I climbed into mine, and then His Excellency got into his, and two jemadars and two policemen perched on various branches of the same tree, and the girls had a bed in another tree, and some of the prudent people climbed more trees, while others remained on the ground. Then a solemn silence fell on all the human beings in the jungle, the only noises to be heard being the occasional passage of a vulture, or the jumping of a monkey in our neighbourhood. So we sat for nearly two hours, until at last in the distance came the faint sound of the beaters approaching, which sounds grew and grew until their shouts and bugles and drums were quite close to us, and I looked anxiously all round our tree to see if anything was approaching. No—not one deer or bird, and much less a tiger !

It was all over, and we descended from our tree ; and finding that it was three o'clock, we naturally became extremely hungry and thought only of lunch. This we had on the ground in true picnic fashion, and then we mounted our elephants again, still hoping to make something of a bag as we marched through the grass. A few peacocks rose, but far from us, and no one got anything. It was all so new to us that we enjoyed it much, and we are the only members of our party who are not grumbling at the mismanagement of the beat, or the folly of the tiger in keeping away from us. It was quite dark when we got home, having been out about eight hours.

Tuesday, 27th.—The Rajah said good-bye to us at ten o'clock, and we got into our tongas and left his dominions. He is a very nice man, and has entertained us right royally. We had a drive of thirty miles to do, and the road was somewhat rough and dusty ; but the country, as we left the hills and came to grassy plains, big trees, and running rivers, delighted us—it looked so rich, and was such a complete change from Simla.

It really is much nicer to look up at moderate-sized hills, and to be able to move about on a level world, than to be perched on a high peak and to look *down* upon range after range of gigantic mountains. A river too is a refreshing sight, and the Jumna is a very rapid one. We crossed it on a pontoon bridge, which had been built expressly for the Viceroy. We lunched half-way, and then drove on to Dehra Dun, the country getting prettier at every step. It is a sort of tableland between the two last ranges of the Himalayas, and its climate is quite pleasant to live in all the year round. In sight of it is Mussoorie, another hill station, which appears to be at a much more reasonable distance from the world in general than Simla is.

Our horses and the body-guard spend the summer at Dehra Dun, so, in spite of the long drive we had just had, we started off directly we arrived to see the tables and the barracks. We are staying in the very pretty bungalow of the officer in charge of the body-guard, Captain Onslow.

Wednesday, 28th.—We left Dehra at nine in the morning, having a drive of forty-five miles before us. A little way from the village we stopped to see a tea-garden. It belonged to Sir H. Macpherson, and is on a small scale, the making all being done by hand, and not by machinery as it is in larger establishments. First we saw the crop growing—low, thick, compact, glossy-leaved bushes; then we saw the young shoots which had been picked, dried in the sun, and rubbed, and heated, and made up in their damp state into dirty-looking balls which are allowed to ferment, and then more drying and sifting is gone through, and the tea is ready for use. Green tea is not fermented at all, which is the only difference between it and black. The most delicate tea is made from the budding leaf, the second best from the leaf just unfolded, and so on till it is too coarse to be used.

We got through our long drive very well, and reached Saharanpore soon after tea. A change of dress was refreshing, and then lunch; afterwards D. went over the remount stables, and I went on to the Botanical Gardens, where he joined me. We had tea there, and examined various trees and creepers, &c. I mention the creepers particularly, for they are such overpowering plants. They wrap themselves round a big tree and smother and conceal it altogether, so that one has to look high up in the air to try and find what the original plant was.

I am writing this on my return from this expedition; and as I must begin a new letter at Delhi, I will tell you what we are going to do till we get there. We are spending this afternoon in the Commissioner's (Mr. Harrington's) house. We asked him not

to have any one to meet us, so we dine and lunch with him and his wife, and go off to our own train in the evening. We are to remain quiet till four in the morning, when the train will begin to move, and we shall find ourselves at Delhi pretty early, there to begin a new series of experiences.

I ought to say that the Harringtons have a very nice house in a charming district, broad level roads, fine trees, running water, all that we most admire, fresh from the hills as we are.

Thursday, 29th.—Even to think of writing about Delhi alarms me, and I fear I shall find it very difficult to give you much idea of the sights ; I must be content with attempting to record my own impressions, and I will not be historical, nor enter into too many particulars in guide-book fashion. We got here early in the morning, were met by all the celebrities of the place at the station, and were conveyed in carriages drawn by artillery horses to the Commissioner's house, 'Ludlow Castle.' If you read up the Mutiny, you will see that even our present home is historically interesting.

It is a good, comfortable Indian house, with large and rather dark rooms, and a park round it, where are small brickwork models of the places where batteries stood and did important work in that terrible year 1857. The weather is lovely, and we breakfasted under a Shamiana, and then the Viceroy saw native gentlemen, and we were left free till luncheon.

In the afternoon we began our real sight-seeing, going first of all to the Fort. Its walls and gates are red sandstone ; they are very high, with a sort of ornamental battlement along the top of the wall, and the gateways are very massive, and almost like castles, with towers and domes ; a deep moat runs round the walls ; the gates themselves are brass, and are covered with large spikes to prevent elephants from battering them in. The Private Hall of Audience, with its adjacent baths, is within the Fort, and is the most lovely thing in the way of decoration that you can see. It is all white marble : the heavy roof is supported by flat columns, which are completely covered with carving and gold enamel ; this gold ornamentation gives a creamy look to the white marble, which is beautiful. It is quite open on three sides, the place where the celebrated Peacock Throne stood being on the fourth. The baths, which are in separate buildings on either side, are in quite a different style and are equally lovely. The walls, ceilings, and floors are all mosaic : a white marble ground, with coloured flowers, and beautiful geometrical patterns laid in cornelian and other stones—sadly destroyed in some places by

the desecrating hands of people who like to carry away relics, but in some rooms still perfect.

The Motee, or Pearl Mosque, is close by, and is a little gem in pure white marble.

The Public Hall of Audience is a larger building on the same principle—a back wall, and an arched roof supported by pillars ; it is all red sandstone, and little of the ancient decoration is left. There is only the Great Mogul's Seat of Justice, which he entered from the back, and which is white marble with a mosaic pattern on it, and on the wall behind it birds and fruits done in brilliant colours, also in mosaic. This lovely place is now used as a canteen, and next to these wonderful works of ancient days is pasted up a picture advertisement ! D. went on to visit the Soldiers' Hospital, and afterwards joined me in the officers' mess-rooms, where we had tea. We knew the Colonel in Canada, when he was A.D.C. to his father, Sir O'Grady Haly.

We examined one of the great gates next, and then went on to the Jumma Masjid. It is a magnificent mosque ; size and dignity, calm and repose being its characteristics. A broad flight of steps leads up to it, the length of the lowest one being 149 feet. It is built in a great square, with four towers at the angles, and with open arched colonnades between the towers and the three gateways. Passing through the principal one, you find yourself in a paved court facing the inner mosque, which stands out grandly against the sky ; at the prayer hour you hear the call to the people to come up, you see the picturesque crowd troop in, perform their ablutions in the central fountain, and kneel reverently in a long close line before the steps of the mosque, while the monotonous voice of the priest is heard reciting the prayer. Then you watch the various movements the worshippers make, and the attitudes of lowly supplication which they assume. I always do think that a number of Mahometans saying their prayers together is the most devotional sight one can imagine ; I don't know any service that can compare with it as an expression of religious fervour.

Wrapping ourselves in cloaks, for it becomes cold directly the sun goes down, we went home and had a very little rest before dinner, after which we set off for the Municipal Hall to receive an address. We are nearly two miles from the town, and the whole distance and the whole place were illuminated in that peculiarly Indian way which is so effective. On either side of the road every wall, and pillar, and staircase, the fine old gates, the modern houses, and the newly put up arches were all outlined with fire, while coloured lamps hung from the trees, and wicker-

work frames of different shapes were covered with tiny oil lamps. Can you imagine a whole city traced out in lines of light? It was beautiful. At the Municipal Hall an address in a lovely box was presented and replied to; we spoke to many people, and I put in a word for my Scheme to some gentlemen of the municipality; then we went out on a balcony and looked at fireworks, and then home to bed.

Friday, 30th.—We found that the French Governor of Pondicherry was staying here, so he and his wife and two 'suite' came to breakfast. He was very interesting and amusing, telling us of his political difficulties, and how Republican France has given universal suffrage to the natives in Pondicherry to elect one French Deputy, who consequently (being the voice of the whole people) is able to defy the mere majority in the Pondicherry Parliament of thirty members, who represent three classes of persons living in Pondicherry—namely, Frenchmen, native French citizens, and pure natives, who of course never all agree about anything. We sat and talked for a long time, and I then went to open a new Hospital for Women which is in missionary hands; it is doing good work here. On my way home I looked in at the Queen's Gardens, where there is a menagerie. It contains two very fierce tigers, and some monkeys, bears, and birds.

In the afternoon we drove off in our large break to see some tombs. The old fort which we passed on the way is a magnificent ruin, and indeed for the whole five miles we went there was a succession of old walls and towers and tombs and little mosques, with remnants of their old ornamentation left, enough to make one think how splendid it must all have been in ancient days.

We first went into the tomb of Humayun, which was built for him by his wife. It is a large building full of rooms, in each of which some marble graves are to be found, and all the windows are perforated stone, each one a different pattern and carved so as to admit plenty of light. The next place we went to appealed to my feelings more than this rather massive monument; it was the tomb of Nizam-ud-din, a saint of old. Here you come into solitary courts, with trunks and branches of trees protruding through the walls into their sacred precincts, and all the graves surrounded by carved white marble perforated walls and carved white marble doors, which are quite beautiful.

In one of these lies a Begum, who left orders that 'over this poor child of clay only God's grass should grow,' so surrounded by these poetic-looking walls is her tomb, with grass growing on it as she wished. These enclosures are mysterious and lovely—the workmanship so delicate, the material so precious, and the

general effect so dreamy and almost unreal, that you feel as if you must be peeping into another world.

Through these courts we passed to the edge of a large tank of very nasty-looking water, and here we saw a most curious sight. All round the tank were walls of various heights, and mosques, and cupolas, and numbers of men and boys climbing to the summit of each, and then jumping straight into the water below. Some of them dived fifty feet, and we could see their action perfectly. They start with their arms and legs stretched out like wings, and as they approach the water they stiffen themselves and go down feet foremost straight as an arrow. The sun was setting as we returned, and the great mosque I described to you yesterday, with its domes and minarets, and arched walls and massive gateway, looked so grand and calm against the golden sky. It is a building that grows upon one and impresses one more and more each time one sees it. In the evening His Excellency held a levée.

Saturday, 31st.—We have had a long day's sight-seeing, having driven out to the Kutub in the morning and only returned in the evening. I think it is one of the wonderful buildings of the world—a fragment only of what it was intended to be, but a fragment of gigantic size and great beauty! The prettiest story as to its original use is that it was built by the king to enable his daughter to see the river Jumna from its summit; it is one great minaret or tower of enormous height and beautiful proportions. It is built of a sort of red and yellow sandstone, with deeply cut carvings round the base and the top of each storey. The lower and most massive part is in alternate round and angular blocks; in the second storey the forms are all round, and the top storey is in angular pieces. There are 375 steps up to the top, and therefore, what we found more fatiguing, 375 down again. The building looks perfectly fresh; the colour of it is beautiful, and there is not a stain or a chip or a mark of age anywhere—yet it is more than 800 years old. A second minaret of equal size had been begun, and I suppose there would have been intermediate buildings, mosque fashion; but the Kutub itself now stands in its own solitary magnificence, the ruins around it belonging to a different epoch. They are very lovely too, some arches of beautiful shapes, carved pillars, &c.; one would like to spend several days pottering about amongst them. In the centre of one court is an iron pillar 'which rests on the back of the dragon which supports the world,' and by clasping your arms backwards round this pillar you can obtain a wish.

We had lunch in a tomb, and then went to see another of those mysterious shrines, with small courts, and perforated marble

walls, and big trees, and in one place a mass of lovely tiles ; and on to another tank, where men jumped a hundred feet into the water below. A most curious sight it is ! We timed them, and from the time they sprang they were about two seconds in the air before the splash came. One is quite relieved when each one reappears.

On our return journey we had tea at another tomb, and in the evening the principal officials here dined with us. Mr. McNabb, the Commissioner, in whose house we are, fell ill the day after our arrival. Delhi seems to be very unhealthy, and people are continually knocked up with attacks of fever. We are allowed to drink no water, and have to take quinine every day.

Sunday, November 1st.—We went to church in the morning and in the afternoon we drove over the Mutiny ground, seeing the ridge, the gates, and various batteries. The battered walls and gates, and the scars left by the hurtling storm of iron shot, remain as they were when our troops marched in—a standing memorial of all our people did and suffered that dreadful year. Colonel Ewart, who went through the siege, was with us.

Monday, 2nd.—D. laid the foundation-stone of the new General Hospital here, which is to be called after him. A female wing is to be added to the original design.

We leave Delhi to-night, and mean to drive and ride about a little this afternoon ; but, as we are not likely to see or do anything very interesting, I will send this off now.

The sun is extremely powerful in the day, but the weather is not too hot. It is generally about 75° in my sitting-room.

Tuesday, 3rd.—I write to you from a native palace, where everything is very pretty and curious—that of the Maharajah of Ulwar.

We left Delhi at night, having spent the last hour there in witnessing the performance of a native conjurer. The trick that amused us most was the following : He asked for some brandy, and when the bottle was brought he emptied it into a vessel of his own ; he also filled a small glass with it, and into that he put a few grains of different coloured powders and drank it off ! A little while later he spat out the powders *dry*, and the large quantity of brandy was taken behind the scenes and carried off. It was a most transparent device for obtaining liquor. He had some horrible snakes, and it was rather curious to see a mongoose kill one ; the activity of the little animal, and the way in which it seized the snake by the head, and turned and rolled itself over, and wriggled out of the coils in which the snake tried to envelope it with its tail, were extraordinary.

At eleven o'clock we went to the railway station, and as the narrow gauge is used in Rajpootana we did not have our own carriages, and are now travelling in very comfortable but much smaller ones. In the morning we stopped at eight o'clock to dress, and arrived here at nine. The Maharajah, with a carriage and four, cavalry, infantry, any number of bands, &c., met us and drove us to the palace. The grounds are beautifully kept, and the house is thoroughly Indian. The entrance-hall is a sitting-room, open on one side, with pillars supporting the roof, and the long narrow dining-room on the other is raised a few feet higher and is divided off by a low marble balustrade. There are gorgeous chandeliers, and various works of art in the way of pictures hung high up on the cornice. In front of the palace is a piece of water, and there are hills and woods round it.

My apartments are upstairs, or rather up a hill, for there are no stairs, only a sloping corridor, up which the Rajah can *ride* to his room. I have a long narrow drawing-room, with pillars and arches opening on to a passage and into an uncovered court, where one can sit most comfortably. The drawing-room combines all the colours of the rainbow in its decoration: orange curtains with blue fringes in the arches, red curtains in the windows, and yellow, blue, salmon, and green, &c., &c., in masses on the walls; blue glass chandeliers and coloured candle-shades and glass balls in the corners of the room: it all looks Eastern and unconventional; and I am glad it is not furnished in sage greens and faded blues like an English villa.

The Maharajah is a young man, is one of my chief 'medical' supporters, speaks English well, wears native dress, and is a very pleasant host. Colonel Peacock is the Resident; he has a nice wife and two daughters. Sir Edward Bradford, who holds a still higher post in Rajpootana, is also here.

The afternoon was spent in seeing the Maharajah's horses. He breeds them all himself, and has about 3,000 on his estate and about 500 here. The best ones were all marched past the door; some of them do tricks—jumping, walking on their hind legs, &c. Then we drove to a new fernery, saw some terribly fierce tigers in cages, and on to the stables and yards *full* of loose horses. A hurdle was put up in a gateway, and troops of horses jumped over it to their food on the other side. It was a very pretty sight.

The evening was more Arabian-Nights-like than ever. We dined at the city palace, which has a fort-like entrance, high walls, gateways, and enclosed courts. The trees all the way along were hung with coloured lanterns, and when we reached

the town the shops were similarly decorated. Lime-lights were burnt on the arches, and as a background to the view there shone with myriads of lights a great peaked hill, with a fort on its summit booming forth the Viceroy's salute. In the court, where we alighted, we found a guard of honour and the Maharajah's elephant carriage for us to see. Imagine a beautiful gondola-like carriage, two storeys high, drawn by four elephants, all covered in gorgeous gold-embroidered cloths. On certain occasions the Maharajah drives through the town in this, and sometimes he rides one of the trained horses, and goes down his streets performing a *pas-de-basque* step on horseback, to the great admiration of all his subjects. This is a digression, however, and I must go on with our own experiences. Having passed through a passage, we found ourselves in another court and another scene of beauty. The white walls of the palace enclosed this court, the further end of which was raised and had marble steps up to it and kiosks breaking the outline. In the lower part of the court were the Maharajah's troops, their red coats against the white walls looking splendid. They were ranged so as to leave a pathway, along which we walked. All the lines of the building were illuminated, and the whole scene was something too bright and lovely.

As we mounted the steps we saw before us a suite of rooms open to the court, glittering with gold and light. One of these was the *darbar* hall, and His Excellency went and took his seat on the throne there, while we were admitted to a room at the back of the chairs of state, raised above them, but with open arches into the great hall. It was a most curious place, the whole decoration being painted and enamelled glass, very gorgeous and rather pretty.

The climax of our admiration was, however, only reached when we looked out of the windows of this room on to the most lovely bit of illumination I have ever seen. Immediately below us was a great tank with marble walls and with kiosks jutting out into the water on every side, and the whole way round this was a palisade of light ! The effect was produced by a diamond-shaped lattice-work paling, in which at every diamond point a little oil lamp burned. This wall of soft-coloured light reflected in the water was too beautiful ; and straight up behind it rose the illuminated hill.

From poetry to prose, and from the delight of the eye to an ordinary dinner ! The Maharajah took me in and sat for a little while just behind me ; he then went away for his own dinner, and only came back in time to propose the Queen's health.

The girls and I afterwards visited the *zenana*, and then pro-

ceeded to the top of the house to see the fireworks. The lights were out on the hill now, but the Fort was burning lime-lights, and the fireworks went off close to the tanks and were very successful.

Wednesday, 4th.—We have had such a long day—and the worst part of a journal is that, when there is much to say, there is no time to write, and I have to send you such hasty and imperfect accounts of everything. This was to be a tiger-shooting day, but again we drew an absolute blank. However, we were ready to start early, and we drove eight miles to the Silisehr lake—an artificial one—which supplies Ulwar with water. It is about four miles long, a most calm and peaceful sheet of water nearly surrounded by hills, and with a picturesque little castle on its banks, where we breakfasted. Then we started off on elephants—such a number of them, ‘hacks’ and shikari (hunting) elephants—a great procession. We rode to cover on pads (a sort of flat bedstead, on which you sit as in an Irish car), and when we got to the beat, we mounted other animals, and got into howdahs. Thus we marched slowly through the jungle abreast, at first with some excitement, momentarily expecting to hear the tiger’s roar; but, as our hopes decreased, we simply looked about at the tall grass, which almost hid some of the elephants, and at the little woody places where perhaps the animal might be hiding, until finally we gave it up. And then we found that it was four o’clock, and that we had had no lunch, and that, moreover, the lunch was missing! So we turned back, and in about half an hour we met the commissariat elephant. It was too late to sit down properly, unpack the boxes, &c., so a very funny scene was enacted. We all, sitting on our elephants, collected round the food, and about six men dived into the boxes and got out what they could; bits of turkey were handed in the fingers from howdah to howdah, a pie slipped down between two elephants and was rescued with difficulty, soda-water bottles fell to the ground and were politely handed up by an elephant’s trunk, loaves were sent as ‘catches,’ people drank out of bottles, and flung their manners to the winds, and everybody kept lurching and heaving about (for an elephant never stands still for an instant), and we all felt as if we were in a rolling sea. It was very amusing. We proceeded on our way home, and when it was quite dark we reached the lake and found a steam-launch waiting to take us up it. I was unwilling to leave the elephant, in whom I had acquired confidence, for a steam-launch, about which I felt doubtful, but the Viceroy commanded and I obeyed. I objected still more when I found a captain who is the head of some

industrial school, who talked of his ship as 'it,' who asked the stoker to 'please to put on some more coal,' and whose language was entirely unnaautical. While oppressed with these fears, I suddenly got a tremendous blow on the back, found myself and D. knocked forward, a great flap and a flounce, and a gigantic fish jumping about at our feet! We seized the first thing which came handy, and that happened to be a brand-new Newmarket coat which Lord William had just brought from England, and which he had lent to Helen, and in this aristocratic garment the fish was smothered. We went out for a tiger, but we only brought home a fish! The owner of the coat strongly objects to the smell left in it. We drove home, did not have dinner till nine o'clock, and were very tired, for the sun had been very powerful all day. After dinner we looked at some fine swords, and daggers, and arms, and jewels, and at some most valuable and beautiful illuminated books belonging to the Maharajah; one of them is worth 1,100*l*. The Maharajah is so cheery and nice, we like him immensely; and he has a little Prime Minister, with a bright and pleasing expression, who trots about and appears at every turn like a beneficent fairy.

Thursday, 5th.—A jaunt in the train which I rather liked—a novel and a lazy attitude was refreshing after our long day out in the air yesterday. We got to Ajmere at six in the evening, and the reception was very gay. There were crowds and crowds of people, and some smart dresses, and some lovely arches and new devices for illumination; and the place itself is very pretty, with peaked hills, and a lake with old buildings on its banks. The address was read and answered as we left our carriage, and we drove up to Sir Edward Bradford's house, where we are staying. Lady Bradford has whooping-cough, and is far from well, so I have scarcely seen her yet. Their house almost hangs over the lake, and has a lovely view from it. The girls are in tents on the roof, and I fear our hosts are also turned out of doors to make room for us.

Friday, 6th.—I have just been watching D. receive the Rajah of Kishengur. Amongst his suite was a man in a most curious costume. He wore a simple muslin dress, with green ribbon braces across his body, and on his arms gold armour covering the hand and reaching above the elbow, a small close sort of cap richly decorated on his head, with a little plume in it, and in his hand he carried a shield. Two other Rajahs paid visits. Some of them wore rather short tunics and gold belts, and many of their followers carried handsome shields.

In the afternoon we drove to see a very curious ruin which

was originally a Jain temple, behind whose fine arched entrance a mosque has been built. It consists of rows and rows of beautifully carved pillars, which, it is said, were put up in two and a half days, and the mosque is therefore called 'Arh i ke din Jompri' (the two and a half days' shed). We then went on to look at the Mayo College, a fine handsome marble building, to be opened to-morrow. Perhaps you don't know what the Mayo College is. It is a Rajputana Eton. The idea was suggested by Lord Mayo; the Rajputana princes and nobles subscribed largely to endow it, and it has been very successful so far. Each prince has a house of his own in the grounds, which holds eight students; these he sends from his own State. They must all be of good family—men whom the Rajah rises to receive in durbar. It is such a pretty place, the new college being built of white marble, a fine statue of Lord Mayo standing before the door; and in the park, which is beautifully kept, are all the 'villas' belonging to the various States. Their different styles of architecture are Oriental, and, surrounded by rough hills as the place is, they look most picturesque; we stormed Major Loch's, the Provost's, house, and had tea there in his absence. After this came a review of the Meywar regiment. The men were once wild and lawless, but are now drilled into excellent and fine-looking soldiers.

There was a big dinner, a levée, and a reception in the evening, and another wonderful sight in the way of illumination.

I told you that this house is situated on a lake which is over three miles round, and that there are the remains of palaces and colonnades at one end of it. When we looked out after dinner we saw a line of light round the whole lake, while the buildings were shaped out in fire. It was all so simple, with no coloured lamps or devices—merely the soft-coloured, brilliant line; and yet what a work of labour! Each tiny saucer is stuck on to a little mud-pie, which has to be made for it, the lamp has to be filled with oil and lighted and attended to, each one touches the other, and there is no break or gap in the line. There were, later in the evening, some fireworks in the town. It also was illuminated, but from the house we could only see the lake and the zigzag line which marked the road up a steep hill to the Fort.

Saturday, 7th.—A very interesting afternoon, spent in opening the Mayo College. When we entered the great hall we found it filled with people; the pupils sat in the front rows, and were all dressed in white, with coloured turbans and some jewels; their friends and other natives sat behind them, and then came the

Europeans of the place. The hall is elaborately decorated in delicate colours, and is different from our idea of a 'schoolroom.' Major Loch read an address, to which D. replied in a very nice speech, giving good advice to the 'scions of ancient houses,' whom he saw before him, and, at the end, speaking of the Maharajah of Ulwar as a good example of the first ruling prince who had been educated at the school, and who is employing so much personal industry, care, and intelligence in the administration of his State as to give complete satisfaction to the Supreme Government. The mention of his name was very enthusiastically received. When D. had pronounced the College to be open, a salute was fired, and then I took his place and gave away the prizes. The great winner of the day, who carried off three medals and an armful of books, was called Zalim Sing, and is a brother of the Maharajah of Jodhpore. The students gave me a book with views of the College and the dwelling-houses in the grounds. When we left the building D. spoke to the boys, and we went and looked at one of their rooms. Spartan simplicity prevails as to furniture—a bed, a chest, and a table being all that is allowed; but the walls were covered with little pictures and little glass balls arranged by the occupant. By this time all the houses were illuminated, and very lovely they looked, the different styles of their architecture marked out in light: magical domes and squares, horizontal and perpendicular lines, shining out through the darkness. We had tea with the Lochs, and then dined and started in the train for Chittore.

Sunday, 8th.—We reached this place (Chittore) in the morning; but though it is very interesting historically, it had not been arranged for us to stop here, so we simply sat down to one of the magnificent breakfasts in one of the magnificent camps which spring up at every turn in this wonderful country, and then got into carriages to drive seventy miles. Of course, exactly at the right time for luncheon there was a halt in the jungle, and tents were to be seen; a banquet was found ready—the table was covered with flags bearing the Viceroy's name, the bills-of-fare were hand-painted with the flags of all nations; palms and shrubs planted for the occasion, made a garden at the door, and we rested for an hour. Of course, also, there was tea at five, and at the place where this was laid the ceremonies connected with entering Udaipur began. The journey had been mostly through a flat and ugly country, but when at last we came to a fortified gateway and drove into the stronghold, and passed the wild men armed with bows and arrows who formed a guard of honour, it improved immensely. There were hills before us of curious shapes, some

rising in one straight pyramid from the ground, others part of a chain of hills ; there was a lake to be seen, palms and other trees growing. After driving for nearly an hour in this sort of scenery we reached the camp, three miles from the city, and D. got into one of the Rajah's carriages while I followed in another, and a message was sent on to the Maharana (that is his correct title) to say that the Viceroy was coming. He met us a very short distance from this, and driving alongside of D. got out of his carriage and into the Viceroy's, and we all drove on. By this time we had every sort of escort and company on our way, and there were knots of people all along the road, the men shouting some welcome, and the women in groups, shyly holding out little brass pots with a bit of green in them, as is their custom on such occasions, and singing a little nasal song in the most unmusical voices. However, there is so much to delight the eye, that the ear may well content itself with being only amused.

As we neared the town, the sight became more and more splendid and interesting. I always feel my pen fail utterly when I have to describe an Indian crowd: the masses of the people, the picturesque appearance of every individual, the attitudes in which they place themselves, the groups in windows and doors and amongst the arches of quaint temples—the colouring and the interest of it all defy description ; and when one passes on from the ordinary inhabitants to the sirdars and the troops, one finds it impossible to do more than enumerate some of the various sights which one would wish to describe minutely. There are the sirdars on horseback, the horse and the man vying with each other as to which of them should be the more gorgeously apparelled ; there are the followers standing by with long palm-branches or yak-tails in hand ; there are the men in chain armour, their horses with heavy palls of the same ; there are the wild troops, who line the way and salute somewhat in *feu-de-joie* fashion one after the other, irregularly ; there are the camel batteries—a sort of old blunderbuss fixed on a revolving block on the hump of a camel ; there are the sentries, who give themselves a word of command and ‘present,’ and there is one who, confounding the two ideas, combines a wild hurrah and salaam with the proper military manœuvre. Then there are the Maharana's horses and elephants covered from head to foot either with silver chains, or gold embroideries, or yak-tails, or long fringes of silver and gold ; there are native bands and great brass trumpets, and manifold uniforms, and a battlemented wall covered with people on one side of the way, while the great crowd I have been attempting to describe are on the other.

We are staying at the Residency, so we drove straight there, the guard of honour at the house being composed of 'Bhils.' They look rather like Goorkha soldiers, but are not quite so square in build, and have not got the Chinese type of face.

The Maharana has only been on his throne a year, and seems a most gentlemanlike, nice man. He never expected to be made the ruler, and was a poor man before coming to the throne, so all the state is new to him. He has only one wife, and will not take another, though his hand is eagerly sought for by great princes who have daughters or sisters to marry. The Maharanas of Udaipur are of the best Rajpoot blood, the 'Children of the Sun;' and as a Rajpoot princess can only marry a Rajpoot, it is difficult to find husbands for them all, and yet they are disgraced if they do not marry. This Ranee is now in an interesting condition, so I shall not be able to see her, and the question of son or daughter is a burning one in this State. I too shall be very anxious to know which it is, and so I am sure will you when I tell you the story. A long time ago there was a Maharana of Udaipur who had a lovely daughter, and the fame of her beauty spread so far that the great houses of Jeypore and Jodhpore were anxious to obtain her hand. They sent their splendid embassies, and the Maharana feared to decide between them, as civil war would have been the inevitable consequence; so he cut the Gordian knot by sacrificing the princess. 'What is a woman that there should be trouble on her account?' A Mahometan armed with a dagger was admitted to the zenana, the purdah was lifted, and there stood before him the beautiful princess. At the sight of her loveliness he threw the dagger down and fled. Then poison was resorted to, and the princess was told to drink it. In the grand manner of a Rajpoot woman she was ready for the sacrifice. Three times she swallowed a deadly draught, but never could retain it, and then they gave her opium, and she slept away. When the deed was known, a Rajpoot noble, full of indignation, exclaimed, 'May Meywar never have an heir,' and at the Maharana's death his Queen refused to be burnt for his sake, and a slave girl was chosen to accompany him to the grave. She rose in the flames and said, 'May Meywar never have an heir;' so the curse was twice repeated, and six Maharanas have reigned since, and no heir has been born to any one of them.

This man is a descendant of the prince who reigned before the curse was pronounced, so it will be interesting to see if the malediction passes on to him! There are certain families from whom the heir to the throne is chosen, and when the reigning prince dies the election is held at once. On hearing of his death, every

man, except the possible heirs, shaves, and so little did this prince expect to be elected that he had already shaved when called to the throne, which is quite contrary to custom. The late Maharana's three widows have to sit for a whole year in the place where they hear of his death, so these poor things cannot move till December next. They are given private notice of his demise in order that they may choose their corner and make their preparations, and then the official news comes, and they are shorn of their jewels, put into a dark dress, and retire from even the little world in which they usually live ; so I cannot see them either.

The Residency is a charming house, and Colonel and Mrs. Biddulph are very nice hosts. A son of Lady Elizabeth Adeane is staying with them. D. had unfortunately a bad headache, and had to go to bed on arrival, while we went through the usual long dinner before we could rest ; and we actually had to unpack and dress ourselves, for, though the ayahs started twelve hours before us, they dawdled on the way and did not get here till late. Perhaps it is good for us to rough it occasionally !

Monday, 9th.—The Maharana came to pay his visit this morning, and we peeped in at the solemn durbar. The dresses are always an interesting part of it. Here they wear muslin gowns with very short waists, and with great scarves wound round their bodies much lower down, so that all the gathers of the skirts are above the scarf. Their turban is very neat, with a plain, smooth, slanting point in it ; it looks as if it must be made up before, and not merely tied round the head.

When wearing their court dress they have voluminous petticoats, each one of which contains about 140 yards of muslin, is very heavy, and sways about as its wearer walks.

About an hour later D. went to pay his return visit and saw more sirdars, and in the afternoon he rode about the town, joining us at teatime. Very few Europeans get here, as it is seventy miles from the railway. Lord Northbrook came privately, but no other Viceroy has visited it.

We have been out on the lake this afternoon, and have been quite carried away by the ideal beauty of this place. It is really enchanting. The natural scenery is beautiful : finely shaped hills surrounding a great lake ; and then white domes and battlemented walls and gateways, and a palace, and innumerable temples on either side rising straight from the water, and, in the centre of the lake, palace-islands with perforated marble screens and open arches, and kiosks and various-shaped pagodas, a tall palm or two rising above all, and green banana-leaves showing through the arches. All these buildings are pure white, but on the surround-

ing hills there are old forts and castles of a darker colour. I fear it is almost treason to say that this lake is a beautified Bosphorus! But it does remind one of it. We landed on one of the island-palaces, and, getting up to the wall, saw just above the water a row of elephants' heads and trunks, these stone animals being supposed to support the building. Stepping through the first arch, we found ourselves in a labyrinth of little gardens, pieces of water, and covered pagodas, bits of carving, and rows of pillars, and staircases up to little turrets, and from every side lovely views of the hills and of the other palaces. There is one room in this island where the English ladies who were here at the time of the Mutiny took refuge, and were cared for by the father of one of this Maharana's sirdars. It is a round room with inlaid marble walls, and I do hope it was not the English ladies who put down an English carpet and who hung some very common English pictures on its walls; but there they are, and of course the native who shows you over the place thinks they are the real treasures.

We rowed over to another island for tea. I am obliged to call it an island, but you must remember it is all palace, and that not an inch of earth is visible. Here there were some curious decorations on the walls, coloured glasses laid in—the old bits quite lovely, the modern restorations bad. This island-palace is built with the arched colonnade outside, and with square bits of water and flower-beds and fountains inside, and suites of rooms, one set very European and another rather curious, with paintings in the Japanese style on the walls. The great palace opposite this on the banks is a very massive building. Part of it is a huge square place, with no windows to be seen in it; that wing is the women's, who cannot enjoy the beauty of the lake on which they live, but must for ever look on small courts and enclosed gardens.

There is no escape from the inevitable long dinner which ends all our days, but when it was over we saw a strange sight. The Bhils, who are aboriginal inhabitants of this country, and who, at the present time, are either wild and troublesome neighbours or good soldiers, danced for us by torchlight. Their performance is very like the Kuttak dance which we saw at Rawal Pindi, only that, instead of swords, the men carry sticks. There were about two hundred of them, and they went round and round in a circle in a close mass, with a sort of swinging hop step, keeping perfect time with each other and with a tom-tom, which was the only music they had. They shouted and turned backwards and forwards as they moved, alternately striking the stick of the man

before and that of the man behind them : this made a noise like castanets. The dancers were very wild-looking, and it was all most curious to look at, but the really interesting dancing was that of the women, for the Bhil women dance. I found I could not see them well, so I got inside their circle, and a more weird scene I never witnessed. The women are good-looking, and are most picturesquely dressed, with large red veils covering their heads and skirts, the latter being generally dark blue, a *very* short jacket just over the bosom, and then a hiatus between it and the petticoat. Their arms are laden with bangles of all colours, and their legs are equally covered with brass ornaments. They held each other round the shoulders with one arm, and moved in lines of twenty, the lines overlapping each other and forming a circle. They sang a wild ditty as they danced, and the step and the song and their movements went together most beautifully. The step was like one 'chassé,' after which they beat time with their feet, and bowed down, the one at the end clapping her hands, and the others making a sweeping motion with the arm that was disengaged. Their dusky faces and their red garments, and their wild music and the perfect time and grace of their movements, made this a most striking sight.

Tuesday, 10th.—The beauties of this place have made me energetic, so I got up early and went out from seven till nine to try and take some photographs. Within half a mile on the lake there are fifty or sixty bits that one longs to do, they are all so lovely ; and one might spend months in Udaipur without exhausting the carvings and the old temples and the endless variety of objects which excite one's admiration. However, I could only do a few, and I rather devoted myself to the palace—such a massive pile rising from the water, and so very unlike any other castle.

At twelve o'clock we went to see the inside of it, and a most quaint and odd interior it is. There are courts within its walls, where you see at a glance the life of the retainers, as they sit on the ground outside or squat in the open colonnades. Elephants and quantities of pigeons walk about there, and nothing seems to be considered out of place. Everything inside the palace is arranged to secure the utmost privacy, so all the rooms look either into a little court whose walls are glass mosaic in lovely patterns (one wall has panels, in each of which was a peacock, others have flowers or figures), or, as on the top of the palace, into a court where large trees and tall palms grow, with the most delicately carved marble pillars and baths, and a covered passage all round it. Some little rooms are lined with tiles, and many

of them with the glass decoration peculiar to this country. The passages are so narrow we could only pass through them one at a time, and there is quite a long, narrow, steep, and slippery staircase up to each different room. The Maharana, who is a slight, wiry man, with a good expression and very pleasant manners, went about with us, and there was a young native who spoke English, and who, to my surprise, mooted the Female Medical question with me, and said with how much interest they all regarded it, and what a boon its success would confer upon the people. Two English doctors, sisters, have been here for years, and I had an interview with them yesterday, and to-day I lay the foundation-stone of a new hospital the Maharana is building for them. It will be a very pretty one, and he will spare no expense to make it nice. Mrs. Lonergan, the doctor, is married to the Commander-in-Chief here.

We have had a varied afternoon. First there was the Hospital function, which went off well. The Maharana presented me with a very nice address and a home-made trowel, which I shall value much as a gift from one of the 'Children of the Sun.'

We next proceeded to shoot boar, and an amusing sight it was. We were all either carried by men or elephants up a hill to a kind of tower, on the top of which we found chairs, and there we sat facing a high, steep hill, which rose straight before us. The beaters came along the side of the hill and drove the pigs towards us, while the gentlemen, who were with us in this safe place, shot at the animals. It was, however, very difficult shooting, for the pigs slipped in and out of bushes, and were much the same colour as the ground. We saw a great number, and three or four were got. Two hyenas also put in an appearance. D. shot one, but he was unlucky in losing his spectacles on the way, and he could not see well.

And now leave the commonplace world behind you, and fancy yourself launched on a smooth, mysterious lake, the stars shining above and a crescent moon looking down upon you—on either side of the way some old fort or temple marked out in fire, and before you a bridge of light. This seems to be the gate to fairy-land; for, passing through it, you come into a golden world, where the water is sown with stars, where brilliant and fragile structures rise in shining light on either side and from the centre of the lake, while their reflections look like solid palaces of gold. I have tried to describe the beauty of this lake to you as seen in the daytime; what it is at night, illuminated, you must really picture to yourself. None of us have ever seen such a marvellous effect. Passing through the bridge, there is on one side a battle-

mented wall, with a tower gateway, and then on every side domes, and cupolas, and minarets, and arcades, and flights of steps, and arched windows filled in with a latticework of stars—every idiosyncrasy of each particular style of architecture traced out in light, the solid building quite disappearing in the blaze, and, floating on the water in masses here and there, just as lilies might grow, little flower-lamps. This was on our way to dinner. We dined in the palace, in a new and Europeanised part of it, with a great deal of Birmingham glasswork about it and English furniture in each drawing-room. A Parsee contractor 'did us,' and as there is a decided family likeness between the banquets of all contractors, I won't say much as to the way in which we passed the next two hours. The Maharana came in at the end to propose the Queen's health.

After this we resumed the more poetical part of the entertainment, and sat on the roof, looking on to the lake, where by this time fiery dragons were starting out of the water, and showers of yellow and green and red and blue balls were falling from the sky, and long golden drops and gold dust were being scattered everywhere. I cannot use a commonplace word to describe this scene, for even the fireworks—there! it would come—were refined ones and suited to the scene. Then chains of flowers were hung about our necks, and we were scented with rosewater and given parcels of 'pan,' and so rowed back again through the realms of light.

Wednesday, 11th.—Left Udaipur and drove seventy miles to Chittore, where we encamped for the night.

D. went off to see the ruins of that city, and as he says he would have gone a thousand miles to see them, I feel that of course I missed the one thing I ought to have seen. However, I have read the romantic history of the city, and I have looked at it in the distance.

Thursday, 12th.—We were in the train from nine till five, and, arriving at Indore, were met by Sir Lepel Griffin, the Maharajah Holkar, his two sons, the Rajah of Dhar, whose chains of emeralds were magnificent, and several other nobles. We drove through immense crowds of people and turbans, preceded by some of the 7th Dragoon Guards, to whom I had given their Egyptian medals at Cairo. The Maharajah drove with the Viceroy, and I with Sir Lepel. Sir Lepel's house is charming, and so prettily arranged, and he has taken great trouble with the grounds, and has made them very pretty too. There was some Bhil dancing in the garden after dinner.

Friday, 13th.—His Excellency had visits all the morning,

and returned them all the afternoon. He had the pleasure of making one man supremely happy, and five more or less so. The happy man was, quite unexpectedly to himself, made a Rajah, which he had not been before, and he was delighted, and all his followers rose to express their joy 'on this great occasion.' He is now Rajah of Rajghar. The others received swords, medals, or 'robes of honour' for various services.

I went to see the Maharanee of Holkar, a Mahratta lady. At the end of my visit I was wreathed in gold and silver and flower chains and bracelets, scented and given pan, and then I asked for her grandchildren to be brought to me; they sang Sanscrit songs very nicely, and were dear little things.

The Maharajah Holkar gave an entertainment for us in the evening—fireworks, electric light, and supper, which came just an hour after dinner. The evening was very cold, and our host, in white muslin and a light burnous, which he pulled over his head, did not look nearly warm enough.

My friends, the children, were present at the fireworks, and sat by me, chattering away, and so happy. I wonder if they will remember this night when, after a few years of liberty, they come to be shut up in a zenana.

It was this day year that we left England, and it was rather a strange coincidence that, in addition to ourselves, there were at dinner three of our fellow-passengers and the father and brother of two others.

Saturday, 14th.—D. got up early to have some black buck shooting—shooting conducted on the most deceitful principles. The sportsman goes in a bullock cart, and the innocent deer imagines he is ploughing, and, having no objection to agriculture, is not at all alarmed. When he has allowed the 'plough' to get near him, the sportsman slips out of the cart on to the ground, where he squats unobserved by the guileless deer, who, in the simplicity of his heart, continues his observation of the cart, and is shot dead by his deceiver. D. got one buck, and another fell as if quite dead, but on approaching it they found it was unwounded, and was only stunned by a shot which had struck a bit off its horn.

D. received an address from the Municipality, who were most cordial in their remarks on the Female Medical scheme. We went next to open a college, which is in its infancy, but which is intended to be for Central India what the Mayo College is for Rajpootana; this one, however, does not start with an endowment of seven lacs, as the Mayo did. A native hospital was

then visited ; it is a very nice one, being on the cottage principle, each cottage quite detached from every other building.

We left Indore in the afternoon, accompanied to the station by the Maharajah Holkar, who clasped D. and Sir Lepel in his arms, saying to Sir Lepel, who he knows dislikes this exhibition of affection, 'Heart to heart, in spite of your English prejudices.'

We spent the night and all next day in the train, reaching Jodhpore at five o'clock on—

Sunday, 15th.—The railway to this place has only been open five years, and no Viceroy has yet visited it in state, so this is rather a grand occasion, and from the moment we left the railway station we passed into a thoroughly Oriental world. The Maharajah and his brothers met us there, all in their court dresses, those petticoats which I have mentioned before. The petticoats are in thick folds, and are all made of pink muslin ; half-way down the skirt they are tied in with a scarf, so that at the bottom they stand straight out and sway about as the wearer moves. They are so full that when a man rides in them they fall quite naturally over each leg as if they were 'divided,' but in a carriage they are most awkward, and no ball dress was ever so difficult to tuck in as was the Maharajah's skirt when he followed the Viceroy into the beautiful yellow carriage awaiting him. The headdress worn with this is also very peculiar. It is red and yellow, and rather pointed. The Maharajah wore the Star of India collar and ribbon. The drive to the camp was about a mile and a half long, and again we saw a wonderful crowd and great numbers of men in armour, camels, elephants, and soldiers, and such picturesque forts and city walls beyond. I had a delightful companion in my carriage—the heir-apparent, aged six, dressed in red court petticoats, which he told me he found hot, and which he had only put on to show me. I never saw such a nice little creature. He never stopped talking, and would issue orders to the escort, telling them not to let their horses neigh, or to the coachman to go slowly ; then he pointed out all the sights to me, told me the names of his brother's horses, examined my arm to see if I had any bangles on, asked if my gloves were made of 'rubber,' exhibited his own necklace, asked me if I had a little boy, and on hearing I had he said he would send him a little carriage, but that a good coachman must be got for it, and that then he could drive along by me, and I must watch him when he got in and out, and must have the horses well exercised. He gesticulated all the time, and gave me a most vivid description of a race, and was altogether a charming little picture in his quaint

dress, with his lively ways. I should mention the harness on the carriage horses—silver collars with bells, silver ornaments over their heads, and all the traces covered with silver.

We had a quiet evening, General Hardinge and a few others dining with us in our own tent. The Maharajah has about a hundred guests here, and the camp is arranged just like ours at Rawal Pindi : grass has been made to grow in the centre of it, fountains play, and on either side the tents are pitched, our own special establishment being at one end. It is quite splendid : yellow satin and gold chairs, screens, fans, clocks, albums, writing cases, ornaments of all sorts and kinds adorn drawing-rooms and boudoirs and audience-chambers ; and my bed-rooms and dressing-rooms are in a house built for the occasion, and highly decorated ; so do we go on *crescendo* as our tour proceeds !

Monday, 16th.—The day began at seven o'clock with pig-sticking. We drove some way, and then I got on an elephant and the others on horseback, and the Maharajah showed me where to go, and I was in at the death. The chase and the sight of D. galloping wildly and prodding the poor animal were very exciting for about ten minutes, but we were four hours in the sun, and so I did not feel that I should care to renew the experience. D. enjoyed it immensely, and so did Nelly, who rode at a respectful distance. All the brothers 'Singh' (the Rajah's family), who are great sportsmen, were delighted at His Excellency's success.

At one o'clock I went to visit the ladies of the zenana. I drove there in one carriage with Pertab Singh and Mrs. Newman, while the girls followed in another. We had to get up to a sort of fort palace, a most picturesque and massive building on the top of a very high hill. When we had passed through the narrow streets of the town, which are only remarkable for most lovely bits of carving here and there, and come to the gate of the Fort, we had to get into chairs to be carried up. Mine was a massive silver sort of couch on poles, and looked a frightful weight ; however, in it I was borne aloft through the great big Fort. It is a most curious and beautiful place—solid stone towers and walls, contrasted with lace-like carving. One bit that struck me most was a tower which, for sixty feet upwards, is a plain bit of solid masonry, but which then breaks into the most delicate and beautiful carving at the top, with balconies and windows, and every sort of ornament. Then there is one part of the palace the front of which is a mass of carving. The zenana has no break in its carved face, even the windows being a lace-like pattern in stone.

Pertab Singh showed us the marble slab on which a new

Maharajah sits when he mounts his throne, as well as some other rooms in the palace, but the outside of the building is much the most beautiful part of it.

The day was very hot, almost the hottest we have felt in India, so I thought that pig-sticking and a visit to the palace were enough for one day, and I did not go out again. The camp is furnished with thirty-three tricycles, and Nelly had a turn on one.

Tuesday, 17th.—The durbar was held to-day, and a wonderful sight it was. The tent is a most enormous one, so that, although there were 400 people in it, it was not filled, and, instead of the rows of seats being all straight, they were arranged in different directions, and one could see all the people much better than when they are placed in regular lines. In the tent there is a beautiful marble seat for two people, and behind it a white marble roof on pillars, with a raised floor. In this were two green velvet and gold chairs, one for me and one for the girls, so we had an excellent view of everything, and were much *en évidence* ; though in order to show that we had really nothing to do with it, we did not rise when the Viceroy came in, and the Maharajah took no notice of us. The whole court and all the sirdars were in those old court costumes. Most of the petticoats are pink, and the high headdress is red and yellow, but there are some who dress all in white. You may imagine how unlike anything we had ever seen before were these rows and rows of quaint figures. The Maharajah wore the ribbon and collar and star of the Star of India, and his petticoats were tied in with a red scarf. He had on some magnificent emeralds and pearls ; beside him the dear little heir was seated in an arm-chair, which held legs, petticoats, and all. However, when the signal was given, he was helped down and waddled after his father to the door to meet the Viceroy, and then, when it was time for the sirdars to be presented, he came with his nuzzar, and, lively as he is, went through all the ceremonies in the most sedate manner. There were so many presentations that we had a longer time than usual for admiring everything. The newest feature in it was that a nautch-girl came to the door of the durbar tent, accompanied by three musicians, and there she sang. Her appearance added to the strangeness of the whole scene. The Viceroy and the Maharajah sat on the marble seat with carved lace-like sides, which was just in front of us. When all was over, the Maharajah and his family came over to our tent in order that I might do a photograph of them. I tried some groups, in which D. sat too, and then I took the child and the brothers, all in

their dresses. The little boy was so good, but when it was over he said he was tired, and Pertab Singh, who seems to be a mother to him, undressed him before us, took off his jewels and his gown, and left him in a little shirt and trousers. When I lifted the frock I was astonished at its weight; it must really have been about a stone, there was so much material and so much gold on it. Every one was, I am sure, delighted to get out of these clothes. In the afternoon we drove to Mandar, the ancient capital, where there is quite a crop of temples or buildings marking the places where the bodies of the Maharajahs have been burnt; some of them are very beautiful. Then we went on to see the work of which the reigning prince is most proud—a canal for supplying Jodhpore with water, and the supply stored up in a lake until wanted. As the country here is all sand and rock, very hot, and very dusty, and perfectly level, a little water occasionally must be invaluable.

The Maharajah gave a state banquet for us to-night. It was in a big Shamiana—one long table and a number of small ones; and when we had finished eating, he came in to propose the Queen's health, and a little speech was made for him, welcoming all his guests and proposing the Viceroy's health, to which D. responded in terms which would have delighted the Rajah had he understood. After this came another Oriental scene. In the centre of the camp a couple of lawn-tennis grounds have been made, and when we came out of the Shamiana, we found a sort of long jewelled chain of clear glass lamps—red, green, and white—hanging from poles all round the courts, which had white cloths laid over them. Inside the magic circle were groups of men in armour sitting, and about 400 dancing girls, while men holding great torches lighted up the scene. The girls were in red and black and green, with quantities of tinsel and gold ornaments of all sorts about them, and their dancing and singing, though monotonous, like all similar Indian performances, was yet very pretty to look at when so many were doing it together. They waved their arms and turned about a little in the first figure; in the second, they advanced towards each other, singing and clapping their hands; and in the third, they twisted rather rapidly, their petticoats wrapping round them as they did so, and then, at a particular part of the tune, three put their hands together, palm to palm, and twirled again. Fireworks were going on in the distance, and the outlines of the city wall and of the great palace were illuminated.

The more we see of the camp and its arrangements, the more beautiful it looks; and nothing is more wonderful than the great

piece of really green grass they have got to grow down its centre. In the middle of it a good white marble bust of the Prince of Wales is set up.

Wednesday, 18th.—We had rather a pleasant afternoon, not being expected to do anything in particular, but only to wander about the camp, and ride tricycles and camels, and look at horses, and play with the heir-apparent. He looks upon me as his special friend, and accosts me every moment with 'Dekho Mem Sahib,' a sort of Hindustani 'I say.' The camel ride was very amusing; the beasts were said to be remarkably easy ones, but we were kept jumping up and down in our seats the whole time, and I was glad we were not going a journey on them. After a quiet dinner we were conducted to the train by all the family, and we had quite a tender farewell from them. I don't know how it is, but they inspire a *homey* feeling and one of personal regard, and we were all very sorry to leave. There is a kind of straightforward simplicity about all the brothers which is pleasing, and the Maharajah, though very solemn, is most kind. He presented D. with a Marwar sword just before the train moved, and when it did start we were pelted with masses of flowers by him and by all the people present—a Marwar custom, and their way of wishing one 'God-speed.' The State of Marwar is as big as Ireland, and the Maharajah has about 400,000*l.* a year.

Thursday, 19th.—We go to sleep in one scene of magnificence to wake up in another. After travelling all night we arrived at nine in the morning at Jeypore, the capital of a still larger and richer State than the last. I remember telling you of the Maharajah's visit to me in Calcutta, and now we are his guests.

He and the Viceroy headed our procession in a carriage with a gold-embroidered canopy over it, and I followed in one much ornamented with gold and silver fringe. We had a long drive to the Residency, the road lined the whole way with troops, elephants, camels, bullocks, men in armour, and bands, and music of all sorts breaking out into 'God save the Queen' at intervals, and crowds of spectators everywhere. Some of the details of the procession were different from all we have hitherto seen. As we drove along, some wild-looking men holding swords and spears danced by the carriage, sometimes crossing their swords before the horses' noses, and jumping about very gracefully. These are ascetic soldiers. They belong to a sect which does not worship idols; a priest is their leader, and they take the vow of celibacy. I thought them very interesting. Then the bullock-carts and bullock-batteries were curious. The bullock is the animal known

in the 'Zoo' as a 'Brahmin cow ;' it is a handsome beast, pure white, with a hump on its back, and fine horns which in Rajpootana are generally painted red and polished so that they look like coral. The carts in which these animals are harnessed are very picturesque, with red or green painted canopies over them, and on this occasion the trappings and the horns of the bullocks matched the cart. In the gun-carriages they looked very well. They were standing in a very close row, and each bullock was completely covered with a red cloth edged with black, its white head alone being free. In one place there were a number of lovely palanquins, red and gold and silver, carried by men. The elephants were all magnificently clothed, and there were great numbers of them.

The Maharajah conducted the Viceroy to the Residency, and then took his leave. It is a large house in a pretty garden, and we have spacious apartments and are most comfortable.

Soon after breakfast I saw a regiment of men with trays on their heads passing my window, and found this was a 'dolly' for me ; so I went and looked at it, and took some sugar-candy, and said 'Thank you,' and now I suppose my servants are making themselves ill with so many sweets. I also 'touched and remitted' a great bag of money. At one o'clock the Maharajah paid his state visit to the Viceroy, who returned it in the afternoon.

You will begin to think that I am for ever describing to you the 'most beautiful thing I have ever seen,' but each place seems to have its own *spécialité*, and I am kept in a state of perpetual wonder and admiration, so I have to repeat that I have again seen a most splendid sight in the way of a durbar. It was held for the Viceroy's return visit to the Maharajah, and, being in a hall built for durbars, was better lighted than a tent can be, while the decorations of the buildings and the magnificent dresses of the gentlemen present seemed to harmonise, and to make the picture complete. The hall is open on three sides, the roof being supported on arches and pillars ; the thrones are on the fourth side, and behind them is a balcony, where we sat. The Maharajah was seated facing the court, and on each side and behind him were rows and rows of his Thakurs (nobles), all gorgeous in gold, and velvets, and brocades, and jewels. We had time to admire the blaze of colour before a flutter in the court announced the approach of the Viceroy, and then we saw him being carried in a gorgeous palanquin—'served up in a gold dish,' he says. The Maharajah met him at the steps, and conducted him to the throne. When the presentations were over, a crowd

of nautch-girls came in and, standing across the steps, filled in the fourth side of the square, so that the mass of colour was complete. They advanced in threes and fours with their arms upraised, gently moving as they always do ; and when the time changed they all sang together a wild chant, and while they sang the attar and pan and wreaths were distributed. Then the Viceroy left, and we drove through the town. It is quite unlike any other Indian town, the streets being very wide and planned like those of a modern city. It is, however, 150 years old. The whole thing is painted pink, and to-day the houses and balconies, roofs, windows, and pathways were crowded with men, women, and children in gay colours, and it all looked beautiful. The walls of the houses seem to be very thin ; they are generally ornamented at the top, and there is a good deal of open brick-work filling in windows, which looks pretty. I never saw so many mottoes put up anywhere, nearly all of them in English.

We drove afterwards to see a very damp and dark garden, an Indian's idea of all that is delightful. It only frightened me, and drove me to the quinine-bottle on my return.

Friday, 20th.—We had rather a long and busy day. At ten, I had an interview with Miss Swain, M.D., who gave me many interesting details of her Indian experiences, and then D. and I went a round of institutions. The School of Art interested us much, and there we saw many of the special industries of the place being carried on. Next we saw a museum, where they are beginning to have a very good collection of things, and then we visited the Maharajah's girls' school and his boys' college. At the former I picked up a new medical pupil for Agra. The little girls seated in rows looked very pretty, and I have been given rather a good photograph of them as they appear in school. D. heard the boys read English and Persian. These inspections went on till lunch-time, and directly afterwards we drove to see Amber, the ancient capital of this State. It is a most curious place, which quite carries one back to the middle ages. There is an enormous palace, with courtyards and great open squares and roof-tops, marble openwork screens and fine gateways, overlooking the ruins of the city. We drove home by moonlight, and as we passed through the town of Jeypore I thought it looked really lovely. The outlines of the buildings are so varied and so picturesque, and the streets so wide, that the town looks very handsome by a modified light, as you lose the pink colour and the rather thin appearance which the houses have in the daytime. The Rajah who laid out Jeypore so many years ago must have been a wonderful man—he was far in advance of his

age in the matter of towns, and he was very fond of astronomy, and had an observatory here. He also built a tower in order to see into the courtyard where lived a lady he loved.

Saturday, 21st.—I fear you will be rather startled when you hear the way in which I spent the early morning hours from seven till nine. I had better take you quickly over the shock by telling you at once that elephants, quails, partridges, rams, pigs, deer, buffalo, and cocks *fought* before us, and at the same time I will add that we only just saw their manner of attack, and that they were carried off, or dragged away, before any one animal could hurt another. The elephants began it. We were ushered through endless courts and passages, up staircases and ramps, and along walls in the palace till we reached a round tower overlooking a great yard, which was full of men in red, with spears in their hands, while the walls all round were covered with spectators. We first of all watched the fighting elephant being unloosed—a work which had to be performed with great precaution, and all round his neighbourhood were quantities of little holes into which the men disappeared if the elephant went at them. The second elephant, who is a fighter by profession, and not by nature, had a mahout on his back, while the cross and quarrelsome one was simply turned loose in the arena. The two ran at each other and pushed and pushed till the one got the other up against a wall, where he nearly fell, and then the men sent off fireworks in front of them to separate them, as the elephant with the rider on had his adversary in such a corner that he could have killed him. As it was, no one was the least the worse of the encounter. After this we wandered again ‘for miles’ up and down and through the palace, and from the very top looked at the view of the town and of the surrounding hills and forts, and then on to another court where a quantity of richly caparisoned horses were shown off. Some of them did circus tricks, and two men with long spears did rather a pretty exercise on horseback. Two quails were next put down before us, and they began to jump at each other as canaries do in a cage, but they did not even get badly pecked, as we examined them afterwards. Rams and buffaloes follow the same method; they run at each other, and, their heads having met with a thud, they go on pushing till the men in attendance pull them apart. There were some little pigs, carried in men’s arms, who upset each other with their snouts, but, having no tusks, they merely showed that it ‘was their nature to,’ and did no harm. The older pigs were rather fierce, so I got their performance stopped at once. Two hog-deer were brought forward, very curious-shaped animals that I had

never seen before, but they were very friendly, and would not even pretend to fight. Though there was a total absence of cruelty in the performances, and though it was worth seeing as a peep into a bygone world, I feel almost sorry we had been present, for it does seem rather barbarous. Nor did the afternoon improve upon the morning. True, I first visited the Albert Hall, and saw there the things that are going to the Exhibition in London, arranged as they will be there—so when you visit it you can imagine how I walked about it too—and then I went on to a hospital and inspected it; a very nice one it is, and I really hope that I may very soon see a good English lady doctor there. His Excellency meantime was out shooting, and when we joined him we found he had slain a black buck. Of course that is too European a sport to be cruel, but what we saw was a cheetah, or hunting leopard, kill a deer. The animal was in a cart hooded, and we drove after it to a place where deer were grazing. The bullock-carts did not frighten them at all, and when we were pretty close the cheetah was unhooded, and immediately made for and chased the deer. It sprang upon one and pulled it down quickly, and the men despatched it. They had, however, to coax off the cheetah by giving it some of the blood to drink in a pan, and while it was so engaged they put the hood over its eyes again.

The evening was another scene of beautiful illumination, nautch-dancing, and fireworks. We dined at the Maharajah's palace. All the way to the town the trees were hung with coloured lamps, and when we got there we found straight lines of light running along the buildings. In one place in particular the effect was lovely. There is a square with a fountain in the centre, and all the wide streets go at right angles from it. Looking down them we saw these long lines of light, while in the square itself a temple was shaped out in fire, and behind it all rose a high hill with a golden palace on its summit and a golden 'Welcome' on its side. The word is marked out in letters fifty feet high by eight wide, and was originally done for the Prince of Wales. In the daytime the letters are white and suggestive of some advertisement, but illuminated they are lovely.

The dinner in the palace was very pretty too. It was in one of those great open places in a court—a roof supported on rows of arches and pillars. When we entered first we only saw a drawing-room, but a curtain fell to the ground and revealed the banquet spread. The colouring of the inside of the building is very brilliant, and red purdahs were let down in the outer arches, so it was quite warm and beautifully lighted. The Maharajah

came in, as usual, at the end for the toasts, and the Viceroy was able to say that he had had the pleasure of investing him with his full powers during this visit. Rajahs are kept to a certain extent in leading-strings until they have proved their capacity for ruling.

The nautch which followed was pretty, because so many girls danced in it, and they had a few new figures. One was a snake dance, where they held the end of a veil in their mouths, making it look like a pipe, and then they pretended to be charming the snake, and swayed about as if following its movements.

After this we looked at some old books and arms, and moved on to a very pretty open gallery looking into a garden. Fountains were playing, illuminations were to be seen everywhere, and fireworks began. I never heard such noisy ones. If we had been besieging Jeypore we could not have made more fuss over it, and there was rather too much smoke for the light that accompanied it. I think they used too much powder. However, the whole entertainment was very magnificent and a great success. The Maharajah is very quiet and nice, and kind as a host.

Sunday, 22nd.—We walked quietly away from Jeypore this morning, getting into the train at a small station outside the Residency garden, and travelled till five o'clock, when we reached Bhurtpore.

It is quite a different place from the great city we have just left, and as we drove through the town it seemed a mere village, the crowds of inhabitants swarming on the low roofs and in the little shops being the most interesting part of it. I have already described to you the Maharajah of Bhurtpore, who visited us at Calcutta. He has made splendid preparations for us, and the Residency looks as if it had been furnished throughout with new and lovely things. I have been quite relieved to hear that they are standing decorations, for I never like to see the Rajahs put to great expense for our sakes—white satin blinds to the windows where muslin would do, and so on through numberless extravagances.

Colonel and Mrs. Euan Smith—he is the Resident—are very pleasant hosts. She plays beautifully, and they have shown great taste in the decoration of the rooms.

Monday, 23rd.—This was a duck-shooting day. The gentlemen went out early and we joined them for luncheon, and sat about on the edge of a marsh watching the sport.

In the evening the dinner at the palace took place. It is quite curious how, with illuminations and fireworks everywhere, each place contrives to invent some entirely new variety. The

illuminations here were, in their way, as pretty as anything we have seen, and we were able to calculate that, had the lamps been arranged in one long row, there would have been sixteen miles of them, one foot between each. The way it was done was this : from the Residency to the town there was a strong paling on each side of the road, with three rows of lights on each, and in the town the whole way down the narrow streets, and with no break in them, there were high palings with five rows of lamps, so that we seemed literally to drive through two walls of fire. There was an arch made of wooden latticework, 100 feet high and proportionately thick, which was one great mass of light ; this and the palace decorations are not included in my sixteen miles. The gateway to the palace, too, was exceedingly pretty, and the garden in the courtyard was all lighted up. The dinner was very well managed, and was good and short, and the usual speeches went off well. The fireworks were very good, some of the best we have seen. There were two gigantic serpents who spat stars at each other, and some other novelties, besides some lovely sheaves of rockets. Three fires in the town burst out during the performance, but no one minded them in the least—‘ Oh, it’s only a thatched roof, it is all right.’ We drove home again through the walls of flame, and were pleased to find it only ten o’clock. To my great comfort and satisfaction I find that the horses belonging to Rajahs stand any amount of noise, fire, and confusion. I don’t know how I should have survived these drives if they had had any nerves at all.

Tuesday, 24th.—We made an expedition, which took up the whole day, to visit the Fort and Palace of Deeg. We only saw from the outside the very massive walls and towers, and the great moat round the fort, but we spent many hours in the palace and its gardens. The latter are pleasanter and better kept than most I have seen, and there are very pretty low, trim hedges, and hundreds of fountains. They were turned on for us, and we got shut up in one corner by the splash and spray, and were kept close prisoners until they could be turned off again. There are several palaces in this garden, all of them looking out on to series of fountains, and all of them with the central hall open to the front and supported on carved arches and pillars. The open-work carving in some of the windows was beautiful, and in one little marble palace there is a dado inlaid with colour which is lovely. We were kept wandering about for some time, and then discovered that the camels and the elephants who carried our lunch had not arrived, which was sad news to hungry people ; however, they appeared at last, and after fortifying ourselves we

were conveyed to a high place to look on at an elephant fight. Had I been told it was play or affection I could quite have believed it. They walked so quietly up to each other, touched their trunks, as if to say, 'How do you do?' gave each other a little push, stopped and examined a pot which lay near to see what was in it, casually had another push, considered whether or not they would climb on to a little mound that was near them, and then pushed again. They are, however, such great heavy beasts that one is always afraid of seeing them hurt themselves. The drive to Deeg was twenty miles, and we did not get home till eight o'clock.

Wednesday, 25th.—We left Bhurtpore in the morning, and on our way to Agra we visited a most interesting and curious place called Futtehpore Sikri. The Emperor Akbar built it, intending it to be the capital of India; but it proved to be very unhealthy, and there was no supply of water, so that it was very soon deserted, and one sees there the spectacle of a desolate place in perfect preservation. The first thing to see is a most wonderful mosque, such a great size, and so beautiful. The story is that Akbar and his Queen arrived at this place having just lost twin children, and it was prophesied that they should never have another son. However, a holy man who lived here said that if some one gave up his life as a sacrifice, then an heir would be born, upon which the holy man's own child (of six months old) spoke and said, 'I will give mine,' and died upon the spot. In memorial of this circumstance Akbar built this mosque. It is of red sandstone, the chief ornamentation round the doorways and cornices being white marble let into the stone in mosaic patterns. There is one immense and splendid gateway, and a great court is enclosed by the various buildings and covered passages, and in the centre is a perfect gem in white marble, which contains the sheik's tomb. The outer walls are carved in lace-like patterns, and in the inner chamber is a sort of four-post bed, which is the grave; it is all inlaid with mother-of-pearl, while the floor and walls are marble.

The other buildings of interest are the houses of Akbar's wives—little separate establishments; they are of red sandstone, and the walls are carved from ceiling to floor. There is one curious place which is a five-storeyed open court, each platform getting smaller till the top one is a mere little summer-house; each one is supported on rows and rows of pillars; from these one looks down into a court where the Great Mogul used to sit and play chess with live pieces, and close to this place is a hall where he transacted business. In the centre of it is a pillar on the top of which he sat, and from that central spot four narrow

passages run to the four corners of the room. In each corner (it is said) sat one of his ministers, and from this seat of vantage he sent his orders north, south, east, and west, while the crowds of applicants or lookers-on remained below. We had only just time to see all this, to have luncheon, and to drive on to Agra so as to arrive there before dark. The Maharajah of Bhurtpore came with us, and also stays at Agra during our visit.

We are staying in our own camp, and are going to have a very quiet evening so as to be fresh for a new series of sight-seeing here. D. has been up early both yesterday and to-day for duck and buck shooting, and we have had very long drives, so we have earned a rest.

Thursday, 26th.—Perhaps I shall remember a few more details presently, but just now I can only think of the 'Taj.' The whole day furnishes but this one idea—I have seen the Taj! You know that it was built by the Emperor Shah Jehan as a tomb for his wife, Mumtaz Mahal (the Pride of the Palace), and that he and she lie side by side within its walls. It is of white marble, and its ornamentation consists of the plain material carved, of flowers inlaid with agate, jasper, and other precious stones, and of inscriptions in the beautiful Persian character, the letters being in black marble; it is raised on a high terrace, which has a great minaret at each corner, and according to our ideas it is more of a mosque than a tomb; it is enclosed in a walled garden, which is arranged in stiff alleys with cypress and other dark trees, and with water and fountains down the centre. You enter through a red sandstone gateway, and across this silent garden see before you the Taj. I won't attempt to describe it further. It is as if the building had a soul, as if it had been created, and not made, so mysterious is its fascination. You can't imagine a time when it was not there, or a time when busy workmen, or noise, or untidiness, or bustle, surrounded it; you feel that you could not bear to see a hammer or a tool of any kind approach it, and that it is only as a dream, as something unreal and almost sacred, that you can think of it. And there is nothing anywhere to mar the effect. When you enter and look upon the graves of Shah Jehan and his 'Chosen of the Palace,' surrounded by a marvellously beautiful screen of white marble, some one sings a chord which bursts forth in a volume of sound from the roof like an organ or a choir of angels. The echo lasts for fifteen seconds, and so quickly do the sounds succeed each other that the chord given out note by note below comes in one harmonious whole from above, and when one note alone is sung it is impossible to say where the human voice ends and the echo begins. So the Taj

exerts its charm upon you, and having seen it by day you return to see it by moonlight, and wish to see it again by sunrise, and feel that, did you live at Agra, whenever you wished for peace or rest, whenever you felt sad or sorry, you would come and commune with the Taj. That is why I say that it is like a building with a soul ; it exerts a fascination over every one who sees it that its pure white colour and perfect proportions are scarcely sufficient to account for.

We also visited the Fort and palace, but having seen the same thing in a more beautiful form at Delhi I will not tell you much about these. There is a mosque—court, and surrounding walls, all in white marble—which is fine, and which has a certain grand simplicity about it, but D. thought the details rather coarse as compared with some others we have visited.

We were accompanied here by one of that terrible species of bores—a guide. ‘Forty-five ladies sat on this side, please, and forty-five on that ; and they could see everything, please, but no one could see them—yes ;’ ‘That is a sundial, please, but the dial is gone—yes ;’ ‘The Government restored this in 187— please’—i.e. covered the red sandstone Hall of Audience with white plaster !

Friday, 27th.—D. and I visited the College and Medical School officially ; but as I am going through it more thoroughly on Monday I will not say anything about it now. In the afternoon D. went to receive a municipal address, which amused him rather, because when he hinted at the possible necessity of imposing additional taxation, the people cheered loudly. I called on Lady Lyall, and then we all met at Itmad-ud-Doulah’s Tomb. In the distance it looks like an ivory inlaid box, and close at hand it is very beautiful, more completely covered with ornament than almost anything we have seen : every bit of the whole building is inlaid with coloured marbles, the dado in a larger and coarser pattern, and all the rest in more delicate designs ; there is also some very fine pierced carving, and some of the most lovely raised bas-relief marble work I ever saw. The guide-book account of the tomb says : ‘The lower hall containing the tomb is a parallelogram of marble inlaid with coloured stones, chiefly in arabesque, with a few large flowers. It stands on a sandstone terrace 149 feet square. Four bold kiosks stand at the four corners, and in the centre is a small pavilion of rich pierced work covered with an oblong dome topped with two light pinnacles.’ This tomb was erected by Itmad-ud-Doulah’s daughter, Nur Jahan, wife of the Emperor Jehangir.

Rachel is reported to have said one day, ‘I do so like old

tombs because one always finds tea there.' This one was no exception to the rule.

I think I have forgotten to tell you that we are in our own camp now. It is quite flat and uninteresting being at home and in British territory. The men in armour, the illuminations and fireworks, and all the Oriental splendour of our progress through Rajpootana, have faded away as in a dream !

Saturday, 28th.—The Viceroy had a very hard day indeed—interviews, durbars, and institutions without end. I did not do so much, but I started with him in the morning, and after two of his visits we went to the Roman Catholic College and Convent, and to the gaol, where they make most lovely carpets ; and then D. went to the Agra College, where he answered three addresses, and I returned home to have a conversation with Dr. Moir, the Officiating Principal of the Female Medical School. The Viceroy got back in time to receive, one after the other, the Maharajahs of Bhurtpore and Dholpore, and Prince Napoleon, who came to luncheon. At three o'clock D. plunged into more interviews, and I went to see the wife and mother of the Maharajah of Dholpore. The Maharajah himself was dressed for visiting and for receiving the Viceroy, and had on the most magnificent pearls, about four rows round his neck, and two long chains, and a sort of breast-plate and epaulettes, all of larger pearls. When D. had paid his visit we went for a short ride, and in the evening we had a dinner. Prince Napoleon dined.

Sunday, 29th.—You will have begun to think that Sunday had dropped out of our weeks, for we were travelling on the last two. We were very glad to find ourselves quiet for this one. The changes of temperature try every one, so hot in the day and so cold at night, and we have all borne them better than some other people in our camp. We went to church in the morning, and had meant to go once more to the Taj, but I did not go out again, and at six in the evening I received Sir Frederick Roberts, who had just arrived from England, and who stays with us for a few days.

Monday, 30th.—I visited a zenana school and a dispensary, and went thoroughly through the Female Medical College, where the girls were at work, listening to lectures, attending to patients, taking pulses and temperatures, &c. However, I think I had better not drag this subject into my journal, else you will have far too much of it, as it occupies a great deal of my time and attention.

In the afternoon we went with D. to visit the Maharajah of Bhurtpore, as he wanted to show us a new house he has just built, and then on to Sikandra, where is the tomb of Akbar. We

were all in the proper frame of mind, and were prepared to be much impressed, but we were disappointed with it, and did not greatly admire it. The ornamentation is coarse, and I suppose we have seen too many lovely things lately not to have become a little critical ; it is, however, considered very beautiful.

We had a dinner for the new Commander-in-Chief, and gave a 'drum' to the Agra people, and just as we were going to bed we got the very best news from Burmah. D. has been so anxious that there should be little bloodshed, and he was greatly relieved and pleased to find how well the whole thing has been managed. Everything had been done so quickly that I imagine the Burmese found their breath taken away ; only one officer and three men have been killed, and I fancy very few on the other side have lost their lives. It is exactly six weeks since war was declared.

Tuesday, December 1st.—Three telegrams arrived this morning. One contained the Queen's congratulations on the success of the Burmese campaign : 'I am commanded by the Queen to express to Your Excellency the pleasure with which Her Majesty has received the news of the result of the military operations in the Irrawaddy Valley so effectively organised by Your Excellency's Government, and so brilliantly carried out by Her Majesty's forces under the command of General Prendergast.' The next telegram said : 'Her Majesty's Government offer to Your Excellency cordial congratulations on the conspicuous success which has attended the expedition against the King of Burmah, and are glad to express their profound satisfaction that the immediate objects of the military operations have been attained with so little loss of life.' The third telegram told us of the Duke of Somerset's death. D. was very fond of him, and he had always been most kind and friendly to me. Every fresh blank made amongst those we left just a year ago is sad to us, and D. feels too the gradual dying out of those amongst whom his mother spent her youth.

The journey from Agra is quite short, and we arrived at Gwalior in time for luncheon. Our visit is more than usually interesting, because the Viceroy is going to give the Fort back to Scindia. He has been wanting it for years ; and when one sees how close it is to his palace, and how completely it commands his town and his home, one can quite understand what a thorn in his side it must have been. Now it is to be put into his own hands, and he gives in return another fort and cantonment farther away from his capital. I believe he has only once been into the fortress here, which shows how much he has felt the position, for he is a Mahratta chief, a great soldier, has a

large army of his own, and cares only for it. We are staying in his palace—a very fine new building, with one magnificent room, in which we lost ourselves last night. We were about twenty people, and were illuminated by 900 candles, and were indefinitely reproduced in mirrors, which are opposite to each other all the way down the room.

In the afternoon D. had to be visited by and to visit the Maharajah, so his time was filled, and I thought we ladies had better go and see the Fort in the cool of the day, instead of waiting till the morning. It looks like a 'Gibraltar' guarding this place, and is a very large and massive pile. When we reached the gate, we got on an elephant to go up the very steep ascent, and passed through more gates and along a narrow road with carvings in the rock, and then under the palace, which is very curious, and which has the remains of most brilliant decorations in coloured tiles. The rooms inside are small, but are covered with stone carvings in quite a different style from the marble work of Agra; and at the farther end of the Fort are two temples, specimens of the oldest Hindoo architecture. They are entirely covered with deeply cut patterns in the stone, and with figures, all of which have been more or less defaced by the Mahometans, who object to representations of living creatures. These temples are put together without mortar or plaster of any kind, and are most interesting. Another very remarkable feature of this Fort is the rock sculpture, gigantic figures in stone carved in the solid rock. Most of them represent Brobdingnagian human beings, standing stiffly and undraped against the side of the hill. One cannot conceive anything more different in the way of design, execution, form, and character than the tombs and palaces we have been seeing hitherto, and these old Hindoo temples and carvings at Gwalior. The rock sculptures are supposed to have been cut in 1467, but the infallible guidebook gives A.D. 274 as the date of the founding of Gwalior. It also says that the largest figure is fifty-seven feet high, and it is well to mention this, as you may have no idea of what I mean by 'large.'

Wednesday, 2nd.—I had intended to revisit the Fort with D. in the morning, but we have been rather tried by the changing climates we have gone through, and so I thought it more prudent to avoid the hot sun and to have a quiet morning, especially as Nellie seemed a little feverish, and is better at home.

The durbar was held at three o'clock, in the great drawing-room I have mentioned before. The thrones were at one end, and the natives and soldiers in long lines on either side filled it, leaving only a pathway down the middle. It was a very fine

sight. Scindia met the Viceroy in the centre of the room, and they walked hand in hand to the thrones, and soon after they had seated themselves the Viceroy read out the Foreign Office dispatch handing over the Fort to the Maharajah ; and Mr. Durand repeated the same in Hindustani. Scindia made a short reply in a very low voice, and the whole thing was over. Though the Maharajah showed very little pleasure or emotion of any kind, we all knew that the great wish of his life had been fulfilled. He said to the Resident as he left, ' Now I must go and tell my boy,' the heir, a child of nine, to whom he is devoted, but whom we have not seen, as he is ill.

There was a great banquet in the evening, seventy-four people at table, and at the end of it Scindia came in to propose the Queen's health and the Viceroy's. In his reply D. said that in the morning, speaking as the Queen's representative, and in the name of the Government, he had used the official and somewhat cold and formal language necessary upon such an occasion, but that now in his own person, as the friend and guest of the Maharajah, he wished to congratulate him warmly upon the signal mark of favour he had that day received at the hands of his Sovereign. Scindia really did look pleased and happy, and a number of his sirdars had come with him, whose gay dresses brightened up the room considerably, so that the party was quite cheerful. Fancy, however, the face of official India, when at the end of H.E.'s speech a gentleman suddenly got up and passed a eulogium on the Maharajah. One would have thought the end of the world had come, such looks of blank amazement passed around ! Poor man, he was brought to a state of ' abject apology ' soon after, and I don't think he has heard the end of it yet : happily his speech was short. There were illuminations and fireworks, and so ended a great day for Scindia.

Thursday, 3rd.—We did not leave Gwalior till after luncheon, so I drove about in the morning to see the town, which is called Lashkar. There are some pretty carved arches and windows, but it is not a really interesting place. We left with all the usual ceremonies, and passed again through Scindia's army. It is a pity that he has put his men into helmets instead of turbans ; a very white helmet, of a very ugly shape, which never by any chance fits its owner, looks very bad on the top of a dark face and a head of long black hair. All our native troops look so remarkably well in their puggarees that I wonder he does not see how much more soldierly and becoming their head-dress is.

After two hours in the train we reached Dholpore, and spent a very pleasant afternoon there. The Maharajah lives in the

Residency House, as he has no palace ; it is a red stone house, very new-looking, and not pretty outside, and seems to be set down in some fields, for there is no attempt at garden about it. Inside it is nicely furnished, and is very English-looking. The Maharajah is a perfect gentleman in every way, and I am told he is an excellent rider and sportsman. There was nothing to be seen here except some caged tigers and a herd of black bucks. The latter were in a great yard, which was intersected by low mud walls, and when a man on horseback rode after them, they positively flew over these walls, and nothing could be prettier than their graceful movements. We could see the way they doubled up for the flight, and when they were on the level ground they gave great jumps every few steps in the most light and airy manner.

After this display D. was carried off to another house, to interview the Maharajah's mother with a purdah between them. It seems that every Viceroy visits her. They had a most successful meeting. D. said to her that as she and I were members of the same Order (Crown of India) we must be sisters, and then that as we were sisters he must be her brother, and must come behind the purdah—all of which delighted her and she laughed heartily. Another great joke was that he told her he heard a man's voice behind the purdah (her little grandson's), which sent her into fresh fits of laughter, and she said to her son that 'This was something like conversation, and so very much better than the usual "How are you? I am glad to see you."' Then she sent him round a rose, and he told her that the rose would fade and the scent pass away, but that the remembrance of her gracious act would for ever remain in his heart—but that Her Highness had put him in a great difficulty, as on his return home his wife would certainly make a point of finding out who gave him the flower. D. also told her that she was the first Indian princess he had conversed with, and that her grandson was the youngest prince who had ever presented him with a nuzzar. All this was quite a new way of talking, as I imagine all previous interviews had been very formal, and I believe she was delighted.

The dinner was not large, and, as the programme for the day said, the 'usual speeches' followed. D. manages on these occasions to say something appropriate, and puts in some commendations with a *soupeçon* of good advice to the Maharajah. After dinner we sat out on the steps, and saw a very amusing procession which is peculiar to Dholpore. Led horses came first, and then camels, and elephants most splendidly dressed and with beautiful howdahs on. One of these, as he passed, waved a

pocket-handkerchief in his trunk, and said 'Hurrah,' and another carried a pole with a burning torch at each end of it. After the elephants came palanquins, in which sat people dressed as kings and queens and wearing masks, and little boys with masks on jumped about the road, and one car passed with two white and silver clad women standing up in it, and then a crowd of nautch-girls danced before us. We asked for the procession to come round again, and the elephants had just re-appeared upon the scene, when the fireworks began and frightened them so much that they turned tail and fled, nearly upsetting us as they ran. The fireworks were good, and some most impetuous fire-fountains were pretty, while the fire-balloons were also so successful that they appeared to form new and magnificent constellations in the sky.

Having enjoyed the evening very much, we were conducted to the train, where we spent the night, on our way to Lucknow.

Friday, 4th.—Sir Alfred Lyall, the members of the Municipal Committee, and about eleven of the ex-King of Oude's family, met the Viceroy at the Lucknow station. The Oude people had splendid jewels on their heads. One man wore a tiara on a turban with a brim to it, and drops of big emeralds hung from the edge of it all round his head. The municipal address was a particularly good one, and I don't say so only because it was so *very* nice to me and so cordial about my Scheme, but because it also spoke so very sensibly and with such good feeling about its own municipal duties. The Viceroy's reply was much to the point, and was an interesting one, as he entered a little into the political part of the Burmese question.

We then drove to the Government House, where we are staying with Sir Alfred and Lady Lyall, and D. held a levée at noon.

In the afternoon I gave new colours to the 2nd Battalion Leicestershire Regiment, and made a very short speech. The ceremony is always a pretty one. The regiment gave a ball in the evening, but I had refused it for myself, and D. was to have taken the girls. At the last moment, however, Rachel could not go on account of her grandfather's death, and Nelly had not been very well the last two days, so I kept her at home, and it ended in D.'s looking in for about ten minutes and then coming home.

Saturday, 5th.—We all went to see an Exhibition; it contains specimens of various industries in this part of India, of things going to London, and of a small loan collection. We found it very interesting. After inspecting it we saw a 'Musical Ride,' the 17th Lancers being the performers, and in the afternoon Lady

Lyall had a garden-party. D. had not felt well all day, and by this time he had some fever and a terrible headache, so he had to go to bed with the intention of getting up after dinner and going out to hold a durbar, or large reception. He insisted that he must go, whatever happened. However, Sir Alfred Lyall assured him that it could be postponed, and so he consented to remain at home, which was fortunate, as he could scarcely speak by nine o'clock ; and, though I am sure he would have managed to go through it, he would have been much the worse for the exertion.

Sunday, 6th.—We have had to alter our plans somewhat, but I shall scarcely know till the evening how far they must be changed. D. is no worse this morning, but at any rate we must stay another day here, and must cut Cawnpore out of our programme.

It is a great disappointment to him losing this afternoon's visit to the Residency, for he has been looking forward to that for months, and General Wilson is here on purpose to show it to him, and the survivors of the Baillie Guard have come up to Lucknow for the occasion ; nor can this be merely put off till another time, for General Wilson leaves Lucknow to-night, and India in March, and the Baillie Guard are old and cannot again be summoned from their various homes. General Wilson, too, was greatly disappointed at not showing it to the Viceroy himself, for this was his own last view of a spot associated in his mind with so many miseries, so much gallantry, and such painful interest ; and it quite affected him to see again these old Baillie Guard men, whose behaviour at the siege of Lucknow he considers unsurpassed in the world's history. They were drawn up at the gate when we arrived, for I went with him, but we did not speak to them till our return, as General Wilson felt that if once he began to talk to them he would never get away. Old and feeble many of them looked, but they all had medals on their breasts and bore a soldierly appearance. They were pleased to see him, but remarked that his beard had grown white since they knew him, and then, after we had explained to them how sorry the Viceroy was to be unable to see them, they were photographed in a group. One can only appreciate their share in the defence when one sees how close the enemy were to them, how they could actually talk together, and how these men were coaxed and threatened by their own countrymen and co-religionists without the wall, and how, though uncertain whether the few Englishmen shut up in the Residency were not the only ones remaining in the country, they yet remained faithful. General Wilson was Assistant-Adjutant-General at the time, and was consequently the

very best possible person to describe the whole scene, for it was his duty to be going about all day within the defences, while the other officers and men were confined each to his own particular post ; and for the 145 days they were shut up, a man at one end of the place had no idea what was going on at the other. Of course, it would be useless to attempt to give you a real account of what you can read in books, but I will just go through our walk with General Wilson and tell you a little about it.

The first thing one has to do is to imagine what the place was in 1857. Now, for miles round the Residency are green fields and trees ; *then* it was a dense bazaar up to the very gates, and it is quite astonishing to see *how* close the besiegers were. There was no walled fort or city, but a sort of large garden, in which were a few gentlemen's houses and a church, completely overlooked by surrounding houses, and there was only a hastily raised mud wall to divide the enemy from the defenders. The foe outside could see every movement inside, and could take exact aim at individuals walking about. There was one path in particular which it was most dangerous to cross, as 'Johannes' House' commanded it, and all the protection that was possible was the stretching across the road a piece of canvas which made the besieger's shot a chance one and not a certainty. The men had to fight all day and work all night, as being so overlooked, nothing could be done in the light ; funerals, getting out stores, repairing defences, every internal arrangement was necessarily carried on in the dark. At the present moment the Residency is a very pretty place—gay flowers, picturesque ruins—but it must have been dried up, barren, and terrible then. Seeing ruins made is a very different matter from contemplating them calmly years after the destruction is accomplished.

The first place we looked at, to the right of the gateway, was the house defended by the Baillie Guard, within speaking distance of the enemy. It is marked all over with shot, and bullets seem even to have taken headers into inner courts, where people might have expected to be safe, and left their marks there. We next saw the banqueting hall, the lower rooms of which were used as a hospital, while officers lived above ; the top storey of every building was considered unsafe for women, so they were in a cellar below, out of which they dared not move. In this building we saw the place where the dead were carried each day and left till night. Then we walked on to the Residency House itself, saw the room where Sir Henry Lawrence received his death-wound, General Wilson being with him at the time. A shell burst in it, took off the leg of a punkah-boy sitting there,

wounded Sir Henry mortally, and rent off a portion of General Wilson's clothes. The smoke made it pitch dark, and he said to Sir Henry, 'Are you hurt?' 'I am killed,' he replied. On this building the English flag floated every day; it might be shot down or torn, but as sure as the morning dawned it was in its place again. Next came a spot where an officer and fifty men lived in a hole in the ground, all the time watching the low mud wall and having constant conflicts with the enemy. Then the church, with the doorway cut behind the altar, out of which the stores were got at night, and all round which one sees the tomb-stones of those who died: memorials of them, but not marking their actual resting-places, as no distinctions were made, and all were buried together. The most interesting is that of 'Sir Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May the Lord have mercy on his soul.' After this we visited some buildings which were outside the Residency, but within the defences, and in which women lived below and men above, surrounded always by hot fighting. We saw the spot where 'Johannes' House' was, and listened to a vivid description of the manner in which it was blown up; and so on we went from post to post, General Wilson giving us a little account of all that happened in the most interesting way, straight from his heart as it seemed to come, and without any unnecessary details. The last house we saw was the one in which Sir Henry Lawrence breathed his last. The rebels, seeing that some important person was carried there, immediately turned their guns on it, and his nephew, George Lawrence, was wounded at the door of the room where his uncle lay dying.

When the Mutiny was over the native city was destroyed, and they say that great sums of money must be buried on the spot, for the panic-stricken inhabitants fled and left all, and when they returned again they found a grass plain, and could not possibly tell where their houses had been or where their treasure was. Now, I really must not say any more about this, but you see it was very disappointing that D. missed it. He still has some fever, and so we have given up all the functions here, as well as going to Cawnpore and Benares, and now hope to leave this on Thursday, and to go straight to Calcutta.

Monday, 7th.—I went to the Exhibition for an hour in the morning, as it was a zenana day and I had promised to go. Most of the 'zenana' ladies were English, but there were, I suppose, about thirty really purdah who may have liked to see me. The rest of the day I nursed D., who keeps nearly to the same point, neither better nor worse.

Tuesday, 8th.—I did not go out till six o'clock, when I went with the rest of the party to see the Imambarah illuminated. It is a hall, a courtyard, and a mosque, which fell into our hands at the time of the Mutiny, and was only given back to the Mahometans last year. The outside was brilliantly illuminated, and the great room, which is 163 feet long and 49 feet high, and which is, they say, the biggest room in the world, was also lighted up. It contains the tomb of its founder, and is a semi-sacred place. I felt quite sorry that, so much trouble having been taken, I was the only person to profit by it, and I was nearly covered up in the gold garland prepared for the Viceroy.

Wednesday, 9th.—D. is decidedly better to-day ; but as he is not allowed to travel till next Monday, I will send this off now. I had intended our tour to have been so beautifully rounded off at Calcutta on the 12th, the very day we arrived there last year, but this fever altered all our plans.

Saturday, 12th.—I have already given you an account of my doings last Sunday ; but, as this whole week has been one of beef-tea, quinine, arrowroot, thermometer, doctors, nurses, hot bottles, and pulse, I begin again from Saturday, 5th, just to tell you that I have passed almost my whole time in the sick-room, and that fireworks, illuminations, and grand processions no longer occur daily.

I did the nursing myself for two or three days, and discovered a wonderful capacity for waking up at odd moments, but then the doctor interfered, and I got a nice respectable Eurasian woman to help me.

D.'s temperature never went quite up to 102°, but it hovered about 100° for many days, and it is only to-day (12th) that it was normal.

It is a great mercy for us that we were here, for Lady Lyall is so kind, and an invalid has everything of the best in this most hospitable house.

Talking of Indian houses reminds me that perhaps I have never told you their great peculiarity, which is the public character of all the rooms. I have not yet been in one room, whether in my own house at Calcutta or in anybody else's abode, in which you could say, 'Well, no one can come in here.' You may lock one door, or two doors, or three, or four, or five, but then there are the one, two, three, four, or five windows opening on to the verandah, along which every one may pass ; and if your servants think you particularly want to be alone their natural curiosity leads them to creep in silently and constantly by one

of the unguarded entrances—to show you some extraordinary attention.

Wednesday, 16th.—Monday was a bad day with D., and it was a relief on Tuesday morning to hear that we might start for home. He was weak, and had to be carried to the carriage, but he seemed no worse for the journey, and was able to walk and to put on an air of convalescence when we got to Calcutta. We remained in the train, but did not travel by night, and we arrived this afternoon. We thought it best to spare D. a public entry, so we meekly and modestly drove up with a pair of horses, no troops out and no fuss, but a great crowd of natives in the street.

At Government House we had the joy of finding Archie, also Fred and Blanche and their baby boy, awaiting us! They have just arrived from England.

Thus ends our first year in India. In the way of business it has been a most eventful one, crisis after crisis coming on. The Bengal Rent Bill, the Afghan complication, the strengthening of our frontier, the Burmese War, and many minor difficulties have all had to be dealt with. We sincerely hope that the coming year may be a less eventful one.

CHAPTER VI

CALCUTTA, 1885–1886

DECEMBER 17, 1885, TO FEBRUARY 2, 1886

December 17th to 24th.—Our second season at Calcutta starts with much unpacking. There are the things which were left behind last March, there are those which have come from Simla, those which have been on tour, and the new clothes arrived from England; they are all soldered up in tin and wrapped in paper and screwed down in wooden cases, so that even when they have been dug out they have to be sorted and put here and there, and we have to try to remember where this picture hung, where that bit of china lay, and to wonder what we can do with all the old papers and letters and photographs and bills and other accumulations of the year. I assure you it is no joke, especially when we recollect that we are only re-settling for two or three months, and that in a very few weeks the packing-cases will have to be filled

again. It makes me understand how people come to be lazy about beautifying and arranging this lovely house, and how a spirit of 'anything will do for such a short time' creeps in. When one first arrives in the country, one imagines this palace is to be one's home, but six months in the Simla cottage soon undeceive one.

The new clothes are of course deeply interesting—they are our great stand-by for the year ; and as we certainly have to pay for them, though we have been unable to choose them, it is equally certain that we must wear them, whether we like them or no.

The only difference in our house-arrangements downstairs is that, having created a little room at the back of my drawing-room which I meant to give Terence, I have taken it as a business-room for myself. I thought the 'Fund' would make me untidy, and that it was necessary to have a barren-looking chamber in which baskets of papers for the Honorary Secretary of the Central Committee, &c., &c., could be set forth and remain undisturbed. My own pink drawing-room, into which this room opens, has been re-covered with silk, and over that with chintz, so that on ordinary occasions I look less smart than before, when I was always in silk, but then at dinner parties my chairs and sofas will burst forth into most lovely blushes ! Mixed up with these household and wardrobe preoccupations has been some care to be taken of the Viceroy, whose levées and drawing-rooms have been a subject of anxiety to us. He recovers his strength slowly, and at last we persuaded him to put off the levée for ten days, and to be content with the drawing-room now. We had it on the 22nd, and it was D.'s first appearance since his illness.

The Calcutta races began on Wednesday, and for the first time in my life I saw a really exciting race. Lord William brought out two horses from England, and one broke down yesterday, which was a great disappointment and loss, and so we were anxious that the other should win to-day. The horses all kept together till near the end, and then *Metal* came on and won amidst great applause and tremendous excitement.

Christmas Day, 1885.—Again this year we had the good fortune to receive our English letters on Christmas morning. It is so nice because it makes one feel less far away when the good wishes and the remembrances from home come exactly on the right day. The enlarged family party also made itself felt, as when we came down to breakfast there were more people to exchange greetings with, and there were more mysterious parcels lying about. The breakfast-table was laden with gifts from Hermie and Victoria, and from you, and from all of us here to

each other, and there were toys for the baby, who, however, did not much appreciate any of them.

In the afternoon we went down to the Botanical Gardens in the launch, and walked about there, and saw some of our countrymen and women dancing quadrilles and waltzes on the grass, some of the men looking rather unsteady after their lunch, others performing most wonderful steps. We drove back on Lord William's coach.

After dinner my 'children' insisted upon having snapdragon and Christmas games of that kind, so we all joined. Lady Sykes was the only stranger, and she was quite ready to play.

D. is quite well now, but he has to take care not to get a chill, and it is really very wintry weather.

Barrackpore: Sunday, December 27th.—The weather is decidedly colder than it was last year, and the Bougainvilleas and the convolvulus are doubtful about coming out. Still Barrackpore looks lovely, and we enjoy it as much as ever.

In the afternoon we went to see the elephants, and were amused by the performance of one in the water. A man stood on its back, and made it go right under and then roll round while he balanced himself upon its slippery side as men in a circus do on a revolving globe; and when it came out of the water it was made to jump, an elephantine hop; and the mahout told us that this obedient animal had twice sent him into hospital by taking him up in his trunk and injuring him. I do not wonder that this beast is sometimes savage, for man has behaved badly to him, having blinded him on purpose to make him milder and more useful.

Monday, 28th.—The household were greatly excited this morning, as they went out hunting for the first time with Lord Herbrand's hounds. The girls and all were off at 6.30, and seem to have enjoyed themselves immensely; they had a short run after a fox, and eventually killed a cat. Lord Herbrand has just bought a pack with a view to hunting jackal at Barrackpore, and this adds greatly in the eyes of many people to the attractions of the place.

Friday, January 1st, 1886.—The last week of the old year was spent quietly enough—riding, driving, a race or two, a little polo, a committee-meeting, an infinite amount of letter-writing and bill-paying, a few visits from various people, civilities to guests, and such like 'common tasks,' filled the seven days, and on the last night of it we had rather a pleasant dinner. It was extremely well chosen (by me), and there were several tourists to give variety to it, and we had a Hungarian violinist who played

beautifully for us in the evening, and then our guests dispersed, some to see the new year in at a dance, and some at church, while we meant to sleep it in, but were kept awake by the jingling of bells and the shrieks of steam-whistles. In the evening we had the usual big dinner—seventy-eight men and five ladies. It was rather pleasant this year, as I knew most of our guests. We could just fit into the Marble Hall without overflowing beyond the pillars, and the banquet looked bright, and was well and quickly served.

When we five ladies went up to the drawing-room we found some of the native officials who don't dine waiting there, and I had some very interesting conversation with one of them on the subject of my Scheme. In the evening, too, the Maharajah of Durbungha told me he was going to build and establish a female dispensary, and I am to go and lay the stone (his place is only twenty hours off—a mere nothing). He had been to speak to D. about this before, and I am greatly pleased at the idea, as of course my great wish is to see native gentlemen do the thing for themselves—and these new establishments started by them are far more valuable than money subscribed to my Fund.

Tuesday, 5th.—Sir George Bowen, with a son and a daughter, arrived from Hong Kong on Sunday. Monday was a hard day for D., and we had to leave Barrackpore early, as we had so much business on hand. We breakfasted on board the launch as we came down, which was rather pleasant. The girls had been out hunting still earlier, but on this occasion had neither 'found' nor 'killed.'

At eleven o'clock the Council met on most important business. Sir Auckland Colvin made a financial statement bringing in an Income-Tax Bill, and D. spoke afterwards, justifying the measure and explaining the policy of the Government. The Viceroy's speech seems to have given great satisfaction to all those who were present, and I now begin to doubt whether the execrations which I expected to see heaped upon his devoted head will be uttered in a very violent manner by the press. In the evening he had a very large levée. I believe there were about 1,500 gentlemen at it—the house was overflowing with them; they passed, I am told, on an average of about sixty every three minutes, and when we wanted to go to bed—I mean we ladies, who for the evening were behind the purdah—my guests could not get to their chambers at all. First they tried to get through the drawing-room—the entrance to it was barricaded, and it was full of men; the second floor was the scene of the levée itself; and the bottom

of the house was the fullest of all, for every one assembled there to await their carriages and to get their coats, which lay in gigantic bundles on the floor; so the ladies made their way up again, and, finding themselves condemned to remain alone in the ball-room till the levée should be over, and being tempted by the waltzes and the polkas which the band was discoursing, set to and danced together in the dim light reflected from the drawing-room. Our own rooms lay on the side of the house to which access was possible, and we had said good-night to them, thinking they would get round to theirs through the lower regions.

Wednesday, 6th.—My Committee and I made all our arrangements for the public meeting we are to have here on the 27th. I do not trouble you with much 'Fund' information, but I have one meeting every week, and often see individuals on particular points, write and receive letters, and keep a record of all that I do, with regard to this matter, in a very dry and businesslike way.

As soon as I was free in the afternoon I went off with some of my family to a little garden party at Mrs. Hope's, and in the evening we had the state ball. I thought it went off very well—not at all too crowded, very good dancing, satisfactory supper—so I am in hopes people enjoyed it.

Thursday, 7th.—Terence and Mr. Rosen arrived early this morning. They had two very rough days on their way out, during which two passengers put on their best bonnets, packed their trunks, and prepared to take to the boats.

Archie was in waiting on His Excellency for the first time, and came in for a full day. First of all he sat in an office from 10 to 1.30, receiving Government secretaries at intervals and showing them in to the Viceroy; then came a durbar for the new Maharajah of Kashmir, a not very satisfactory chief, said to be very superstitious, and to go to bed encircled by chalk lines to keep the spirits off. I meant to have looked on at this ceremony, but a doctress who came to see me kept me until it was all over, and so I missed it; but as all the people are in mourning for the late Maharajah they wore white, and the dresses were not worth seeing. Directly after lunch H.E. returned the visit, and then, coming back for me, we all went off to present colours to the 18th Regiment of Bengal Infantry. The manoeuvres, and my speech, and the whole ceremony went off well, and 'one of the oldest native regiments in Her Majesty's Indian army' looked very fine and soldierlike. Mr. Wingfield and Mr. Vincent dined with us. We were rather sleepy after last night's ball and our long day's work, and were glad to go to bed early.

Friday, 8th.—We all went off in the afternoon to see the ex-King of Oude's gardens. He is an old gentleman, who is described to me as being utterly devoid of every moral sense. He never does any good to anybody, and he spends his monthly lac of rupees in keeping 25,000 pigeons, whose food costs him 400*l.* a year; in buying sick creatures which the animal merchants sell him just before they reach their last gasp; in building houses for those of them that survive; and in the partial maintenance of several hundred ladies. These latter have often complained to the Government about his treatment of them, but, in answer to an official remonstrance against their inordinate numbers, he added ninety more to his zenana the day he received it. The place is curious to see, viewed as this ex-king's hobby, but in itself is merely a small zoological garden. The pigeons, who fly in flocks and obey signals, are pretty, and there are whole fleets of pelicans sailing about on tanks, and long-legged birds with decidedly light fantastic toes who hop about ridiculously, and peacocks perching in the trees, and fox-houses which smell atrociously, and dwarfish-looking woolly camels who provide material for soft shawls, and rams who must get terrific headaches as they clash their foreheads together with a portentous thud, and real live poisonous snakes who, being tumbled out of the earthen pots in which they live, sit up glaring viciously and licking their lips as they gaze around; they are picked up with an iron hook, and caught by the tail and put back again by men who seem to have little fear, though it made me shudder to see them handle such dangerous reptiles. The less poisonous snakes live in a palace built for them of concrete, and wriggle in and out of this erection, and fascinate toads which are found in their neighbourhood, placed there by some kindly hand. Close to this serpent-palace is a cottage for a few queens.

I need not tell you that the King of Oude has *not* subscribed to my Fund, and you would be horrified if you could see the holes in which his retainers live outside his walls.

Well, we walked about and looked at all the creatures, and were spit at by llamas and screeched at by the parrots, and then drove home again and prepared for a big party—a 'drum' to which native gentlemen come as well as all the European society here. We had it in the Marble Hall, which looked very fine, and it was quite full, and the dresses and the varieties of people looked very gay, and I liked it, and I think it was a success. The Maharajah of Kashmir came, and politely said we had introduced him into Paradise.

Tuesday, 19th.—D. has gone to Delhi for the manœuvres, and

during his absence we have taken an extra day or two at Barrack-pore, and I really believe that the more I see of it the more delightful I think it. We do so enjoy the flowers—lovely roses of gigantic size in the greatest profusion, and violets, and such convolvulus and Bougainvilleas and Bignonias climbing all about! It is a most perfect little place.

Thursday, 21st.—D. returned from Delhi, and I must now try and tell you all he has told me of his adventures there. He arrived at the little house he had taken for himself near the camp on Sunday night. On Monday he received visits from the foreign representatives, the Commander-in-Chief, &c., and there were some sports in the afternoon. Sir Frederick Roberts opened them by a successful tent-pegging feat, and that was very effective, as everybody said no other commander-in-chief in the world could have attempted such a thing; and the day seems to have been fine and pleasant. As he could do nothing for them himself, D. proposed to breakfast with the foreign officers in their camp on Tuesday morning, which pleased them much, and over the coffee he was inspired to propose the healths of all their emperors, kings, or chiefs, with a nice allusion to each one; finally, his inspiration led him to wind up by saying that he regretted that his visit to Burmah would prevent his entertaining them himself, but that he would commission his daughter to give them a ball at Calcutta, so that they might see how effective was the artillery of our ladies' eyes, and so on. He pretended to be much alarmed as to what I should say to all this, and was astonished at the comparative calmness with which I heard it; but the reaction came later, for it did not dawn upon me for twenty-four hours that any one took the ball part of it *au sérieux*, and when I saw in the telegram that these gentlemen were coming to Calcutta for Lady Helen Blackwood's ball, I only remarked sententiously that 'Viceroys must not joke.' At last it was borne in upon me that it was no joke, and so, after a little consideration, I asked D. to put off starting for Burmah for one day, and to have this ball the night before our departure. So we telegraphed to the foreign officers to say that, if they could so arrange it, we hoped they would dine with us on Saturday and come to a ball on Monday, and that we would remain here to receive them—and they have accepted; but, as you may perceive, I have got far away from D.'s breakfast on Tuesday morning. Whatever the fate of the ball may be, the speech was a great success, and, when it was over, devoutly hoping that the weather would keep up, every one set off for the great review. The Viceroy, in a frock-coat and tall hat, was the one ununiformed person present.

Everybody else was gorgeous. But what is the use of gorgeousness when the rain comes down in torrents? What is the use of having a lovely tricolour puggaree round your helmet, as the Frenchman had, if it melts into streams of red and blue over your face?—or of deep red cuffs, like the Prussians, if they only serve to dye your hands? The second Russian officer, a Chevalier Garde, got hit by his horse's head as he was mounting, and had to retire for the day. Lord Reay was ill, and D. insisted on his going home too, but everybody else sat for four hours in the drenching rain. The Viceroy gained great renown for the cheerful manner in which he bore his fate. He put on no great-coat, and at the end people said he looked as smart as when he arrived. The A.D.C.'s were very cold, and had difficulty in preventing their horses from sitting down, while some of the steeds had to be supported by draughts of whisky. Fred says he felt the water running down his back into his boots, and then heard the sound of it inside the leather. The poor troops did splendidly, and the only regiment which marched badly might be excused, for the men's loose slippers stuck in the mud. Was it not unfortunate and provoking?

In the evening there was a damp reception in the Commander-in-Chief's camp; and the next morning the troops, looking as clean and smart as ever, lined the streets for the Viceroy's departure, and the foreign officers and military grandees appeared in full dress at the station.

Tuesday, 26th.—Dr. Findlay and Lord Herbrand have been away for a week looking for tiger in the Sunderbunds; the former returned to-day, but Lord Herbrand remains in pursuit of a terrible man-eater who has killed twenty-three men in the last nine months. This beast was absent from his accustomed haunts for some days, but he had just returned before Dr. Findlay left, and so Lord Herbrand was encouraged to wait for him, as the whole neighbourhood is desperately anxious that he should be killed.

Dr. Findlay had only shot some alligators and some deer, the latter being brought to his feet by a man who imitated a monkey and so attracted the deer to the tree in which he was jumping about and chattering. The clever deer said to themselves, 'That monkey will knock down the leaves and the fruit; come, let us stand under the place where he is;' and this reasoning brought them to their death. The pursuit after tiger in the Sunderbunds is very exciting; the jungle is so thick that, even though the sportsman can see nothing, he may feel pretty sure that one is quite close to him, and in this case they found afterwards, by the

foot-marks, that a tiger had actually been following them all day. Lord Herbrand spent twenty-four hours in a cage, and Dr. Findlay joined him for twelve of them, but they both went to sleep at last, and then woke to find that the tiger had certainly been to see them, as his marks were all round the bars through which they meant to shoot him. It sounds creepy, I think.

I have not told you about the racing here this year, which seems to be nearly as dangerous a sport as can be indulged in. At one steeplechase Captain Leonard Gordon had a severe fall, and is still wearing a sling; and last week, out of eight horses, five fell, one was killed and one broke its tail, so I am in hopes that steeplechases will go out of fashion. At the flat races yesterday two horses had a collision, and the jockeys were both badly hurt. The ground is so frightfully hard here that a fall becomes very serious—and I suppose all the riders are not fine performers.

Wednesday, 27th.—Lord Herbrand returned home without his tiger; seven roamed about him and ate four bullocks which he had set as bait for them, but he never got a chance of shooting at them.

This was a great day for me, and rather a nervous one. The big meeting inaugurating my Fund took place, the Viceroy in the chair. I never felt so much anxiety at a public meeting before, but now this Scheme is really started, and I trust it may go on as well as it has begun. The meeting lasted till 7.30, and we had to hurry home, dress for dinner, and go off afterwards to a ball at Belvedere. D., Nelly, and I remained there only one hour; Rachel, Blanche, and some others came away later, and Archie and the rest of the party stayed till the end. We had the best of it, however, for at eleven o'clock the weather was lovely; after twelve there were showers, and still later a downpour which made supper in a tent very disagreeable and most injurious to gowns; indeed, at the very end the tent came down, burying a drummer-boy, crushing the viands, and getting a hole burnt in itself.

Saturday, 30th.—I was to have had a meeting of my Committee on Friday to wind up some of my affairs before starting for Burmah, but the Legislative Council sat so long that neither Mr. Ilbert nor Sir Steuart Bayley could come, and we were not able to get through much business. I was therefore obliged to have another to-day. We are beginning to meet with some of the little troubles that one must expect in working such a large concern.

I rode out early this morning to see the *Clive*, the ship in which we go to Burmah. We take some horses with us. It

would astonish the English mind to see what globe-trotters our horses are. They did a great part of our tour this autumn. They went to the Delhi Manœuvres, and now they are coming to Mandalay.

The foreign officers have arrived, and we had a state dinner and a concert for them ; the Hungarian violinist Remenyi played, and we had a very pleasant evening—eighty people at dinner, and about sixty more afterwards. The music was in the drawing-room and a buffet in the ball-room, which opens into it with pillars, so that those who preferred talking to listening were able to stroll away and be happy in their own way.

Tuesday, February 2nd.—I do not know whether you have read about the revolution in Nepaul and the murder of the Maharajah Sir Runodip Singh, the Prime Minister and ruler, which took place last November. He was lying on a bed in a small room in his palace, when four of his nephews came in, and, pretending to show him a new rifle, shot him dead. His wife, the Bari Maharani, and the Jethi Maharani, the mother of the real heir, took refuge in the Residency, went on into British territory, and are now in Calcutta. The Bari Maharani wrote and asked me to see them, and I was allowed to do so as an expression of sympathy with them in their grief. Unfortunately the widow was ill, and could not come, but the Jethi Maharani, who saw the man shot, and who is also a widow, came, and a more extraordinary figure I never saw. Her appearance deserves minute description. My first view of her was that of a mass of light gauze above, and a pair of legs clothed in loose white trousers below. Having conducted this avalanche of gauze to a sofa, I had time to study details. The thin pink and yellow striped material was not a petticoat, and I am quite at a loss to imagine how it was put on, or how many hundred yards were in it. It looked just as if a great piece had been unrolled, and unrolled, in a heap on the floor, and then picked up and half wound round and half carried by the wearer. When she sat down it was in a great fluff, and when she got up she took it in her arms, and it overflowed everything, except the trousers. The body was made tight, and she wore pink mittens on her hands. Another wonderful part of her was her head. Her hair is jet black, and it was combed up from the back, and two very thick plaits were arranged across the front, one on the top of the other. She had a straight fringe, and one long thin corkscrew curl on each side of her face. On her cheek there was a large round red mark painted, and during the interview she kept putting her finger, wrapped in her handkerchief very carefully, first into the

corner of one eye and then into the other. I really did not see that she was stopping her tears until later when she broke down a little more. Her brother, who wore uniform and a small round cap with a chin-strap, was very deaf. He and an English doctor who was interpreting for me stood in front. She and I sat side by side on the sofa, and the maid, who was dressed like her mistress and who had a terrible squint, stood behind. I spoke to the doctor, and the doctor whispered into the ear of the brother, who, folding his hands before him, whispered into the ear of his sister; and we none of us said much to the purpose.

Then I took her hand and walked with her to the top of the staircase, and then ran to a window to see how she would get her skirts into the carriage.

Last night we had such a pretty ball to the foreign officers. New lights were put up over all the archways, the men were in uniform and the ladies very smart, and everything looked as nice as possible; but I have no time to write more to-day, as I am off to Burmah to-morrow, and I leave this behind me to be posted next mail.

CHAPTER VII

'BURMAH AND MADRAS

, FEBRUARY 8 TO MARCH 8, 1886

Wednesday, February 3rd.—We bade farewell to the stay-at-home portion of our family this morning, and set off on our way to Burmah, with Archie, Lord W. Beresford, Major Cooper, the Doctor, Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, and Mr. McFerran in attendance. A short journey by train and half an hour in the launch brought us to the *Clive*, a fine ship belonging to the Indian Marine. We were joined by the Commander-in-Chief and his suite of four officers, and by Miss Moore, whom we are taking to Rangoon. Captain Hext, a sort of Indian First Lord and an Honorary A.D.C. to the Viceroy, is in command of us. We have our own servants, our own cooks, our own horses, cows, calves, chickens, sheep, and quails on board. The sea is calm, and we make a prosperous start, go on smoothly all day, and drop our pilot in the evening; all dine together, and then sleep comfortably in our spacious cabins.

Saturday, 6th.—I do not mean to give you a detailed account

of an uneventful, and therefore pleasant, voyage. We enjoyed it very much; and although we did not get quite away from posts and telegrams, we did have a certain amount of rest. All Wednesday we had hanging over us the possibility of sending letters by the pilot, and all Friday the necessity of trying to catch the mail on Saturday morning, and then to-day came telegrams about the new Ministry, vague utterances upon the Irish Question, and in fact all sorts and kinds of information more or less interesting. Without going into too much detail, however, you may like to know a little about our voyage.

We entertain all the officers on board, so we have a long dinner-table, and for breakfast and lunch place it on deck; then we read, and talk, and play quitoes, and have a little singing, and I am rather industrious and finish off an article upon my Scheme which has been hanging like a log round my neck. Sir Frederick Roberts disappears a good deal either to sleep or to write; Colonel Chapman is not very well, and Major Chamberlain is always miserable at sea, so that the army is in a much less flourishing condition than the civil department. The Viceroy himself is, of course, quite the sailor.

This morning, after catching the mail, we had some hours to spare before entering the Rangoon River, so we anchored and read all those telegrams before alluded to; and later on, Mr. Bernard, the Commissioner, came on board, and D. and he discussed the Burmese Question together; and we changed from yachting into Viceregal clothes, and the steamer moved on, and every moment the scene became more lively and more interesting. The river itself is simply liquid mud, flowing at an extremely rapid rate; the banks are low and green, and no high land is visible anywhere. All sorts of picturesque boats are moving about. There are big rice-boats laden with their merchandise, and crowds of tiny row-boats with two men in each, the boat having a very sharp point at the bow, which widens out into two points at the stern in triangular fashion; the men are extinguished in large hats with pointed crowns. These little boats come out to bargain with the larger ones, and when the bargain is made a flag is stuck on the rice-boat to show which firm has purchased its cargo. As we advance we gradually catch sight of the great Pagoda at Rangoon—it is just like a big bell, and is the only building to be seen from a distance—and then the men-of-war come in sight, and the reception begins. The ships are dressed, the yards are manned, and great clouds of smoke and booming cannon announce the Viceroy's approach. We could only get up to the landing-place very slowly, as the current was

strong, so we had plenty of time to examine the scene. The banks were a perfect mass of people, and there were gardens and palm-trees, and very pretty Swiss-cottage sort of houses beyond them, and more crowds visible in the distance ; then on the wharf, which was laid with red cloth, were Infantry, Regulars and Volunteers, and bishops, and ladies, and town councillors, all waiting, and behind them what do you think ? Why, the gateway of Killyleagh and the tower on the Town Rock, all in canvas, but exact representations of the solid stone.

The prolonged agony of arrival being over, we landed, and the Viceroy inspected the Guards and made a speech to the Volunteers, and all the people round were presented to him, and I gazed at the Town Councillors, whose hair is arranged in a tight knot at the top of their heads with a fillet of muslin tied round it, and then we walked on through the gateway and found ourselves in a great covered place full of European and Burmese ladies and gentlemen, and an address was read and replied to. I was given a bouquet, and then on we walked to the carriage.

We were escorted by quite a regiment of mounted Volunteers, the chargers being the smallest ponies you ever saw a man ride, and we drove at a foot pace for three miles to the Resident's house. Such a drive !—the streets packed with a picturesque crowd of Indians, Burmese, Chinamen, Karens, &c., &c., for the number of nationalities is too great to be learnt in a day, and all the people so good-humoured and merry-looking, and dressed in such gay colours. Almost each nationality had put up an arch, and each arch was double, and was filled with the people who had put it up—the Chinese arch with Chinese people, the Burman arch with Burmese people, and so on ; and generally, as we went through, a bouquet, or a wreath of flowers, or a shower of rose-leaves, was thrown into the carriage. One arch was full of the ladies of the place ; and very pretty and smart they looked—perhaps a little like big dolls out of a Japanese shop. They all had flowers in their hair, and a very tight petticoat, and their bodies tied round under the arms with a sort of bandage, the arms and neck being bare, or merely covered by a transparent jacket. They either carry or throw over their shoulders a bright-coloured soft silk scarf. They look very decent and modest in their dress, for they have no more figure than the above-named dolls, and the 'bandage' therefore is quite sufficient and quite proper.

As we got out of the town we passed the houses of the richer inhabitants, such very pretty wooden villas surrounded by nice gardens, with porches covered with creepers ; and at last we arrived here, feeling quite tired after the excitement of the day.

Not that the day was over by any means. Oh no, the dinner and reception were to come. But I have not yet told you about the weather, and you must be quite longing to know whether it rained or not. It did not rain, and it was delightfully sunny and pleasant; but had we kept to our original programme, and had we not waited at Calcutta to entertain the foreign officers, we should have come in for the Viceroy's usual downpour. It did rain here for four days, and the arches were put up with difficulty. The Burmese ones are most delicate structures, and with seven roofs taper away into nothing at the top. This is the Royal shape, and this is the first time a seven-roofed pagoda has been put up for such a purpose. Now that poor Theebaw has been extinguished, I suppose the people look forward to seeing no more Royal visitor than a Viceroy, so they have given him the seven roofs.

It is fine weather, but it is not warm, and we suffer from all the preparations that have been made to keep the house cool. Take my bed-room, for instance. A wide open-work lattice runs round the top of it, a large open archway lets in the air over each door, a strip of wood in the centre of the wall separates it from other rooms in which the same airy system is carried out; the windows are made without glass, and punkahs hang both outside and inside the mosquito-curtains.

There was a big dinner of sixty people, which lasted two hours, and I don't think there can be sixty doors in the room, but there appeared to be one at each person's back, and still the punkahs were kept going. D. had a little cold, and I was quite frightened about him, and asked to have this cold-giving machine stopped for a few minutes, but he shook his head at me, and it went on again. The party was cold too; the room was quite open, and it was chilly in the extreme—in fact, hot sal volatile and a mustard-poultice were the results; but we did our duty. We were introduced to everybody, and found out exactly what they thought of the weather, and they feared we must find it very hot after Calcutta; and when we explained with pride that we enjoyed much greater warmth there, they were sorry for us, and glad that they did not live in such a hot climate. I also found out that the whole society have been in Rangoon about one year, which seems curious; but whether they have been here one year or fifty, as about three people have, they all feel hot.

I will now throw in some little scraps of information for your benefit.

The Burmese women are great personages, and play a great part in their households. They choose their own husbands and divorce

them when they like, retaining their own property and all that they have earned; they are at liberty to marry again, whether as widows or as *divorcées*. Mr. Bernard told me that when the last census came in, he thought the number of women who said they could read and write was small, so he made enquiries, and from all parts of the country young ladies replied that they did not like to say they could read, lest young gentlemen, learning the fact, should write to them.

The Karens, whom I mentioned casually, are said to be the pre-Burman inhabitants of the country. Great numbers of them are Christians, and they are a more plodding and steady race than the Burmese.

You may also like to know that my room is swarming with lizards, that Major Cooper has killed a scorpion in his, and that a humming-bird has built its nest in the silk tassel of a Chinese lantern in the verandah, and did not even mind its being lighted last night. I have forgotten to tell you sooner that we are staying with Mr. and Mrs. Bernard. He is the Chief Commissioner of Lower Burmah, and he will go up to Mandalay with us. Both he and his wife are very nice, and have been most kind and hospitable to us.

I must end abruptly here, for the mails go off unexpectedly, and I am called upon at all sorts of odd times to be ready with my letters. I am quite sorry to send off such a meagre account of my first Burmese experiences.

Sunday, 7th.—After a very quiet morning spent in the house, we went for a drive before evening church. Through a real willow-pattern garden we made our way to the entrance of the great Pagoda. This is guarded by two gigantic and grotesque white stone dogs, their faces painted red and blue. Passing them, we walked up a great flight of steps through a colonnade covered in by a series of seven-roofed pinnacles. I cannot find out the correct name for this style of building, but the roofs gradually diminish to a point, and one sees them in all Chinese pictures. When, as in this case, they rise one after the other up the side of a hill, they look very pretty indeed. Within this covered way were all sorts of people with stalls, selling little coloured candles which people buy and offer to Buddha; dolls and curious toys, and paper flowers were also for sale, and there were groups of the blind, the halt, and the maimed, and lepers asking charity.

The nuns, who all seem to be old women, and who are clad in white, with bare, bald heads, sit by the way too, telling their beads, and monks are to be seen everywhere.

Every Burman has for some time during his life to be a

Pohnggee, or monk. He may remain in the monastery a day, a year, or his whole life, but his entrance is always a great function, and it seems to be something like the Sikh baptism or like our own Confirmation. The proper thing to do is to remain at least one season of Lent in a retreat, but the moment a man feels that he cannot keep the vows he returns to the world. These monks all wear the most picturesque yellow drapery, and of course there were numbers of them all about the Pagoda.

The Pagoda is in the centre of a plateau which is quite covered with temples to Buddha. It is one of the most extraordinary and unquiet-looking places I ever saw. I could not help thinking of the calm simplicity of the Taj, and contrasting it with the glitter and the odds and ends of buildings here. I don't suppose greater contrasts could be imagined; yet it is very grand in its way. The Pagoda itself is like a gigantic hand-bell. It is gilt, and is 370 feet high and 11,000 feet in circumference. It is solid, and was built to hold three hairs from the Lord Buddha's head. All round it is a row of smaller 'hand-bells,' each one a 'work of merit;' that is to say, each is put up by a Buddhist to purchase for himself some advantage in a future state. Outside these comes a row of gilt trees, bearing glass fruits, and lastly elephants, and men in white stucco kneel holding trays for offerings.

The rest of the plateau is covered with innumerable buildings; some are seven-roofed temples full of images of Buddha, some contain large bells which the worshippers strike when they have done praying. The carving of the seven roofs is always most elaborate. There are also posts surmounted by the sacred goose, from which sausage-shaped flags float out into the air, and cells built round the sacred peepul-tree, with an image of Buddha in each cell. Buddha is everywhere, and there are often thirty or forty images of him in one temple; he is always sitting there with the same calm smile upon his face, and is seldom in a recumbent attitude.

The strange living figures—monks, nuns, men, and brightly dressed women—moving about add greatly to the beauty of the scene, not to mention the babies, who are most attractive—babies in pink silk shirts toddling about, or babies unadorned except by a little top-knot on their heads; they are brown and fat and fascinating.

Both men and women have beautiful glossy black hair, and are very proud of it; the men wear it at the top of their heads, and the women have their chignons lower down, and generally ornament them with flowers.

We saw a game of football going on, which was remarkably pretty and lively. The ball is made of wicker-work, and must

not be touched by the arm or hand during the game. One man begins and plays ball with it, catching it on his knee, foot, or shoulder, and then suddenly throws it on to another, who keeps it up as long as he can, or until it pleases him to send it further. They played this game close to the Pagoda.

We had just time to drive a short way by a lake before going on to church. It was six o'clock in the evening and really cold, so I begged that the punkahs might be stopped, but even so it was draughty, and D. made his cold worse.

Monday, 8th.—We left Rangoon early, Mrs. Bernard and Miss Moore remaining there, but Mr. Bernard coming with us. We had seven hours in the train, reaching Prome at 5.30. At all the stations on the way the villagers came to see us, the place was decorated, and a bouquet or basket of flowers was brought me. Once we saw a Burmese band. The bandmaster sat in a carved wooden circle, round the inside of which drums of all sizes were hung, and he played upon these, with his hands flying about from one to the other, and looked just like some one performing a very grand piece on a piano. Another man in another circle played cymbals, and outside there were men who struck split bamboos together with great precision and in excellent time. The music was very pleasant.

At Prome we descended from the railway to the wharf through a beautifully made covered way with pinnacled roofs like those at the Pagoda, and Burmese officials squatted on one side, while Burmese ladies squatted on the other. The road was lined by troops who had just come from Calcutta, and we had also a number of Blue-jackets with us.

The river steamer is splendid—its only fault lies in the preparations for keeping up a perpetual draught; and as the mornings, evenings, and nights are extremely cold, as we go at the rate of fourteen knots an hour through the water, and as the Viceroy has a cold, this is unfortunate. Our accommodation is all in the bow. The bow itself makes a delightful sitting-room for us, and there we have six cabins or small rooms which D. and I, Archie and Mr. McFerran divide between us. One is my boudoir, and it has such smart furniture—such plush tables, stuffed arm-chairs, gold-headed scent-bottles! The dining-room and all the other cabins are towards the centre of the vessel.

Everything had been so well arranged for us, but imagine the captain's feelings when we arrived with 100 servants whom he had never heard of! They have all been stowed in somehow.

We were thirty-six at dinner the first night, as we asked the officials at Prome to dine. One of our guests was a Countess

Calliarveris ; she has married an Italian, but she is a real native who was educated in England. She is very lively and well-mannered.

Tuesday, 9th.—D. had to stay in bed for his cold, which was a great pity, as the middle of the day was lovely—such a balmy air, and the river so pretty to look at. The Irrawaddy is a fine river, and, without being very striking, the scenery is interesting—white sandy shores, rocky banks, fair-sized hills, and always plenty of trees.

We cannot travel at night, so we anchored in the evening opposite to the Fort of Minhla, which is one of the few places where there was a little fighting before the taking of Mandalay. I went ashore to see it. The fort is simply a square with a second inner wall, on the top of which our officers now have their tents. One charge was made to take it, and when our men reached the top the Burmese fled, some down narrow stairs, some dropping over the wall. They cannot stand fixed bayonets for a second. Close to the fort are some pagodas. In the twilight the place is like a great graveyard, and I almost wonder Colonel Baker likes to sleep there ; his tent looks as though it were pitched among tombs.

These pagodas are not gilt, and they are all much the same size—about as tall as a cottage. Very few Buddhas remain here, and those that do have lost their heads, for the very first night the Mahometan soldiers got in, they defaced every image.

The officers who have been shut up in this small place for more than two months were very glad of a little change, so I asked eight of them to dinner.

Wednesday, 10th.—Another delightful day on the river. D. enjoyed it much. The scenery was more varied to-day, and in the evening, when we sighted Pagan, it was really lovely. This city was the ancient capital, but it is now deserted, and is simply a great town of pagodas. They reach for many miles, and you may imagine how picturesque they look. They are not all the bell shape, and are many of them square or octagonal, each storey decreasing in size, the whole ending in a point. This mysterious-looking town, reflected in the river, and with a red sunset light over it, was very striking.

The navigation of the river is most exciting, for it is very low at this season, and we are perpetually avoiding sand-banks. We have a pilot-ship in front, and when we watch the turns and twists she has to make, we can scarcely believe that our great long vessel can follow safely in her wake. We heard this morning that the *Irrawaddy*, a vessel of the Indian Marine, has gone ashore and sunk somewhere on our route.

We did not stop till after dark, and so I could not land. Four officers came off to dine.

Thursday, 11th.—At about twelve o'clock a little steamer appeared in sight, and brought General Prendergast and Colonel Sladen on board. The former is a very straightforward-looking soldier. Colonel Sladen was the last English Resident in British Burmah, and he had just returned in time to see King Theebaw's exit, and remained at the Palace with the Royal family during the last night. He lays the blame of all Theebaw's evil doings upon his wife, Soopaya-Lât, whom the English call 'Selina Sophia.' She managed everything, and all the money from taxes and other sources was brought to her. Her mother, also a very masterful woman, is exiled too. Theebaw writes that he is very happy and comfortable, and that he has even been provided with a doctor, so much care do we take of him.

I landed at Mingyan, the last place where any resistance was made to our troops. In the distance it looked very pretty, a town of spires; but on shore I only saw the military arrangements, as we had not time to go sight-seeing.

The *Peel*, a vessel which was following us with a guard of 100 soldiers for the Viceroy, went ashore last night, and we do not know if she has got off.

Blackwell and D.'s Persian policeman both have a touch of fever; it really is a work of difficulty to get safely through the varieties of temperature and the draughts we are exposed to.

I sat between General Prendergast and Mr. Gordon at dinner. The latter is an unsuccessful candidate at the last election. He has come here to see about railways, and has a passage in our pilot-boat. General Prendergast is very nice. He seems to have been quite the right man in the right place—very kind, but determined. It is, of course, very interesting to hear all the details of the taking of Mandalay, but I must not weary you with a too voluminous report of our proceedings and of all we hear.

Friday, 12th.—The outlook this morning was very curious. There were the noses of all the junks sunk by the Burmese peeping out of the water all round us, and there was our own ship *Irrawaddy* settling on the sandbank; and in the narrow channel we had to twist in and out of these dangers with the greatest care. The banks, covered with pagodas, are lovely. We were off Ava at nine o'clock, and every little hill was crowned by a snow-white monument, while there were groups of them in some places, and below a beautifully-carved wooden monastery. Out of every bit of jungle rises a spire, and it is impossible to

convey the effect of it all. You can't bear to take your eyes off the scenery for a minute, lest you should lose some specially characteristic building. Burmah looks rather like a country of cemeteries, if you imagine each tombstone to be about the size of the Albert Memorial.

We reached Mandalay about twelve o'clock. The town is three miles from the river, so that all we saw from the ship was a reception-hall which had been put up for the occasion, some British tents, and next to us on the river a most wonderful old barge. It is two boats joined together, with a seven-roofed pinnacle over the centre, two large gilt ornaments at the stern, and two great gold and silver gods at the prow.

We were to go ashore at three ; and before then we watched the Burmans coming and going, men and women. They wore very gay colours, and some of them had men carrying big hats umbrella fashion over their heads. When all was ready, we marched up the steps from the steamer to the entrance of the hall, the way being lined by British sailors, and through it, just as the Viceroy does at a durbar, to two thrones placed side by side upon a dais. They had embroidered peacocks on the back, and were set with imitation stones ; a white canopy, the emblem of royalty, was hung over us. It was a very odd sensation to come and 'King and Queen' it in this way, and I felt rather like an actor in a play. We all sat in solemn silence, while the Viceroy's salute was fired—a great assembly of soldiers, politicals, and Burmans !

The thirty-one guns over, Colonel Sladen bowed before His Excellency, and said there was an address to be presented. This one was from the European inhabitants of Mandalay. It was in a long box and was written on narrow slips of bamboo, which the reader handed one by one to some one near as he finished each bit. D. replied to this address. Then came some Burmese merchants to present another, and we heard the language for the first time. It is read in a very sing-song manner, and with a very long drawl on an occasional word, which has a funny effect. The Burmese all sat on chairs at this durbar, as D. said he only expected the same marks of respect from them that he did from Europeans and Indians, so they squat no longer.

When all was over we walked out again, treading on the roses which some Burmese women threw upon our path, and getting into our carriage started for the Palace. The whole three miles was lined with troops ; there was a very strong escort, besides our own body-guard, who look real giants in this country of small men and ponies.

Outside the city all the houses are mere matting sheds, and the people look very poor and naked. But the city walls are beautiful and of a rich colour, being built of brownish-red bricks. They are in perfect repair, and form a great square, each side a mile and a half long. The whole wall has a plain indented border, and at stated intervals along it are those lovely many-roofed pagodas—large ones at the corners and in the centre, and smaller ones between. There is something very grand and simple about the whole, and a moat right round it, wide as a river and full of water, adds to the effect. We drove through the finest gateway, and soon came to a high palisade which encloses the Palace; there gilded minarets and shining pinnacles and golden carved roofs began to appear, and when we descended from the carriage we found ourselves at the entrance of King Theebaw's Hall of Audience.

I must, however, go back to tell you that two wonderful arches were put up for us on the way. They were filled with people, and we stopped in each to receive addresses. On one side of the first were the gentlemen who read the address, and on the other were dancing-girls singing and posturing, and wonderful to behold. In the second arch—tables were spread on either side with fruit and flowers, and wooden figures dressed up as women stood by.

The great Audience Hall is all gold—great teak pillars gilt. At one end is Theebaw's throne, and doors open directly behind it, through which he used suddenly to appear and look upon the crowd bowed before him with their faces to the ground. When we entered there were four men playing drums, and I think it was one of the most comic things I ever saw. The drums were hanging up, and had white muslin petticoats round them, and the men who played them danced about and made grimaces, and threatened them with their fists as if they were living things and as if they were having a good joke together. There was one old gentleman in particular who seemed to be a first-rate actor, and who certainly had great fun with his drum. I could have looked at them for hours, were life less full of seeing and doing than it is at present.

Then we walked on through the Palace. A marvellous place it is. What is not gold is a sort of glass mosaic, which is very bright and effective. There are glass latticework sides to some of the rooms, and golden pillars, and glasswork pillars, and great mirrors; and outside, golden roofs beautifully carved, and more gold and glass palings, acres of gilt roofing, and shining pinnacles, and forests of teak pillars all gold!

One very fine room has been arranged by our officers as a drawing-room for me, and it has in it some of the pretty things collected from various parts of the Palace: fine china bowls in which the Burmese had been cooking; glass-work pagoda boxes, containing vessels for water; poor Soopaya-Lat's triple pier-glass, which shuts up and has a peacock on the back of it, and other things which I shall have time to inspect later. We mounted a high tower, from which we could see the whole Palace and its surroundings. It was nearly sunset, and the light on the seven-roofed pinnacle over the royal abode, and the glittering of the many smaller ones, and the great expanse of fantastic-shaped roofs with their carved and gilt eaves, gave one a fine idea of the size and beauty of the Palace. The view itself was lovely, for the whole enclosure within those splendid city walls is full of trees; the Shan Mountains rise beyond, and there are strange pagodas or temples everywhere. There is the 'Incomparable Pagoda,' which is quite white, and which rises from the ground in diminishing squares, and near it another very celebrated golden bell-shaped pagoda surrounded by eleven hundred small shrines.

Just before leaving the Palace—for we have decided to remain most of our time on the steamer and only to spend two nights there—we saw some Burmese dancers for a few minutes. When we entered the circular building where they perform, they were all seated, a mass of gold and silver and bright colour, and then they came forward in two lines and danced before us. The row of men were dressed as princes. They wore very high pointed gold hats poised on their heads, and held on by straps which had large gold wings covering their ears. They had very big silver Charles I. collars, and gold and silver stiff leaf-like aprons. They were completely clothed and very brilliant.

The women were just the figures you know so well in pictures. Their dancing is much more interesting than that of Indian nautch-girls; still it consists almost entirely in bending about the body into extraordinary positions, many of them suggestive of a bad pain somewhere. The movement which is the most admired is made with the arm, and consists in bending the elbow the wrong way; it looks as if it had a double joint. The dancers all have thin little arms, and they twist them and their fingers about all the time. Their petticoats are very long and very tight, but they manage them well. The dance is a sort of play which goes on for hours, so we only saw the prelude, and the male and female dancers were just beginning a figure together when we had to go.

The Head-quarters Staff is settled in the Palace, and we were to have stayed there, but the ship is considered more healthy ; we are, however, going there on Monday for a little.

Saturday, 13th.—We went out this morning to see the Queen's Monastery. The central building, which is most elaborately carved, is all gilded ; and the surrounding houses are equally beautifully carved in plain wood. Every house in Burmah is raised on piles, and in this case, where the pillars are solid teak covered with gold, the ground-floor has the appearance of a magnificent hall of columns. At the corners it is supported by carved dragons ; flights of stairs outside lead up to the first-floor, round which, forming a verandah, there is an elaborately carved paling in solid wood.

We were told the Bishop would see us, so we were taken into the room where he sat surrounded by his monks. Don't imagine him with lawn sleeves or an apron. No ; he had a quite bald head, and a beautiful yellow toga wrapped round him, which was over one shoulder and under the other arm. This room almost defies description—the columns, walls, doors, ceilings, all gold. About the height of a man's shoulder from the floor the pillars have round them a broad band of raised carving set with diamonds, or what appear to be diamonds. At one end, on a shining dais, sits the calm, smiling Buddha. All the doors are carved with figures in relief, and every little morsel of wood you look at is a perfectly carved figure or design, and all gold. The only touch of any other colour you get is from below, when you see the red lining of the roofs ; a very beautiful red it is, and it is used in every place where there is not gold. The many diminishing roofs along the city wall are of this deep red just tipped with gold.

In the afternoon His Excellency received all the Burmese Ministers. He first saw them together, and then had two of them here separately. They were both presented to me. The Prime Minister did not desert the King, but saw him safely off, and has since worked with us. He seems a bright old man, and he told the other when he went back that he need not fear to go and see the Viceroy, as he had passed safely through the fire. They were pleased to hear that I intended to give a party for the ladies, and the second one said he had just lost his only daughter, and that his wife was very unhappy and could not come, but she would be sorry not to see me. Their dress is a long piece of silk tied round the body, the wide ends hanging like a petticoat in front, a wisp of muslin tied round their heads, a knot of hair in the centre, and a white jacket.

When the business interviews were over, we went to see the 'Incomparable Pagoda.' The great hall in the centre is like what I have described before—a golden room with great pillars, jewelled bands round them, a big Buddha sitting there. The outside of this is ugly ; a staring white place built in diminishing squares, the top of each battlemented. There are gold and plain carved houses attached to this ; and in one we saw a beautiful white marble Buddha, with gold cap, shirt, and finger-tips.

We next went to look at a pagoda, which I certainly like better than the one at Rangoon, and it is most curious. The pagoda itself is again a gigantic hand-bell, but without any tawdry accompaniments. It is all gilt. Forming a great square round it are eleven hundred white pagodas, or small buildings, each one with a slab of marble upright in it, most beautifully inscribed on both sides with pieces of 'scripture.' I went half-way up the outside of the great pagoda, and was delighted with the view ; all these strange white cupolas in the foreground, the trees and rising pinnacles, and gold roofs and the distant mountains—it made one really feel as if one must be dreaming.

I confess, however, that this evening I feel almost tired of gold. I never conceived such masses of it before, and can't understand it all at once.

I must tell you a little more about the glass mosaic which is often used on the side walls of buildings, and of which there is so much in the Palace. Some of it is composed of pieces of glass imbedded in a gold ground. Sometimes it is laid on an open latticework and edged with gold. In other places it is cut and set with coloured bits like jewels, or round panels, the centre of them being artificial flowers with glass over them. This is the least successful form, but even this is very effective when a whole wall is done with it ; and I think that when it is mixed with gold on the outside of buildings it looks like silver and is very splendid.

There were some very funny groups of people about while the Ministers were here. Five men, for instance, sitting under one big hat which a servant carries over his master's head when he walks ; an occasional elephant passing with his passenger sitting in a basket on his back, and a particular elephant stepping over a rope lying on the ground, which was the most comic sight of all—he felt it and shook it, and finally lifted each great foot as high as ever he could, as though he had the trunk of a giant tree to pass over instead of a mere thread !

Sunday, 14th.—I went to church this morning in King Thee-

baw's Audience Hall. The Army Chaplain stood in front of his throne, and all the soldiers in lines between the columns.

In the afternoon we made a charming expedition to see the great bell at Mengdoon, which is only second in size to the Moscow bell. A smaller steamer came alongside ours to take us there, and we lunched on our way across the river. All the Special Reporters, both those who draw and those who write, went with us. We also had a strong guard of sailors, who formed a cordon round the place while we roamed about and saw the sights.

The biggest pagoda in the world was to have been built here, but an earthquake put an end to the whole design ; and all that is to be seen now is a solid mass of brick masonry rent by this convulsion of nature, and the hind-quarters of two gigantic lions which were to have guarded the entrance. The square block is, even in its unfinished state, a very great performance, and with wood and river and small pagodas near, the place is very pretty. The big bell is close by, and is half resting on the ground and half hung between pillars grown over with ivy. Lying in the jungle we found some carved wooden ladies, who were shouldered by the sailors and carried off with a view to their taking up a position some day in the hall at Clandeboye. We had one or two people at dinner, amongst them Monsieur Andreino, the Italian Consul, who so narrowly escaped from Theebaw's clutches !

Monday, 15th.—We came up to the Palace to-day to stay, and very nice and pleasant it is. There is my drawing-room with its twenty-eight beautiful golden pillars, and its gold and glass latticework sides. There is my bed-room with its golden pillars and little matting partitions, and in both rooms a lofty roof, the rafters all gilt. In the drawing-room a number of white canopies hang about and form occasional ceilings, and show that it is a royal abode.

We looked at the 'Prize.' Very poor prize it is ! Theebaw's ladies were much too sharp for our soldiers, and managed to walk off with everything. There is positively only one jewel, and that is French—it is a necklace of small diamonds and rubies, and an ornament for the hair in the shape of a peacock, to match ; one very big, but bad emerald, and three large good ones ; that is absolutely all. There are a number of Geneva watches, and some small French ornaments, but nothing even worth buying as souvenirs, for these odds and ends are European things.

At three o'clock D. had a levée. He stood in front of Theebaw's throne (which, as I told you, is only a *daïs*), with a

row of body-guard behind him and another row in front, and much 'brilliant Staff' around and about him; and the 'Illustrated' on one side, and the 'Graphic' on the other, busy scribbling away; themselves a good subject for a caricature in their evening coats and big sun hats. I was behind the throne, looking through some carved brass doors, where I could criticise the casual nods which some officers give as they pass by. I saw the Burmese Ministers trying not to squat, and the Chinese residents bending double, and the native officers presenting their swords, and then unfortunately there was some mistake and the levée was supposed to be over, and the Viceroy put on his helmet, and I fled back to my room, saying to myself, 'Only two Burmese; is it a demonstration?' Then it turned out that all the Burmese who had a right to come were there, but had got into some out-of-the-way corner. The Viceroy resumed his place, and they all passed by, but I missed seeing them.

After this ceremony plain clothes were put on, and we rode out. We visited all the sick and wounded in the hospitals: such hospitals!—more gold pillars and carved roofs. They are really admirable buildings for the purpose. They are all raised from the ground, and are open to the air on every side. Not a single man in hospital has died from a wound, and all the sick do well.

Then we started to go up Mandalay Hill. The city takes its name from this hill, which rises direct from the plain and commands a great extent of country. There is a rough sort of staircase up to the top, and some people rode, but I walked both up and down, and it was a steep pull! Half-way up there is a gigantic gold figure of Buddha. It is about forty feet high, and it is pointing to the spot where the palace was to be built, and where it now is. At the top there are more Buddhas. Our soldiers have a signalling station there, and I believe this is the place to hear news, for they learn at once all that is going on. On coming down we looked at a sitting figure of Buddha which is twenty-four feet high, and which has a house all to itself. The whole way round this building are hundreds of small temples, each with a Buddha in it, and when you look down a row you can see these kneeling figures the whole way along.

In the evening we had a Burmese play. It was held in the 'Umbrella Room,' a name which exactly describes its construction. A small pasteboard mountain close to the stick is all the scenery, and the spectators sit all the way round the edge of the open umbrella, except at one part where the actors are collected. One of these Burmese plays lasts about three days, and the actors like to go through everything in a long-drawn manner, so I felt rather

ashamed of the way in which we hurried them from scene to scene that we might see as much as possible.

The story was that of a princess who was to be given to the one out of seven suitors who could bend a certain bow and shoot an arrow from it. Mixed up with this simple theme were evil spirits and clowns who lengthened it out. Each prince had a little scene to himself to introduce him : he marshalled his followers ; he had a certain amount of chaff with the maids of honour ; and he was to be presented to the king, which all took time. Then the ladies appeared, and the princess (an elderly *prima donna*) waved herself about and began to sing what turned out to be an ode to the Viceroy and me. It spoke of my dress as being worth millions, and of the diamonds in my hair, and I felt that the expectations of the composer must have been sadly disappointed at sight of the real thing ! All the actors' dresses were very fine, really handsome, for this 'Opera' is supported by the State, and a Minister has, or had, charge of the department. It was a very pretty scene. At first one thinks that moving about in a dress which is as tight as it can well be—like one trouser leg—cannot be pretty, but the women are so supple that their movements become graceful. The *prima donna* carried a small fan and a silk scarf in her hand, and she ended off her song very prettily, making first of all an English 'salaam' before us, and then a Burmese salutation with her face to the ground. The ease with which men and women squat is most remarkable. There was a good deal of fun in the acting too. A clown, who wore a silver collar and a petticoat, was very funny, and the women were charming and very lively when they scoffed the unsuccessful suitors. This sort of play would make an admirable successor to the 'Mikado,' if it could be produced in London.

I forgot to tell you that we saw Theebaw's state coat, which is very like what the dancing 'princes' wear. D. is going to send it to the South Kensington Museum.

Tuesday, 16th.—We got up early and rode four miles to a place where marble Buddhas were being made. The ride was the most interesting part, as we passed through the Mandalay 'Covent Garden,' and saw all the people buying and selling vegetables, and the pohngees (monks) going about, as they do every morning, to collect food from the faithful. To put something into a pohngee's pot is a work of merit which every Burman should perform daily. Afterwards I was taken to see the palace storehouse. Although there is nothing valuable, there are any amount of odds and ends purchased from Europe : scores of photograph-books, sewing-machines, photograph-frames, fans, toys, and

lacquer boxes of all kinds, and scent enough to furnish a shop. A little auction was held here to-day, by the Prize Committee, and I believe the rubbish went at enormous prices.

In the afternoon I had the most successful party you can imagine. I was just a little afraid that the Burmese ladies might not come, but at four o'clock about sixty of them appeared, all swathed in lovely colours and soft silks, diamond and pearl necklaces, and flowers in their black hair; earrings too, which I must mention particularly, for they are straight tubes of amber, glass, jade, or gold, pushed through the lobe of the ear—they are as thick as a lady's thumb, and about an inch long. Some of these are set at one end with big stones, but some are hollow. D. and I stood at the door and welcomed our guests one by one. They had to come up three steps into the room, and as their garments are open all the way down the front, it requires some management to walk up with propriety. They do manage them so well that you never would know that the petticoat is not joined unless you were told it. As we shook hands with them, they bolted past us, and immediately squatted on the floor, which I now find is a most admirable arrangement, doing away entirely with the stiff circle into which the best regulated chairs will form on such occasions. The first time, however, that I saw all my guests thus seated I was rather startled, and wondered how I was to pass the time for them. I began by sitting on a very low chair near the Ministers' wives, and giving them a cup of tea and a biscuit, asking them a few questions meantime and admiring their jewellery. When they had gained sufficient courage, they asked me my age, which, according to Burmese etiquette, is an essential mark of politeness, and then we got on beautifully. I enquired if they would like to look at the things in the room, so we all got up, and I showed them the Queen's triple looking-glass, which was a great success, and they were highly amused at seeing themselves on three sides all at once. I next produced a musical box, and the ice being now entirely broken they asked me to let them see some of the other rooms; so, with a brilliant following, I marched about exhibiting Theebaw's Palace to his late subjects. They were most cheerful, and said they had been in the Palace before, 'but not like this.'

The next part of the programme was some dancing, and, still with my train behind me, I repaired to the Umbrella Room. There they sat on the floor, leaning forward with their elbows on the ground and enjoying it thoroughly. The principal lady advised me as to the best dances, and I got her to ask for them. Several times they said to me (according to the translator) that

it was very 'jolly,' and that they were so pleased to have come ; and towards the end they told me that I had only got to send for them when there was any more dancing, and they would come at once. Their husbands had told them not to smoke before me, so the very enormous cigar, which is generally in the mouth of man, woman, and child, did not appear on this occasion. They were quite unwilling to go away, so I think I am justified in saying that the party was a success. There were also some Mahometan ladies at it, but the only peculiarity I could see about them was that they would only take the tea from Mussulman hands : and I don't know why they should have this prejudice. They were dressed like the others, and are in fact Burmese.

I must mention one other function, which took place to-day. The Viceroy received the 'Archbishop' and a great suite of 'chaplains,' all of them with shaven heads, yellow robes, and each one with a large fan in his hand to shade him from the sun.

Wednesday, 17th.—D. went into the bazaar before breakfast, and all the morning did a great deal of business, while I amused myself with photography and with looking about the Palace. We took a little ride in the evening, and ended up with a dinner to the Head-quarters Staff. D. proposed General Prendergast's and Mr. Bernard's healths in a speech which you will read in the 'Times,' to which they both replied. It was all very nice ; but as the guests were heads of departments they could not applaud their own praises, and so it seemed to me rather solemn.

Thursday, 18th.—I got either cold or sun in my eye, and had to go about with a green patch over it, unable to read or write, so I was rather glad that I was to see the French nuns who are settled here. They came in the morning and gossiped for some time. They saw a great deal of Soopaya-Lât, the late Queen, and I will tell you all they told me about her, and what I have heard from others. She seems really to have been like a queer of ancient history.

A Burmese king is expected to marry his half-sister, so that the royal blood may be kept pure, though her child does not necessarily become king—and Soopaya-Lât bore this relation to the King ; but she had an elder sister whom Theebaw should have married, and it was only because they were already betrothed that his engagement to her was allowed to stand, and to the great misfortune of the country she became Queen. If the people here are to be believed, all poor Theebaw's crimes of commission and of omission were due to her ; he never was allowed out of

her sight, never did anything or gave an order except at her suggestion. He did not drink as he was said to do, for no wine-bottles full or empty were found in the Palace.

They both lived in small back rooms, sitting all day side by side on the ground, and if he moved away she used to tell him to come back quickly. They seldom went about the Palace, and only appeared on state occasions in the large apartments. She was a very violent and passionate woman, governed entirely by impulse and caprice, thinking herself the very greatest person in all the world, and unable to conceive the possibility of misfortune or retribution falling upon her. She had maids of honour and eunuchs about her, and she had a wonderful talent for keeping them employed. Her followers were like ants, always busy, always fetching or carrying, or in some way fulfilling her behests. The King had a guard of women, who were relieved at stated hours like soldiers; but Soopaya-Lât took good care of him, and if he looked at another woman, woe betide that unfortunate creature. That she employed 'refined cruelty' and that she tortured her victims seems certain; and the nuns told me that they have sat with her in one room while women were being beaten in the next, and that the Queen and her Court were highly amused at their cries, and treated it all as the most enjoyable fête. A bed, with all the necessary machinery for letting its occupier down into a cellar below, was found, but of course no one knows whether it was used or not.

A former queen and a princess had been in prison and in chains for six years, and they could not imagine what had happened when our soldiers opened the doors and released them. They are now in absolute poverty. As the Bishop said of Soopaya-Lât, 'If she liked you, she loved you; if she hated you, she killed you.' The wives of officials lived in constant terror lest their own or their husbands' lives should be taken.

The nuns had curious relations with the Queen, and I think these good ladies have got themselves into rather a mess, for they had some large business transactions with her. The Queen used to send constantly for them. Some days she made them translate to her all the French novels that could be found; other days she displayed her jewels—such diamonds and rubies! The nuns described dazzling heaps of them covering the floor. Other times she gave them commissions: they were to send to Paris, to Calcutta, to Rangoon, to get jewels and every other sort of thing that came into her head—watches without end, photograph-albums, frames, and stuffs. The nuns did it, and at first they got paid, but the last two years Soopaya-Lât has paid nothing, and there

is, I believe, a considerable sum due for jewels and other unpaid goods.

These ladies did a good deal of needlework for the Queen too. One time she thought trousers made a good dress for women, so they set to work and trousered the whole Court. As a rule, she wore the ordinary Burmese dress herself, but she had a magnificent 'uniform' for state occasions. It was a long and heavy coat, with stiff points like fins at the sides, and it was covered with gold and precious stones. When she and Theebaw sat in their grand dresses on the throne, the floor of the room was covered by a multitude of people, all with their faces to the ground, and if the Queen saw anywhere in the most distant corner a person who was less prostrate than he, or she, ought to be, she sent him from the room, and he 'heard of it' afterwards.

She gave quantities of presents to the persons she liked, and one of her amusements was on one of these state occasions, or fête days, to sit on the dais, with a great pile of money before her, and to call people up to take as much as they could carry in their two hands. Their efforts to get big handfuls caused her much amusement, and then she would throw pieces about the room and enjoy seeing the scramble that ensued. She would go on for a whole night doing this, laughing to see her subjects grovelling before her ; thus she spent large sums of money.

I can't make out that she had much amusement in the daytime. She was fond of music, and if there were any European ladies at Mandalay, she used to get them to come and play the piano to her, but they had to do so kneeling. A photographer used to be sent for sometimes, and he was kept photographing all the ladies of her Court the whole day long. Another day she would look through all her albums, and study the very ugly photographs therein. I saw numbers of them, and bought one.

The Queen wished to travel, but she said that, although other sovereigns did so, it would not do for her. She meant, however, to make her children go about. The King was very devoted to her, but was dreadfully afraid of her. He has also married her youngest sister at Soopaya's desire. She told the nuns that she was fond of her sister, and wished her to be as happy as she herself was, and so she had got the King to marry her.

When Theebaw left the Palace, his hands were crossed before him, and he had a wife on each side ; he thus led them out, and seems to have behaved with considerable dignity. What a terribly dramatic ending to Soopaya's greatness ! Not even a gold coach to go away in ; only a square box of a vehicle, in which she and the King and her mother all crowded together.

They were followed by women carrying trays full of goods, but many of these ran away and escaped with the things.

General Prendergast brought me a lovely little image of Buddha, which he said he and the officers of the army wished to give me as a souvenir of my visit to Mandalay ; and they gave D. the original and the translation of Lord Dalhousie's Despatch when he addressed his ultimatum to the Burmese.

We left the Palace in state at five o'clock, and drove down to the reception hall which had been put up for our arrival ; there English officers and the Burmese Ministers were collected. The latter stood in a row before the Viceroy, and he told them then that their country had been taken over by the English people, and that we expect them now to show loyalty and devotion to their new Sovereign. Then we shook hands with them and went on board. The 'Prime Minister' wanted to give me some silk, and Archie a sword, but we could not take them.

The Burmese appear to be a most pleasing, nice people to do with, but some of their very virtues make them difficult to govern and to depend upon. Their police are no good, and they neither stand and fight nor quite give way. However, for better, for worse, Burmah is annexed. It seems a rich country, and Mandalay is a lovely place, and we, at any rate, have had a delightful visit there. The soldiers hitherto have had an exciting time too, but now that the glamour is worn off, they have a dull and rather dreary prospect before them.

D. has done an immensity of business : things could not have been settled without his coming here. The last act he performed before leaving was rather curious and picturesque to look at. He had promised to return to the Bishop and his monks some Buddhas which they considered specially sacred, so these were all laid out together, and the yellow-robed brethren stood by, and D. handed their images over to them, and then a crowd of coolies rushed in and carried them all off.

We are once more on board our ship, and hope sincerely to get down the river without sticking.

Friday, 19th.—My last entry expressed a wish which has not been fulfilled. We did go on a sand-bank, and did stick there for a whole day. Our pilot steamer and all our men were busy from morn till eve hauling, and tugging, and laying out anchors and taking them in again, and we just managed to get off before dark.

The stoppage was long enough to put out all our arrangements, and we have had to alter our plans, so that we shall not reach Calcutta as soon as we intended.

Life on board need not be recorded. Happily our mail came in, and brought us news of all our belongings in various parts of the world, and our letters were highly appreciated.

As I have nothing to say of ourselves, it may amuse you to know what Theebaw is doing, as described in official papers by the officer in charge of him. He is greatly occupied about the coming baby. He wonders what clothes it had better wear, and he has ordered a gold dish set with rubies to be made for its reception. He is also much troubled about the nurses, who are for ever on the eve of leaving him and returning to Burmah ; one, having made up her mind to go, begged to be allowed to get out of the house as quickly as possible, as it would, under the circumstances, be too hot to hold her. Another woman, who superintends these nurses, climbed a tree and could not be got down till she was threatened by Theebaw himself, when she descended 'like a squirrel.'

The Queen expected her European monthly nurse to crawl in her presence, but that she refused to do ; and even the ayahs, who have done it so far, say their knees are sore and they cannot go on.

There ! I have sent you a great supply of Mandalay gossip.

Tuesday, 23rd.—The remainder of our voyage was uneventful, and after a day in the train we reached Rangoon yesterday.

In the afternoon we attended 'sports.' It was such a very pretty fête. We assembled at the edge of a charming little lake, with bridges and islands, and green banks and fine trees about it, and a fringe of gay-coloured people adorning it all. First there were races ; sixteen or seventeen men rowing in a very long and narrow boat, shrieking, and splashing the water with a very rapid stroke. At the winning-post a long stick was stuck into a hollow bamboo, and whichever boat carried off this stick was declared the winner. When we had seen enough of this we went through the pavilion where we sat, and on the other side of it we found thirty very young girls, arranged in a square, squatting on a carpet there, and ready to perform. The spectators were in crowds all round them. These children wore heavy wreaths of flowers on their heads, quantities of jewels, pink silk jackets, and red and yellow short petticoats, made in the tight Burmese fashion. The curious part of it is that they are all the daughters of the Burmese aristocracy, who come out thus to perform for any great official, to do him honour, and they are all drilled like ballet-dancers. They were sitting on the floor, and during half the dance they remained in this posture, swaying about, and moving their arms and hands, and singing, all very exactly in time. Then they got up and

danced very gracefully and nicely. After this we saw some older girls go through the same sort of performance, and then there were children, one of whom pretended to be a tiger and to eat up a princess, while a supernatural creature of some sort came to save her.

We also saw the game of football, about which I told you before. The men, who are not athletes or specialists of any sort, play with wonderful dexterity. The ball must not touch the arm below the elbow, or the hand, and they throw it from foot to knee and from knee to shoulder, then let it run down the back and throw it up again with the heel, back to the shoulder, from one side of the neck to the other, and so on as if it was possessed. I believe they can play even better than they did to-day, but they had put on some extra clothes in my honour, which rather encumbered their movements. The ball is very light, and is made of wickerwork.

A dinner and a levée ended the day.

Wednesday, 24th.—At eight o'clock in the morning we laid the foundation-stone of the Cathedral of Rangoon. Directly after breakfast the Viceroy saw the Commander-in-Chief on business. At twelve I had a Medical Association meeting, and at one I saw a lady by appointment. At three I went to give prizes at a school, and the Viceroy had a durbar, received memorials, and made fifteen speeches in reply; this function lasted two hours. At five we received Burmese Christian ladies, and a large assembly of Karen Christians. At six His Excellency went to call on the Admiral; at eight there was a dinner, and at 9.30 a ball.

Having thus carried you breathlessly through a day of Viceroyal duty, I will try to tell you a little about the most interesting features of it. At the foundation-stone ceremony this morning there were representatives of eleven different nationalities, with their Christian clergy and teachers. D. laid the stone, and made a nice little speech on the subject.

My deputation was interesting and satisfactory to me. Something in the nature of a Maternity Charity will be begun at once here, and I think some pupils will also be sent to the Calcutta Medical School. The doctors in Rangoon are most energetic, and are doing all they can to promote the work. Burmese ladies and gentlemen were present, and three pupils for a midwifery class came too. They are nice, strong-looking girls, and as Burmese women are businesslike and energetic, this seems a most promising place to make a good beginning in. The medical treatment in Burmah too is especially barbarous, and I may

mention to you one example of it. After the birth of a child the mother is subjected for about seven days to a roasting fire. Wood is piled up for the purpose, and she is nearly baked and dried up. I know that the ex-Queen was treated in this fashion, and I suppose she had the best advice that could be got.

The durbar was much more of a business assembly than it is in India. The Burman recipe is, 'When you catch your Viceroy hold him tight, and make him listen to your grievances.' Accordingly D. was caught, and did listen and reply from three till five. It must have been rather interesting, but I had to go to the school and heard nothing of it.

The school, which is a missionary one, seems very successful, and certainly the Burmese are a nice and satisfactory people to work for. The girls all look bright and intelligent, and they are active and good-tempered. I noticed one peculiarity in their costume. They all had a loose coloured handkerchief, which was generally hung over the shoulder, and to one end of which was attached a little bunch of gold keys. It is rather a pretty ornament. Many of these school children had beautiful diamonds, and there was one tiny Chinese-Burman who was a picture!—a little thing of about four, in brilliant Chinese dress, trousers and slippers, with a tight band of black velvet two inches broad fitted round her head. A bead fringe hung over the forehead, and the band was covered with a design in elaborately worked red gold; inside this there was a knot of black hair stuck through in every direction with artificial flowers; and her cheeks were rouged.

I gave prizes, and saw the children at tea, and then I came back to meet the Christian Karens.

They dress differently, look stronger, and are a more persevering people than the Burmans; and I think I told you before in what great numbers they have become Christians—how they pay their own clergy and even send out missions to other people. It appears that, according to some old tradition of theirs, they believed that a white-faced creature would some time appear on their horizon and would bring them a book, and so when the missionaries came they saw the fulfilment of the prophecy, opened their arms to them, and are now a large Christian community. Their friendliness struck me as very pleasant. They did not treat me as a stranger, but all rushed to try and shake hands with me, and to make their babies do so too; and the whole crowd of them looked so happy together. They are very fond of music, and one of the schools of big girls sang to us so well. They can sing by sight, and each had a book of songs copied by

herself. The clergyman said that the only punishment he had to resort to in the school was to forbid the delinquent singing. They brought us specimens of their garments, and gave us a curious sort of gong elongated into a tube, which they cast themselves.

Some Burmese Christian ladies also came to see me, and were very pleasant and nice.

D. went down to the *Bacchante* to visit the Admiral, Sir Frederick Richards, and was delighted with his visit. The yards were manned, and the ship was illuminated by the electric light, and looked beautiful.

The Rangoon ball was a great success. It was held in a magnificent large room, in which 700 people manœuvred with ease. I could not help thinking of the one, two, or three exits to a ball-room with which we are content at home, and counted forty large doors all round this one. But where it shone was in its really scientific arrangements for flirtation. There it was unsurpassed; and a General, whom I took round the 'dark places,' kept saying, 'Well, I have been forty years in India, and I never saw anything like this!' 'This' was a long covered way made of latticework, and arranged with small compartments on either side, shut in with plants and red and white curtains, and each little niche just big enough for two. Need I say that the light was of that quality usually known as 'dim religious'?

I made a sort of state promenade down these alleys, giving a shock to each couple as I passed, and discovering the Military Secretary in the last one. I hear I also greatly discomposed a lofty official, who confided to a friend that he never would have gone there had he known Her Excellency would pass through. Outside these arbours were open and well-lighted places for four, with whist-tables.

The variety of the costume at the ball was very great. There were the Burmese people, Jews, who wear a peculiar and rather pretty dress, Parsees, and others. The dancing was kept up with great spirit. The supper was beautifully arranged. A gigantic structure big enough to seat 700 was put up and lined with red and white, and all the men were given cards beforehand, showing exactly where they were to sit; so there was no confusion, and the whole assembly sat down quietly, and were admirably served. Our healths were drunk, and His Excellency's little speech was a great success, every one being delighted at his expression of a hope that when he returned to Burmah he should find the ladies 'more beautiful and younger than ever.'

We got home at two o'clock, very much pleased with every-

thing ; but D. was rather tired—seventeen speeches, many of them requiring considerable thought, in addition to all social duties, is hard work.

Thursday, 25th.—We spent our last morning at Rangoon in sight-seeing. We went first to look at the elephants at work in the timber-yards. I am never quite sure whether to consider an elephant a remarkably clever animal or an extraordinarily stupid one. He does his work admirably, but then he need not do it at all ; and it seems stupid of him not to know his own powers, and to allow himself to be ordered about and controlled by a creature who looks like a fly on his back. In the timber-yard all his strength and his ignorance of it are displayed to perfection. In a sea of mud on the banks of the river lie great trunks of trees which no other beast could move. There the elephants work obedient to the voice and to the little stick of the men on their backs, hauling, pushing, piling up, and neatly arranging these fallen trees, as if they really understood all about it—picking their steps, seeming to understand the very best way of attacking each load, and never upsetting anything or making a mistake. We also saw an elephant diving for a lost log in the river, and admired the dexterity of the mahout, who sat tight while the great body on which he was riding rolled and pitched in the water. The elephant, having found the timber, raised it with his trunk and then balanced it on his tusks. In the yard they use tusks and trunk and forehead to pull and push, and arrange the timber in heaps.

From the elephants to the School of Art, where silver bowls were being made and wood was being carved. These two industries are specialities of Burmah. The silver work is really beautiful, but the duty on sending it home is so great as almost to prevent any sale for it there. There will be some specimens in the Exhibition.

After this the Viceroy insisted upon walking through the bazaars. He declares he is kept in purdah like a Hindoo lady, and that he will not submit, and will see the outside world. The expedition was very amusing, and when we had convinced the accompanying police that we did not wish to have the people beaten out of our way we saw plenty of them, for they were only too anxious to see us, and were also I think much amused at our eccentricities. The Viceroy made a sort of tasting progress through the food bazaar. He tasted pickled tea, and palm-sugar, and betel-nut, and every queer sort of seed or mess he came near, while the Burmese ladies sat aloft amidst their goods and smiled upon him.

Then we passed on to the 'dry goods' department, which we found unmistakably Manchesterian ; but Manchester goods presided over by foreign ladies and naked babies are interesting, and Manchester manufacturers study the tastes of their customers, and I have some lovely cotton pocket-handkerchiefs, with a Burmese peacock spreading its tail over the whole centre, which are nevertheless produced by Lancashire looms.

Home to lunch, and then a state departure. The streets were lined with soldiers and were full of people, and our last impression of Burmah was as gay and friendly as our first. Killyleagh still stood upon the shore ; the men-of-war manned yards and saluted : all our new acquaintances came to see us off, and so we steamed away.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard have been most kind to us, and have made our visit very pleasant.

Monday, March 1st.—Madras was sighted about ten o'clock, and by twelve we were enjoying all the excitement of arrival in a foreign port : new boats, new people, new harbour arrangements, ships dressed, town buried in bunting, telegrams coming off, unaccustomed ropes being hauled about the decks, extra sweepings going on—a general break-up of our quiet sea-going life.

Spoilt children of fortune that we are, we felt seriously aggrieved because our letters did not reach us at once, and an A.D.C. was hustled off to see what the postal authorities could be thinking of. However, the bag arrived before his return, and we were at lunch when the cry that 'Major Cooper is coming off in a catamaran' roused us, and caused us all to rush to the side to see the sight.

A catamaran is two logs of wood lashed together, forming a very small and narrow raft, and as the Major sat on his tiny craft the waves washed over his feet and wetted him to the waist every second. Archie's 'Ha ! ha !' must have reached him a long way off.

I may as well tell you at once that these catamarans are the only boats that can go about here in bad weather. The rower wears a 'fool's cap,' in which he carries letters, and when he encounters a big wave, he leaves his boat, slips through the wave himself, and picks up his catamaran on the other side of it.

We had our letters to read, and D. had to study all the Madras addresses, but still there was plenty of time to 'look around' ; and we were well amused till the time arrived for us to land. We were anchored inside the breakwater, a wall of massive concrete blocks, which was toppled over like a pack of cards three or four years ago in a storm ; it is now being rebuilt

on a new principle. Then some very large deep barges, the planks of which are sewn together to give elasticity and the interstices stuffed with straw, came out for us, with a guard of honour of the 'Mosquito fleet,' as the catamarans are called, on either side of them; two of the 'fool's cap' men, and a flag as big as the boat itself, on each one. The big barges and the tiny boats bobbed and rolled about though the day was calm, and we had to get on board with precaution, waiting for the right moment to jump.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Duff met us on the pier, and we went down it in a glorified tramway, and were deposited under an awning where the rank and beauty and fashion of Madras awaited us. I was given a magnificent bouquet-holder with flowers in it, and the Viceroy received about eight addresses in beautiful boxes. Only one was read, and he answered them all in one speech.

Two carriages and four drove us through crowds of people and many arches to Government House. It seemed to me about the warmest reception D. has met with anywhere. The people were more demonstrative and less silent than most Indian crowds. Ten thousand children were collected in one place, and I believe they were all fed that day by one man. Another native fed great numbers of poor; these were nice ways of doing honour to the occasion.

The Government House is a very handsome one; the weather is warm enough to make punkahs agreeable, and we dined in a verandah, and were fanned by them without grumbling.

Separated from the house there is a very fine banquetting hall, and there the Viceroy had a levée first, and we both held a drawing-room afterwards.

The Madras papers were amusing upon the subject of my curtsey, and described how I 'stood erect' and then 'sunk the fourth of my height,' while the young ladies who passed me 'slantingly' were unable to imitate me successfully.

Tuesday, 2nd.—I visited the Caste Hospital which has just been opened in Madras. Many people doubted at first whether purdah women would go into it, but Mrs. Grant Duff has taken great pains to establish it, and there are already twenty in-patients and five hundred out-patients attending it.

D. was receiving native gentlemen all the morning, and in the afternoon we went to an Art Exhibition and then drove along by the sea. I was not prepared for anything so pretty, and Madras seems to me to be really a nice town and a pleasant one to live in. There is scarcely any town proper, as every house is sur-

rounded by quite a park of its own, so there are no *streets*, and the distances are great; but all these 'country seats' look very comfortable, and there is the beautiful sea, and this splendid drive along the shore. I also think that the outside view of Madras society gives one a favourable impression of it; every one looks smart, and those I have talked to are pleasant people.

The ball was really very pretty. It was in the banqueting hall, a room which in any country would be considered a fine one. It has a gallery round it, and there are two storeys of white pillars supporting the roof. It is of course very lofty. Coloured banners hung above the gallery, and between the lower row of columns were large red pots with pretty light ferns in them. Everything else was white with the exception of the crimson dais at one end, and a bank of ice and ferns at the other. Along the walls, underneath the gallery, are some large portraits.

Supper was in tents lighted by electricity, and a very pretty novelty was a light inside each bouquet of flowers on the table. The roses and leaves arranged in dishes, with this artificial sunshine lighting them up, looked lovely.

The Southern Cross saw us home.

Wednesday, 3rd.—In the morning I visited Lady Hobart's school for Mahometan girls, and afterwards had a very interesting conversation with a Mrs. Firth, who thoroughly understands the native life here, and who has started a great number of very useful charities worked on most practical principles.

The whole afternoon was spent in receiving native ladies. They came one by one, and the function lasted three hours. First, there was a dear old lady who came here years ago as a bride in great state from her own home, escorted by troops, and the object of an enormous outlay, and who has never got over the grandeur of that day, or recovered from the shock of finding herself a widow at sixteen shorn of all that made life pleasant to her. Then there was another lady with a sad story. The money all spent, no son to inherit the family estates, and a husband at death's door, with the prospect of leaving his wife and family houseless and with 150 rupees a month as their income. She is a really nice, handsome, and ladylike woman, but very unhappy.

I have not time to tell you about all the others. One grey-haired and kindly person said to me, 'I am so glad you asked us to come and see you, for our husbands will not let us go anywhere else, and perhaps now they will see that we may be trusted out.' Another told me about the pleasure her brother had felt in seeing the Viceroy, and how he had wept over the kindness with which he had been received. He is a great invalid, and she said that

when he came back from his visit, he had forgotten all about his pain. She wore a sort of gold dressing-gown, gold and green shawl, and a round gold hat. Some of the ladies brought their grandchildren, nice little girls. All the Indian women I meet are gentle and attractive and very sympathetic, and I long to know more of them.

We dined here a large party, and afterwards started off to drive six miles to Guindy, which is the Governor of Madras' 'Barrackpore.' It was illuminated, and the house is very pretty, so are the gardens in which we sauntered for a little, and then came in for dancing ; six miles home again !

Thursday, 4th.—I paid my return visits to the two Indian ladies.

The nearest male relative, the husband of an adopted daughter, met me at the first house, and supported me upstairs, and the old lady met me at the threshold of an outer room, and handed me to a seat of honour under a great canopy in an inner drawing-room. After a little small-talk I was put into a heavy garland of flowers, a bouquet was handed to me, and a bottle of scent given, and I was led out again. Scent in a bottle was a very great improvement upon the ordinary custom of covering one with attar of roses, a perfume which oppresses me for the whole day after. At the next house I was received in the hall by the poor old dying husband. It was a very touching sight. He is quite paralysed, and had to be held up by men, but he looked such a gentleman, and he had a white turban on with a diamond ornament on it to give a dressed appearance to his other white garments. He showed me a crippled hand, and he is quite helpless and almost unable to speak, so I do hope he will be no worse for the exertion he made to appear.

The lady and her daughters and grandchildren were all very nice, but she was very sad and tearful over her future prospects, and I felt very sorry for them all. Her wreaths and bouquets were adorned by the most wonderful tinsel peacocks, so you may imagine how very grand I looked as I descended the stairs robed in flowers, with a peacock on each shoulder, one perched upon my bouquet, flower bracelets on my arms, and bottles of scent and packets of 'pan' in my hand.

These visits occupied the morning. After lunch I received the Nizam of Hyderabad, who paid me a private visit.

When he had gone I went with Mrs. Grant Duff to visit a very fine native hospital. The whole thing has been built by one man (the same who fed the poor people), and all the wards are most clean and bright and cheerful and well arranged. In con-

nection with it is a leper hospital. I went through the female part of it, as these poor creatures enjoy any little change, such as the sight of a new face. It is dreadfully sad to see young girls and children there, and to know that they must get worse, suffering more and more, and becoming more and more repulsive in appearance every year they live. Twelve years is the longest time they do live after they have been attacked by the disease.

These native gentlemen have made a very nice park in the neighbourhood of this hospital for the poor of the district, with a fernery on an island, and nice plants and walks and fountains. They are always adding something to it, and I was very glad to have seen this whole institution, which is entirely native.

I am unable to give you D.'s diary with mine. We are obliged each 'to go our own way,' but he is busy nearly all day seeing people, and this afternoon he drove out to Guindy with Mr. Grant Duff.

In the evening there was a state dinner, and we left to go on board directly after it.

Our departure was so pretty and curious. We drove to the pier escorted by gentlemen volunteers, and when we got there the whole place was lighted up with lime-lights and torches; the flags were flying and everything looked most brilliant, and when we had said good-bye and got into the barges, the 'Mosquito fleet' surrounded us in full force, looking more quaint than ever. Figures in 'fool's caps' and night-gowns, two sitting on each plank, with a blazing limelight between them, making them sometimes of a rosy red and sometimes of an unearthly blue, were on every side of us, paddling with all their might and shouting Hip, hip, hurrah! and all the other barges in the harbour had torches on board, and the shore was glorified with coloured lights, and so we made a most novel and amusing passage to our ship, and here we are now on our way to Calcutta.

The governor and Mrs. Grant Duff were most charming hosts, and we liked Madras and our visit very much indeed.

Monday, 8th.—We have had a fine passage, the weather quite cool, and now we are approaching Calcutta and have just passed a P. and O. steamer which left this morning. As we passed the ship was dressed, the passengers cheered, and we all waved handkerchiefs at each other.

We had such a grand landing at Calcutta to-day.

For many years Viceroys have arrived at a railway station, but in old times when they came by sea they used to disembark at Prinsep's Ghat, and on this occasion we did so too.

The *mise en scène* is very superior to that of the station; here

a magnificent river, filled with splendid ships, all dressed with flags, and every variety of boat and launch flying about, Calcutta itself on either bank, and the Ghat covered with red cloth, flags, and smart spectators. We went ashore at 5.30, and were met by the great officials in their best uniforms, and by Blanche in her best gown, and we walked up the crimson pathway, speaking to people as we went along, and treading upon flowers that were thrown at our feet.

CHAPTER VIII

SPRING AND SUMMER, 1886

MARCH 9 TO OCTOBER 24

Tuesday, March 9th, to Saturday, 20th.—I have not had anything interesting to tell you this week. A. came back with measles, and has been shut up. He is quite well, and only bored. Mr. Tennyson is very slightly better, but has not turned the corner yet.

The Maharajah of Jeypore and the Begum of Bhopal have come to Calcutta to see the Viceroy, and durbars have been held for both, and I have twice met the Begum. The first time I received her here. Mrs. Panioty came to translate for me, and at the appointed hour a tiny lady arrived, her face completely covered, a child of ten accompanying her. This was the Begum and her grand-daughter! We sat down in a row and paid compliments to each other, and the Begum uncovered and displayed a little face with big eyes, and then I spoke of my Fund, telling her that I heard she wished to do something in the way of establishing a dispensary and female ward in her own place. Then she asked for Nelly, and we put on the wreaths we had prepared for her, and handed her out again. The child is very self-possessed, and when she came to fetch the Viceroy to pay his return visit to her grandmother she comported herself like a princess and a grown-up person. Her face is still uncovered and she is a handsome little girl.

I went the next day to pay my visit, Mrs. Panioty, Helen Rachel, and Blanche going with me; and the Begum on this occasion stated that she wished to subscribe 1,000*l.* to my Fund, and that she would defray the whole cost of a dispensary at

Bhopal. When we were leaving, trays were set down before us, and the Begum proceeded to open some jewel-cases that lay on mine ; but I said at once that I could not take anything valuable, but that I should be pleased to accept a hand-screen which was there too, and which she said she had worked herself.

Yesterday we had a garden-party, and the child came, and was so pleased with some little two-year-old boys and girls that were with their parents, only unfortunately she always wanted to lift them, and the children objected.

The Maharajah of Jeypore also came to the garden party.

Sunday was Nelly's birthday, and by way of keeping it we went in the launch on the river and had tea. The fresh air was very pleasant.

Poor Mr. Tennyson continues very ill, and his wife is rather knocked up ; Lady Ely is also suffering from an accident, and you have no idea what a walking about one has in this big house to visit all the invalids.

Sunday, 21st.—The day hot and trying. We went to the Botanical Gardens in the afternoon in search of fresh air and to see the orchids in flower. There are some very lovely ones out now.

D. had a visit from a chief from Chitral ; I thought he looked most amiable, and not near so rough as I expected. He was shown the house.

Tuesday, 23rd.—We paid such a very pleasant visit to a native house to-day. The master of it is a very gentlemanlike old man, tall and handsome. His wife has often sent me letters of good wishes and little odds and ends of gifts, so I proposed to go and see her. She is a fine-looking old woman, and was beautifully dressed in white silk and gold. Innumerable daughters and granddaughters were there too, covered with bracelets, necklaces, and earrings, and all friendly and nice. A nephew interpreted, but badly, and we did not get much further than mutual congratulations upon the visit. One of the women spoke a little Hindustani, and Nelly was able to get on well with her, and I said a few things, but less well than Nelly, as I have had no time to continue my linguistic studies since I returned to Calcutta.

Refreshments were provided for us in a small room off the large one in which we were received, and the family looked at us while we ate cakes and drank lemonade. Then we talked a little more, and after that our decoration began. I was covered with garlands, and had armfuls of bouquets and flower-screens, handfuls of 'pan,' scent all over me, and lastly a very prettily

made 'dog collar' of flowers tied round my neck. I was also given a native sari (a shawl worn by women), and a small silver box of red powder, which is to bring good luck to my husband.

Wednesday, 24th.—This is my business day, and I had my last committee meeting before going to Simla. We settled many things, and decided how much we would spend and how much lay by. Then I took Blanche for a drive, and she and Fred and the precious baby left for the hills that night.

The Burmese Princess, whom I told you of before, has arrived at Calcutta, and came to visit us with her son and daughter. The ladies have got into European shoes, though they still suffer from the effects of the prison chains round their ankles, and they were as cheerful and happy and affectionate as possible.

Thursday, 25th.—Mrs. Ameer Ali had asked me to meet some Mahometan ladies at her house. Just as I was starting the most terrific storm came on, and in this house, with its great big windows, there was such a banging and rattling, such a rushing to shut up everything, and such difficulty in doing so, such darkness and such dust everywhere, it was quite alarming. I was thankful that I was not out in it. Rain fell in about a quarter of an hour, and comparative calm ensued. Then I went to fulfil my engagement, and found such a smart assembly of ladies, such gold embroideries and jewels and beautiful saris; and they all seemed so much to enjoy this extraordinary dissipation, and were so full of the pleasure of seeing me, and of their great good fortune in being allowed to come out, that it was quite pleasant to feel oneself the cause of so much rejoicing. They were very nice-looking women, and were really very splendidly got up.

Friday, 26th.—Another visit to-day to some native ladies. There was a large family gathering to meet us. Besides the lady of the house, there were three daughters, and two sons' wives, and a granddaughter of twelve, who has just been married, and who was in all the glory of new jewels. She looked such a child, but she has left home, and only came back for the afternoon to see me. The second daughter is a very handsome girl, married too, and wearing most lovely jewels belonging to her father-in-law, who, I was told, was unaware of her presence there. She came 'secretly,' her father said. 'Her husband is a good young man, and often lets her come to us secretly.' A fine baby was exhibited, the child of the younger son. Its mother sat there looking very shy, and almost covered by her sari.

We had a champagne and ice 'five o'clock tea,' and a band

played, and wreaths and bouquets were showered on us. The master of the house translated for us, and the wife looked very nice and was very cordial in her manner.

Saturday, 27th.—The afternoon was threatening, and we only just got through giving prizes to the Volunteers before the storm came on. Everything in the way of manoeuvres was cut out of the programme. The rain fell heavily at seven o'clock, but cleared in time for people to come dry to dinner and to a farewell party at our house.

The Burmese Princess and her son and daughter were there, but it was evident by the smaller number of people present that the Calcutta summer exodus has begun.

I heard from A., who says that on his way to join the Carabiniers he 'met with the most serious adventure I've ever had travelling by train.' In some alarm I turned over the page of his letter and found that 'a fat man, an enormous woman, three fat girls and a huge baby' had got into his carriage, and that it was further filled with 'boxes, bedding, and toys, and veils and hats hung up everywhere.' He was meditating joining the dogs in their van when a neighbour gave him a seat in another carriage.

Theebaw's crown arrived here on its way to England. It is like a helmet, made of red filigree gold set with diamonds, the ornament at the top and the band round the forehead being of pure gold with jewels.

The Queen's letter to the Amir also passed through. It was in a large purple velvet box, and was itself illuminated on satin, lined with purple velvet, rolled on an ivory stick, and ornamented with thick gold cord and tassels.

Monday, 29th.—This being our last day at Calcutta, we crammed a little sight-seeing into it. D. and I went with Dr. Busted to look at the site of the Black Hole. This gentleman is one of the few people here who takes any interest in such matters, and he has worked away until he has discovered the exact spot where it was, besides collecting all the interesting details concerning that terrible disaster. Having found the place, which is now part of a court-yard leading to the Post Office, he has laid down a pavement the exact size of the little room called the 'Black Hole,' and has put up a tablet to explain this fact. Dr. Busted gave me a little model of the place as it was, which shows that it was not a 'hole' but a room. There was a double arched verandah along the inside of the wall of the Fort. The inner verandah was used as a guard-room, and in the outer one the men sat. At the south end of the inner verandah

a small place was partitioned off for a punishment cell ; it had only two very small grated windows looking into the outer verandah, and one door which opened inwards. When the people were driven into this, they did not know where they were going, and probably thought there was another door on the other side of it. One building still remains in the place which is built in this way, and the verandah against the wall is quite dark and close. The sight of it gives one a very good idea of the terrible sufferings all those unfortunate people must have undergone. Their dead bodies were taken out and buried a very little way off, and Holwell, who was the senior officer and one of the survivors, put up a monument over the spot. That monument was taken down about fifty years ago to spare some people's feelings, and now Dr. Busted is very anxious to put up a stone to show where it stood, and to place in the church a tablet with the names of the persons who died in the Black Hole, which names Holwell had been at some pains to preserve. He (Holwell) was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds with the plan of this monument in his hand, and his descendants, who live in Canada, have the picture, and sent Dr. Busted a photograph of it.

After seeing this I left D. at home to finish off his mail, and drove to Belvedere on Lord William's coach to fetch the girls, who were playing tennis there. There was a beautiful attempt at a storm as we came home, lightning playing behind a great mass of cloud and fitfully illuminating it at every point, but never coming through it, or making any noise. As I was behind four horses I greatly appreciated the silence.

Tuesday, 30th.—We left Calcutta very early this morning. Poor Mr. Tennyson's bed was pulled to the window that he might see us off. He is still very ill, but as the hot weather is coming on, he *must* go home, and he is to start on Sunday. He has had a long, sad illness, borne most patiently.¹

Our journey was long. We were in the train from 7.30 till 4 ; then we crossed the Ganges in a steamer, and got into another train which brought us to Durbhunga at 8.30. The place was illuminated, and the Viceroy received an address, and we drove to the English House here. Mr. Llewellyn is the Maharajah's manager ; his wife is a German, and they have most comfortable apartments in the park. We were very tired after our long day, but dinner was not over till nearly eleven.

Wednesday, 31st.—The weather is hot, but the atmosphere is very much drier than Calcutta, and so we do not suffer from it.

¹ Mr. Tennyson died at Aden on his way home.

After breakfast we went to see the Maharajah's Palace. It is a very fine house, and is very well furnished. He has a nice library, and Mudie has a standing order to send him new books every month, and he sits and reads there, so that the house really looks lived in, though, as a matter of fact, the Maharajah does not inhabit it yet.

We had a very good opportunity for seeing a whole zenana, as there was no one in it. A series of dull rooms, the outer ones looking on to an inner court, and the inner ones with small 'port-holes' looking on to a walled zenana garden. In the men's rooms there are pictures, books, pianos, flowers; outside nice open verandahs with views of trees and water, swans and storks walking about; also a most lovely orchid and fern house not only filled with plants and flowers, but hung with cages of birds who warble charmingly; and there are stables full of horses, and very well laid out gardens.

In the palace is one room for durbars, where the Maharajah sits on a cushion on the floor, and his relations and subjects sit before him. They all take off their shoes to enter his presence, and are most respectful to the head of their House. Another room is for prayer. It is empty, but there is one niche in the wall ready to receive the life-sized figure of a goddess.

In the afternoon I performed the ceremony which was the great object of our visit here. I laid the foundation-stone of the 'Dufferin Female Hospital.' The Maharajah provides the funds. He builds the hospital, dispensary, and rooms for the female doctor, and gives 500 rupees a month to keep it up. He also offers money inducements to the country nurses to come in and be trained; so this establishment promises to be all that we can desire, and D. and I were very glad to come here to show our appreciation of it. There was no very particular feature in the ceremonial, but it was more than ordinarily agreeable to me to perform it. When it was over, we walked across the road and saw some horribly fierce black leopards, who rushed wildly at their bars and showed the whitest teeth and the greenest eyes while they growled and snarled at us. There were also some rather fine tigers born in captivity.

We took a drive and came home to dress for the banquet. It was in the new palace, and in a very fine hall with so lofty a ceiling that punkahs were impossible. We were glad of this, but the other people, who are not happy unless they are in a draught, complained of the heat, and an army of men came in, each bearing a gigantic fan, which they proceeded to wave violently behind all the chairs. We were at the top of the T table, so we were

independent, and did not have any behind us, but we could feel the air from those in front, and the vigorous movements of the men and the flapping about of these great fans gave a lively appearance to the scene. They were very inconvenient to the servants, and one wondered that none of the turbans or of the dishes were swept on to the floor.

The Maharajah came in at the end of the dinner to propose the Viceroy's health. He did it so well in English that I must try to send you his speech. I am very glad of his strong expression of opinion in favour of my Scheme, as he is a very high-caste Brahmin. The Behar Horse, who were present, made a very warm audience.

Very soon after dinner we left, the Maharajah driving with us to the station. We slept in the train, which only moved on at 4 A.M.

Thursday, April 1st.—At 7 A.M. we got into the steamer, re-crossed the Ganges, and got back to our own railway carriages.

We travelled on till three, when the Maharajah of Benares met us, and we drove eighteen miles to Chukkia with him. He is such a very nice old man, such a gentleman, and he would come all this way to meet the Viceroy, though we begged him not. We are his guests, and the camp is under a grove of trees, and is very shady and comfortable.

Sunday, 4th.—We have had two days' shooting; but as they exactly resemble each other, I will tell you about them together. There were three or four 'beats' each day. We started off on elephants at ten in the morning, and rode to some place in the jungle, where we were deposited by our 'animals,' and there we found a series of arbours prepared. D. and I and the old Maharajah and his Minister, who speaks English perfectly, wears an eyeglass in one eye, and has a funny twinkle in both, an A.D.C. of ours, and some servants (gamekeepers) sat in one, and the rest of our party distributed themselves in the others. Then silence prevailed, and the distant sound of beaters broke upon our ears, and we looked with anxiety and excitement through the port-holes in our harbour. The great amusement of the shoot here is that you never know what sort of animal will appear next. We counted thirteen species that we did see, and we might have had bear too. There were several kinds of deer, sambar, which is a very large one, cheeta, which is spotted and has a fine head, wild boar, wild dog, foxes, jackal, hyena, &c. The pig were very exciting, and one nearly charged into our retreat, and did cut a man with his tusks. They are such fierce animals. The doe, which we did not shoot at, were very pretty

to watch, because they came quite close up to us and looked in at our windows, and then, seeing what they saw, disappeared in an instant. The monkeys too, whom we treated as fellow-creatures, were most amusing. Such troops of them were disturbed by the noise, and rushed past us carrying their babies, but, recovering themselves in the interval between the shots, they played and jumped about quite near to us. In the middle of the day we had lunch, and between the beats we looked at all the dead animals and discoursed upon our adventures.

The old Maharajah is so cheerful, he almost talks too much in a shooting arbour, but he is so nice one forgives him that. He has a quite white moustache and long white hair, and when out shooting he was dressed in bright green and wore a green cap with a peak, for he once was quite blind and now his sight is not good. He had us all photographed, and was so amused because he had forgotten to take off his own blue spectacles for the picture.

He has an adopted son, a very good shot, and *his* son, a boy of eleven, who is very big, is always with his grandfather, and also wore a brilliant green. At each new beat there was a new set of arbours.

The first and second nights we went to bed very early, but the third we had some dancing and native music. The nautch was very pretty, the women having most lovely dresses, and being more active in their movements than usual.

We had a quiet Sunday morning, and in the afternoon drove over from the camp to a house in Benares, where we stay as the Maharajah's guests for a few days. Terence and Mr. Rosen met us there. We had a very dusty drive, and were glad to find ourselves in a nice comfortable house, and to sit out on a balcony and have tea.

Monday, 5th.—We paid a really very interesting visit to some native ladies this morning. The head of the house had collected his womenkind in a nice little house of his own with a pretty garden, but I found that they live all the year round in the city and have no such gay outlook to their zenana. The husband himself met me at the gate. He said he had never seen the faces of his daughters-in-law, and could not speak to his own wife in the presence of his son.

In the afternoon D. and I did a round of institutions. We went to the Prince of Wales's College, where on one side we saw a number of native young men preparing for the universities—all intend eventually to obtain posts under Government, for no other profession ever seems to be thought of; and on the other side

some older men, who sat on the floor and who were all learning Sanscrit. A hymn in that language was read to us ; it sounded pretty, but curious, very sing-song, and with long *ms* sounding at the ends of words. Next we went over a hospital, where there were ninety-three beds, and 200 outdoor patients a day. They say it only costs 550 rupees a month, which seems very cheap. Our third visit was to the Maharajah of Vizianagram's School. About 600 girls are educated there, and when it was first opened an inducement of four rupees a head was offered to pupils. At first there were only two students. Now they pay them a few pence only, and 12,000 girls have passed through it, all having learnt something.

We had tea with Mr. and Mrs. Walton. He is the son of D.'s first schoolmaster, an old gentleman who is still alive. Mr. Walton is the engineer in charge of the splendid railway bridge which is being built over the Ganges. We visited the works, and had a very alarming walk on thin planks at an enormous height over the river, and then we each put some rivets into the bridge with an hydraulic driver. The least touch does it.

In the evening we had some people to dinner, and the Maharajah gave a party at this house. Afterwards he came himself. I never saw a nicer or happier-looking old man.

Tuesday, 6th.—We have had a very long day. It began early and began badly, but was afterwards very pleasant and most interesting.

We started off in carriages at 7 A.M. to go to the Rajah's Palace at Ramnugger, about eight miles up the river. We were to drive to the Ghât and embark in a launch there, the great object being to see all the people bathing in the sacred Ganges at this early hour in the morning. D. was a few minutes late, and I said I would go in the first carriage, which I accordingly did. We drove on for some time, and then it suddenly struck me that we were on a country road and probably going the wrong way. We asked the coachman, 'Where are you driving to?' and he replied, 'To Ramnugger.' 'But,' said we in despair, 'we are going there by river ;' so we turned and made him gallop as fast as he could through the narrow streets of the town till we met a police inspector, who said, 'No, not this way ;' so we turned again and drove more furiously than ever to the Ghât, which he indicated, but no sign of the Viceroy there. Much conversation and bad Hindustani passed between us and the crowd at the Ghât, and our misinformers prudently disappeared. We got into our carriages again, got once more to the place where we were before, and then met D.'s carriage, and were told by the coach-

man that the steamer had started, and that it would pick us up at the other Ghât. Back we went, and were waiting there when an English emissary from the Viceroy came to say that we were to join him where he was at the Bridge of Boats. Again we rushed wildly through the streets, and then found we had twice been quite close to the right place. The worst of it was that we were an hour and a half late, and had kept every one waiting, and that as we were to breakfast on the way back, our little cup of tea before starting was scarcely enough to support us through the long morning. The moment we had recovered from our fuss it began to be delightful. We moved slowly up the river, looking at the picturesque buildings, the temples, and the great flights of steps, and the quantities of boats, and the crowds of people bathing and fetching water, and carrying on their avocations on the banks of the river. These bathing ghâts are really beautiful, and when covered with the picturesque inhabitants of Benares are the sight of the place. The palace is on the other side of the river, and when we got to it, we were carried back to Sir Walter Scott, whose novels always come before me on these occasions. The palace is a fort coming down to the water's edge. The Maharajah's retainers were crowded on the walls, while he himself met us on the landing-stage, and we were carried in ivory and silver chairs up to the gateway, passing by handsomely caparisoned elephants, camels, and soldiers, into a courtyard, and were set down at the door, where real live men in armour were stationed.

I handed the Maharajah up the stairs, and we all seated ourselves in the durbar hall—the Viceroy, the Maharajah, and I on one sofa. Before us, trays of rich materials were set down, which we said we accepted with the heart, though not with the hand, but we took a specimen of the 'kincob' which is made here, and which is a very thick and handsome brocade. Then the nautch dancers came forward, and a playful bear was led in, which there was not much difficulty in recognising as a mere imitation of the real thing. They were all, however, most anxious to allay any fears we might have upon the subject, and assured us often that it was only a man.

The Maharajah and his heir both wore splendid jewels, while we were nice and shabby in Terai hats, but our gentlemen wore black coats. It was all very cheerful and informal, and the 'Kûr Sahib,' or heir, took me out to show me his shooting, of which he is very proud. A man throws up a rupee and he hits it, and the rupee disappears for ever.

We passed through curious winding passages and down steps to the river, and got on to our boat, and crossed to a great tent

put up on a raft or on barges, where a breakfast banquet was spread, for which we were all very ready. There was also a nautch going on, and we gently floated down the stream in this luxurious manner till we were ready to re-embark in the launch and come home.

A little rest for us, some business for D., then lunch, and afterwards more sight-seeing. At the Town Hall were collected specimens of the various manufactures of Benares, and in a Shamiana outside we saw the people working at their trades ; we drove to the entrance of the bazaars, and, getting out of the carriage, walked all through the narrow streets. They are paved, and are so narrow that you could touch each side if you stretched out your arms. The brass bazaar was the prettiest one we saw, every little shop was full of brass pots and cups and vessels and gods of all sorts, but there are also some fine houses of rich men on these streets, and one of the 'Rothschilds' of the place came out to speak to us.

We went on to see the most sacred temple in this most sacred city of all India. I cannot say that I admired it ; the sacred dirt of ages is too evident, and there is no pretence of anything fine in the way of architecture or ornament about it. There is a holy well in the centre of a small dingy covered court, into which worshippers pour rice and flowers as offerings to the god who is supposed to be at the bottom of it, and then they drink the water ! Does this not appeal to one's imagination rather disagreeably in these days of filters and other sanitary arrangements ? The symbol of the goddess is a bit of stone, and we were not allowed to enter the shrine where it was. The priest read in Sanscrit, and afterwards in English, a hymn which is really fine, and which I hope to send with this. The temple is called the 'Golden Temple,' but only one little bit of the outside is gilt. Wherever one goes, whether to the Maharajah's Palace, or to a temple or school, one is struck with the charming way in which the hosts receive their guests ; there are so many little attentions paid, wreaths of flowers and bouquets always ready, and in the case of the Maharajahs generally some little gift, such as photographs, a stick made from the wood of the place, or a little scent-bottle, is given. The priests were full of similar attentions, and we looked like walking flower gardens when we left.

We proceeded next to the Anna Purna Temple, where the sacred bulls live. This was really rather trying, for the odour was not nice. There are cows and bulls all round the enclosure, and a shrine in the centre. The most sacred bull of all, instead of being a magnificent animal, is small and deformed. His nose

looks broken, and his under-jaw protrudes, and one eye has a lump on it, and, moreover, he seemed extremely irritable. Over-much kindness has probably spoilt his temper. I was rather glad to get out of this place.

We proceeded to see the Observatory, which was built by the same man and on the same principle as the one at Jeypore. We saw there a piece of useless art work, which was curious. A piece of what appeared to be very fine tapestry was set before us. It represented two large figures, and I was examining the texture of the material when the artist showed us that it was merely powder upon water; he put his finger into it and rocked it gently about. It was most cleverly done.

Then we looked in at an Orphanage, where the youngest pupil, being asked to say the English alphabet, set off like a machine, and was stopped with difficulty when he had got through it about three and a half times. After this we got into our carriages and drove to Nandesar, which is the name of our house.

In the evening we went out to see the Water Festival. This is a religious fête which takes place once a year, and we were lucky to come in for it. Every man in Benares tries to get out on the river, and when we penetrated through the multitude preparing to embark and got into our barge, we found ourselves in the middle of a crowd of boats. They were most curious-looking, most of them two storeys high, and all quite full of people. In many of the larger ones chandeliers were hung, music was playing, and nautches were going on. We moved slowly along through this floating population, admiring them and the illuminations on shore. The great flights of stairs leading from the town down to the ghâts looked beautiful steps of fire, and the men attending to the lamps and passing rapidly along the lines of them were just like busy demons at work. There were fireworks whizzing and whirling about, and the firmament was bespangled with fire-balloons. When we had enjoyed this scene for some time, we got on board of the great Shamiana-boat, where we had breakfasted in the morning. It was brilliantly lighted up, and when we were properly enthroned, a nautch began; then fearful shouts were heard, and two demon kings rushed wildly in, flourishing their swords about; the dancers made way for them, and they pranced round until a jester followed and joked with them. More gods, and a prince and princess, and a fakir came on from time to time, and sat on dining-room chairs of a truly British pattern, and fought and shouted a good deal, while at one side of them another very

curious performance was going on. A woman wearing a white muslin *sari* was sitting on the floor making great preparations. Her costume required much arrangement. She tied her loose flowing robe about her ; she twisted a shawl into two round coils before her ; she put a very sharp sword in front of that ; she examined the bells on her fingers and on her legs ; and then she knelt on the shawl, one knee in each coil, and, pulling the muslin over her face, took hold of the sword in her teeth by the blade. Then she twisted herself backwards and forwards and round about as if she were made of india-rubber, and flung her arms round her head, and to and fro, without ever touching the sword, which flashed before one's eyes with her rapid movements ; had she touched the blade ever so lightly, it would have cut her arms to bits. She next put the sword down, and rolling and swaying herself about, a sort of white bundle, she played the bells on her arms and fingers and ended in a knot on the floor. It was midnight and time to depart, as we had had rather a hard day.

Wednesday, 7th.—I was energetic, and got up early and went down to the river again to do some photographs. Mr. and Mrs. Walton took me in their launch and gave me breakfast, and I enjoyed the fresh morning air, the lovely view of Benares, the people bathing, and the boats still out and still full of passengers. I believe they will keep up this feast for three or four days, and will remain most of the time on the water.

We left the house finally at twelve, but before that I interviewed a lady doctor whom the Maharajah of Vizianagram has placed at Benares. She is English, and is of the hospital-assistant class, only having had two years' training. He pays her Rs. 150 a month, and gives her a carriage and a servant, but allows her to take no fees. I was very much surprised to hear that a rich family here accepts medical aid from her without paying for it. In fact, the gentleman told her himself that they 'objected to fees on principle ;' the alternative which they do not object to is practically receiving it as charity from the Maharajah of Vizianagram.

We again met all our friends at the Bridge of Boats, and the dear old Maharajah was smarter and more cheerful than ever. He took us on board the raft, and again we sat in state with a nautch going on, and then had lunch, and then more nautch till it was time to start for the railway station. The Maharajah sat between us, and was so amused squirting rosewater at the Viceroy and all the Staff, and he wetted my pocket-handkerchief, and everybody had their share of this water festival ! Then we were all put into rose-wreaths, and I handed the old gentleman

down to the other boat, and he came with us to the station. As the train went off he called out 'good-bye' and a blessing in Persian, and I think we all parted the very best of friends.

We had a short journey to Allahabad, and were met there by Sir Alfred Lyall, and drove up to his house. We hope we shall be less troublesome guests than we were at Lucknow, when D. fell ill.

Thursday, 8th.—The function of the day was the opening of the Muir College and unveiling the statue of Sir William Muir in the great hall. The architect, Mr. Hemerson, has given the building an Oriental character, and two large domes are covered with coloured tiles. Sir Alfred Lyall and the Viceroy made speeches, and Sir William Muir was congratulated by telegram, and we examined all the rooms and the handsome colonnades, and looked at the views, and expressed our hopes it would some day blossom into a university, and that something would be done within its walls to promote technical education in the country.

There was a dinner and an evening party at the Lyalls, and we sat out in a Shamiana talking to different people till bed-time.

Friday, 9th.—We left Allahabad at twelve o'clock, and got to Cawnpore at two. The Commissioner, Mr. Moule, took us to see all the interesting things in this the most depressing of all places connected with the Indian Mutiny.

The Massacre Ghât looks peaceful and pretty now, but one could see the ravine down which the victims toiled in the hot sun, and could imagine the boats grounding on the sand, and the treachery that awaited them at the water's edge. We were also shown the sites of the houses and the wells, and the ways by which the poor people had to run out at night to fetch water. One survivor was there to explain it to us.

The Memorial Church is full of sad suggestions. The whole way round the altar is lined with marble tablets separated from each other by narrow lines of black, and each covered with columns of names. The first begins with General Wheeler, 'his wife and family,' and these words are constantly added to some name all down the list.

The Memorial Well in the centre of the Memorial Gardens is, however, the saddest spot of all. The well has been filled in, and is surrounded by an ornamental wall, inside of which, in the centre, stands a white marble figure of an angel. She leans against a cross, and has long wings touching the ground; her arms are crossed, and she holds a palm-branch in each hand, and her head is bent, with the eyes looking down. We did not think her face was quite beautiful enough, but the whole thing

suggests sorrow, silence, and solemnity, and so far is successful. No native is ever allowed to enter this enclosure, and they have to get passes to come into the garden. It is very well kept, and is full of roses and flowering shrubs. Close to the well is a small white cross marking the spot where the house stood.

Some people say that we should try to forget these misfortunes and the experiences of the Mutiny ; but others consider that we cannot remember them too well, and that we should not let the people imagine that we have forgotten them.

We ladies went to tea with Mr. Moule, and D. came there too, but he had first to go over the Government Harness Factory, where the smells were dreadful.

We dined outside our railway carriage on a siding, and went to bed there, the train moving on in the middle of the night.

Saturday, 10th.—A warmish day in the train, arriving at Umballa at five o'clock. We sleep in a bungalow-hotel, where we are very comfortable.

Sunday, 11th.—About three in the afternoon we drove on to Pinjore, and slept in the Rajah of Patiala's little Water Palace at the foot of the hills.

Monday, 12th, to Monday, 19th.—We had a delightful day for driving up to Simla, but we found the place looking very brown and ugly. A terrific hailstorm some days before had destroyed all the rhododendrons, and had stripped the green off the banks and bushes. The hailstones had left marks in places as though grapeshot had been fired into the ground. However, the sun shone for us, and our cottage looked warm and comfortable. The very few improvements which we have ventured to make in this condemned house have been most successful ; and a bit of verandah which I have taken into the drawing-room gives light and variety to what was a very dull and dark room. My own little boudoir is decked out in the freshest and most English of chintzes, and is a delightful sanctum. D. has had a great deal more light let into his study, and he looks very comfortable too, sitting over his fire. At first we found the weather extremely cold, and as our winter clothes had not arrived we shivered in cottons, and then when they did come we were acclimatised, and thought the woollen ones rather warm. The sun does shine very brightly, and it really is very delightful here now.

A little fire, and a wide-open window, and a balcony to wander out on, and distant views of gleaming snows, help to make up a very endurable indoor existence. In the afternoon we ride, or walk, or go up to look at the new house as it rises from the ground ; speculate as to whether the rooms are big

enough ; think what a splendid view there will be from almost all our windows ; and watch the crowd of men at work.

One afternoon we went down to Annandale to tilt at the ring ; every one enjoyed it so much. I sat and looked on, but the others rode wildly by me on ponies, stick in hand, looking very fierce and determined as they passed ; they were all very much pleased with themselves, and thought they had made very good play. D. liked it too, and we had a nice ride back up the sunny side of the hill.

Tuesday, 20th.—I received visits to-day ; but as I wanted to have a little time to see and speak to people, I was 'at home' in the afternoon instead of in the morning, and made the reception something of a garden party. In fact, the only difference made in my arrangements to mark the distinction was that the band did not play, and that the people who came wrote down their names in a book as they do when they call. This was the first opportunity there had been of meeting, so every one seemed very pleased to have the chance of seeing 'who is here?' 'are there any beauties?' 'what new gowns are there?' and 'how is everybody looking?' and to pick up shreds of gossip.

I think I can answer most of these questions for you. Every one has brought up either a daughter or a sister ; there are ninety young ladies, and there are few men ; the gowns were not remarkable—I hear the new ones do not come out till after Easter ; and the gossip was chiefly on the subject of the various maladies from which some absentees are suffering.

Friday, 23rd.—We went to church in the morning, and in the afternoon I drove a new and most delightful trap I have got. At home I suppose you would call it a bath-chair, but here it is a jinrickshaw with a pony in it ; and it is quite my own invention, for no one in Simla has ever before thought of having anything less than a team of four or five men to draw them. The little carriage itself is very pretty ; and the pony, which a year ago was the delight of an English costermonger's family, is perfection—so good and so strong, with an indifference to what is going on around him which inspires complete confidence. He trots along on his own way, looking neither to the right nor to the left, unmoved by sights or sounds, or by the contemplation of the steep hills up which he has to drag me. His name is Mike, and he is a treasure.

Monday, 26th, to Saturday, May 1st.—A week devoid of much incident. On Easter Monday a long concert for the Zenana Missions, half sacred and half secular music. I only stayed for the first part, and then drove myself home in my 'Midge'—

which leads me to confess that on the next day the admirable Mike ran away with me. Happily the road was a safe one, but the scene was exciting. A smart outrider in red trotted before me, but kept rather too near the pony's nose, and it suddenly struck this little steed that he was taking part in a trotting race; naturally he put his best foot forward, and the harder I pulled the harder he trotted, and I called to Lord William, whom, luckily, I had just met, that I could not hold him. Then, John Gilpin was nothing to it! The man in red trotted furiously and hustled every one out of the way; next came Her Ladyship tearing along, rushing round water-carts drawn by sleepy bullocks which were slow to move, and threading through foot passengers and led horses; then came Lord William snatching at my reins, losing his hat, telling me it was all right, &c. I did not lose my head, nor was I half as frightened as I generally am when I am being driven by an experienced whip, and when once Mr. Mike had been stopped I drove him home most calmly; but I assure you it was a scene! I have not yet confided it to D., who would be much alarmed. He shall hear it after I have driven the little creature a few times more. I have, however, taken some extra precautions for my safety, as Simla is not a place to play tricks in.

We had tea at Inverarm with Lord William. His house is a very nice one, and it is full of pretty things. He often lends us his silver for our table, and I have seldom seen any so pretty. He has a very handsome set of Burmese bowls; they are of perforated and embossed silver. Another large set is of Tanjore work—that is, silver raised on a copper ground. These are most effective-looking. The worst of buying silver here is that the duty on taking it home is so very heavy. When I returned from this bachelor entertainment, I had a little tea of my own for the two nurses who have been imported for the Ripon Hospital.

Saturday, May 8th.—The Gymkhana to-day was a very amusing one. The Commander-in-Chief led off with tent-pegging, and himself won the prize amid the cheers of the bystanders. There was a little steeplechase, in which all the horses went the wrong side of the jumps, and ran up banks which were off the course, and behaved generally in a frolicsome manner. Then three buckets were laid down, and gentlemen on horseback tried to drop potatoes into them as they rode by at a gallop, and never succeeded. The prettiest race of all was a tandem race, riding one and driving another pony in front; the three couples kept very evenly together, and the finish was most exciting.

I have not given you any account yet of our arrangements

here, and how our large party is distributed. Blanche and Fred live in a cottage called Beatsonia, which is quite close to us. They have only got to run down some steps to get here. Major Cooper, Dr. Findlay, and Lord Herbrand live in the Boorj, also very close to us, but not very nice, as it has a high bank at the back of it. Mr. Wallace and Mr. MacFerran inhabit Khud Cottage, situated on a small precipice overlooking the road. Inverarm is the name of Lord William's palatial residence, where he resides in solitary grandeur; and near him in Mount Pleasant are Captains Gordon and Balfour. Terence's Annandale View is on a promontory commanding a splendid peep of the snows, and quite deserves to be called a 'Bijou Residence.' It is rather far off, but has the great merit of being on the same level as this house, while Inverarm and Mount Pleasant are on a higher peak, and still more in the clouds than we are.

Wednesday, 12th.—A little 'lark' to which we have been looking forward began to-day. We always do tremble over the weather, which delights in making us anxious, and, as a great expedition was on hand, we studied it more than ever to-day. It smiled upon us, and after lunch we all rode out to The Gables, an inn in the neighbourhood of the Sipi Fair, the whole of which we have taken for three nights. Here we are now, and most sunshiny, and pleasant, and comfortable it is. We had tea, and took a real country walk; and then we dined, and one of our servants did some conjuring tricks before us, and the gentlemen showed off what they could do in that line, and after that to bed.

The Gables, Thursday, 13th.—Such a lovely day, and such a view from this house! Imagine looking through a frame of green leaves, and branches, and trunks of trees on to a rolling sea of mountains; the brown rippling hills near at hand gathering in magnitude and in depth and variety of colouring as they get farther from you, and ending in a great range of glistening snow mountains, which look like crested waves dashing up against the clear blue sky; that is our view. We admired it, and looked at the people going to the fair. I took some pictures of them, and I even committed the almost sacrilegious act of trying to condense the splendid and gorgeously coloured map which Nature had spread before us into $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches of plain brown photograph. I shall probably be punished when I see the result.

We all rode down the hill, and enjoyed as much as we did last year seeing the people on the way. A long zigzag of bright colours, curious dresses, curious types of face, and strange vehicles—jhampons, rickshaws, horses, mules, all winding through the wood; and the crowd collected at the bottom, the whirling

merry-go-rounds, the little shops, the sacred cow with three ears, the never-ending tom-tom playing, and all the other humours of the day. We again admired the bank of fair women ; we again bought rubbish, and ate a great lunch provided by our staff, and again sat under a Shamiana and saw a policeman in uniform shooting at another man's legs, and dancing with joy when he succeeded in hitting him.

After this a great honour was paid us. A god was brought a very long way from the other side of the Sutlej to see us. It was borne on long poles on men's shoulders, and was jumped up and down before us. It was a very strange-looking thing. At the top of it was a small circle of silver with jingling things attached to it ; next came a much wider circle of black horse-hair ; under that there were brass faces, and then a quantity of petticoats hanging about, from under which the poles came. It had no pretension to being a figure.

Friday, 14th.—Another most lovely day for a further expedition. We rode off after breakfast through pine woods to Naldera, a distance of seven miles, with a mountain view sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, sometimes on both. I described the place to you last year. D. had not seen it before, and he enjoyed the ride and the holiday, and the nice open look it has, and the view of the Sutlej. On the way he told fairy tales in Persian to his policeman. We lunched and sat under the trees, some talking, some sleeping, and D. reading a new novel about to be published, on which the author wants a 'candid' opinion. Then we rode back to The Gables, the woods being gay with the brilliantly clothed women returning from the fair ; and we all agreed we had had a most delightful day.

Saturday, 22nd.—In the morning I went over the Ripon Hospital, which is really a very perfect one. The situation is lovely, and all the wards are clean, and bright, and comfortable. There are some rooms for paying patients, which ought to be the greatest boon to people here who have not good houses of their own. Nothing can be nicer than they are, and a lady nurse is in attendance. From this I went on to a bazaar for the Zenana Missions, and then home.

In the afternoon there was a most amusing Gymkhana. Lord William drove nine ponies, riding on a tenth himself, and managing the whole set most beautifully ; but the excitement of the day was a 'Victoria Cross Race.' Every man provided himself with a large figure, which he was to rescue from off the field of battle ; these dummies looked so funny standing and sitting about before the race. Great care had been taken to dress them

well, but some were very soft and flopped about, while others were as stiff as pokers, and preternaturally tall. Some were in uniform; one was an 'Ayah,' and Lord William's was a 'Special Correspondent.' First of all, the riders, embracing their dolls, carried them off to a certain part of the field, where they strewed them about like wounded men. Then they went to the starting-post and galloped up to the figures; each man dismounted, picked up his doll, and flew back. Lord William was first, but, unluckily, in jumping the last hurdle he hit his head against a post, which should not have been there, cut it badly, fell off, and, clasping the Special Correspondent in his arms, held up that useful creature to staunch his wounds, and staggered up into the dressing-room streaming with blood. He did not, however, really hurt himself, and he says he did not even have a headache after it.

Monday, 24th.—This day, the Queen's Birthday, was to have begun a most gay official week for us; but early in the morning we heard of General Hughes's death, and we have put off the ball. I am so sorry about him. He was appointed Military Member of Council in the winter in succession to General Wilson. He leaves a wife and family. It is very sad.

We have put off the ball for a week, but the official dinner and the levée took place.

Tuesday, 25th.—D. attended General Hughes's funeral at 7.30 this morning.

In the afternoon I went to a lecture on the Silver Question. Now the Silver Question is one upon which we think you English people most callous. Why you will persist in a gold standard, to the ruin of us and of yourselves, we cannot imagine; and we are now about to exert ourselves to convert you to bi-metallism. With that view we have formed a 'Silver Association,' and Mr. Molesworth, a most faithful apostle of that creed, has begun the attack in this lecture. I commend the subject to your attention. We heard all about the 'fluctuations in the production of gold with relation to silver,' and the 'fluctuations in the relative price of gold and silver,' and we had little diagrams which looked as if some patient was terribly ill with fever, and his temperature was flying up and down in an alarming manner. These little maps really showed the vagaries of gold, silver, and commodities; but I am sure I have said enough to make you feel your own ignorance, and that is the first step towards improvement.

D. has set up a Persian valet, in order to improve his Persian. The man speaks his own language, but knows nothing about clothes. D.'s dressing consequently is long. When he asks for

his trousers, the man salaams and says, 'On my head and my eyes be they.' When he inquires for his toothbrush, he says, 'I am your sacrifice, here it lies in the hand of your slave,' &c., &c., and &c.

P.S.—There is some doubt now as to whether the Persian valet *does* speak his own language!

Tuesday, June 1st.—Our Queen's Ball was a very great success. The weather favoured us; and by dint of putting up one great Shamiana for supper and another for sitting in; by dint of shutting in verandahs and taking off doors, we created a great deal of room, and there never was any inconvenient crush. We had two good floors and plenty of light. The high chimney-pieces, which reach up to the ceiling, were filled with roses, all the men were in uniform, all the ladies in their smartest gowns, and everybody in the best of spirits—and what could you want more? Except perhaps supper, and that was good too, and looked very nice.

Wednesday, 2nd, to Friday, 4th.—Preparations for our Ripon Hospital Fête filled a great part of our time. Parcels had to be tied up; notes of thanks for things sent to be written, and many arrangements to be made by letter; dolls had to have the finishing touches put to their toilettes; pins had to be stuck into pin-cushions; the binding fastened on to scrap-books; the interior put into pen-wipers; autographs had to be collected for autograph-cards; drawings to be completed, and so on! And through all our work great anxiety in our minds as to the weather.

On Friday afternoon we changed the current of our thoughts by attending a lecture on 'Aurangzebe and the Grand Army,' which Mr. W. W. Hunter gave. It was very interesting; and that evening being the 4th of June, D. dined with Sir Frederick Roberts to meet sixteen other Etonians.

Saturday, 5th.—The great fête day comes at last! And what about the weather? Very cloudy at 6 A.M.; very much better, thank you, at 9 A.M.; fits of cloudiness alarming me till three o'clock, and then a settled conviction in my mind that we were running a race with the storm, and that we should win with flying colours. And so we did!

All the morning we were bustling about. A last large contribution arrived for the Fish Pond, and had to be tied up; the Shamianas on the lawn had to be set up; the Photograph Table spread and its goods priced; the Café Chantant hung with advertisements, and all the little *tête-à-tête* tables arranged in it; the Raffles had all to be planned; the Theatre to be put in order, and its thunder and lightning to be rehearsed; my own Lucky

Box had to be placed ; and the Fish Pond made beautiful and attractive.

Every one connected with our house had a department, and we all wore bows of different colours to show to what section we belonged.

The 'gates' of course began it at 4 p.m., as all arrivals passed through them ; and then we set to work, and we who were busy had only a general idea of what was going on elsewhere.

All our ventures did very well, but the most satisfactory thing was that all the people and all the children, and they were legion, seemed very happy and very pleased with the things they got, and we made altogether Rs. 3,730.

About half an hour after the people had gone, a terrible storm came on. The dust was frightful, but I quite enjoyed the sound of it, for it was just too late to do the smallest harm ; a few hours sooner it would have been ruin to the things, and ruin to the financial undertaking.

It has just struck me that perhaps you don't know that I have been describing the 'Viceregal Garden Fête' in aid of the Funds of the Nursing Home and Female Ward of the Ripon Hospital. I quite forgot that you have not been talking and thinking about it for weeks, as I have.

Tuesday, 8th.—I hope I have prepared your mind for a gay week. We are in the very midst of our season, and to-day, after a morning spent in receiving visitors, we rode down to the Races.

The 'Sky Races' are held at Annandale, and although I was in many minds not to go to them, I thought it very amusing when I got there. Seeing all one's intimate friends got up as jockeys, and all the riding horses of the place appearing as racers, is amusing ; and then the course is very small and the performers are never out of sight, and they look like toys galloping round a board ; and one is able to get up a special interest either in a well-known man or a particular horse, and one sits amongst all the Simla society and is infected by a little of the surrounding excitement, and so the Simla Races are rather lively.

Wednesday, 9th.—Blanche and I had rather a pleasant afternoon together. Blanche had been to a dance the night before, so we went a quiet ride—first to Mrs. Hughes, whom I visited ; then we rode on a long way to see the family of a native gentleman who has a house from which there is a most lovely view, but which is in a most inaccessible situation. The little wife, whom I had been unable to see well before because her mother-in-law would remain in the room, is very pretty, and is so full of fun, it is quite nice to see her. The pair are devoted to each

other, and when we said to him, after leaving the room, that we thought her pretty, the husband replied with enthusiasm. She fills his cartridges for him, and takes great interest in his sport. We looked at her jewels, and he showed us some big stones—quite enormous they are. She laughed at them and said they were false, and that his ring was glass, whilst her own were diamonds. Then we examined the glass bangles which all native women wear till they become widows, and she squeezed up her hand and took one off with difficulty. I showed her my much larger hand, which could never get through such a tiny bracelet, and told her that I wore a wedding ring. Her reply to this was that in this country they did not see each other until after they are married, and she showed how she had been covered up in her veil. I said, what a pleasant surprise her husband must have had when she lifted it, at which she giggled and disappeared again beneath it for some moments. He speaks English perfectly, and quite startles one with the expressions he uses so naturally. When you tell him some interesting fact, he exclaims, ‘What a rum thing,’ as if he had just come from Eton or Harrow. She feeds the wild monkeys from her door, and there was a big one eating up the flowers in the garden as we sat there.

Thursday, July 8th, to Wednesday, 14th.—Simla life at the present moment is scarcely varied enough to describe day by day. A *résumé* will be better than a detailed account of it. First and always foremost there is the interesting weather. It is really very nice this year ; fine for some hours almost every day, and when fine perfectly lovely. Not so ‘lovely’ in itself as in the effect it produces on the landscape. The landscape, which hitherto had been looking most ugly and brown, has now blossomed forth. The most rugged of its mountains are tinged with green ; the trees all look fresh and luxuriant ; and the playful clouds which disport themselves in the valleys and on the hill-tops are wonderfully mysterious and beautiful. Last Sunday afternoon the views were quite magnificent. The snow mountains shone forth in the background, and between them and us were ranges of the most brilliant green, divided and softened by other ranges of fleecy clouds which simulated the shapes of the more solid hills ; and over the whole strange landscape flitted lights and shades in bewildering variety.

Another day I saw again an effect which I admired very much last year : very heavy dark clouds almost entirely covering the sky, but from underneath them, not through them, a light shining which illuminates the hills. The effect is that of a very sunny landscape under a very dark sky.

The worst bit of weather we have had was in and after church on Sunday morning. When we came out water was pouring in torrents everywhere, and I believe that downpour has pulled us up to our proper average for the wet month of July. We like to have our correct number of inches.

At or near Umballa there were great floods. The railway has broken down, and letters and passengers are delayed.

Though not worthy of very special record, we have had some things going on. We went to see Fred's play a second time; we had the five o'clock chocolate tea given by the winner of the tennis match, its chief feature being its unwholesome character. Hot chocolate followed by strawberry ices! Then my three young ones dined and danced at Lady Roberts's, being asked without their chaperon, to keep somebody's birthday. The singing quadrilles to be danced at my calico fancy ball have been practised, and every one begins to be greatly pleased with them, and to think that the general effect will be lovely. A few people are still struggling to translate the word 'cotton' into 'velveteen,' but I won't have it, and I believe we shall all look very nice in our calico garments.

We had a big dinner and a small drum, the latter a thing we seldom try here. I got it up for the Maharana of Dholpore, as we had promised to ask him to sing here some day. The only professional musician I asked was a Miss Toussaint, and the other performers were amateurs. We had singing and playing all the evening in one room, and tea and a nine-pin board in another; and after he had finished his two songs, one English and the other French, both of which he sang very well indeed, the Maharana took to the game and got quite excited over it. The people I asked in the evening were only a very few who live quite close to us here: I did not like to bring any very long distances for this sort of entertainment.

Thursday, 15th.—We had a narrow escape of a bad accident to-day. We went out riding, and just as we got into the town, at a place where there are shops on one side of the road and a high rocky bank on the other, a small landslip occurred, and a few barrowfuls of earth and small stones rattled down almost at our feet. The horses all started; mine made a jump forward, and I then stood still for a moment, when more earth poured down, and I heard a scrimmage behind me. I did not dare to turn round, lest I should see something dreadful happening to the others. A man said, 'There's a lady down;' and Major Cooper said, 'I'm afraid she's hurt.' I knew it must be Blanche, who had been next me, so I got off quickly and ran back, and found

Fred half carrying her into a shop, and she crying out about her back. We laid her on a sofa, and sent off for doctors and jham-pans, and were much frightened for a few minutes. We soon saw, however, by her face that it could be nothing really serious, and when Dr. Franklin arrived he said she was only bruised. What happened to her was that her horse shied back against the verandah of the shop, and, breaking a post, got more frightened, slipped, and fell on his side, while Blanche went over backwards and knocked her back and head. It was a great escape, for very many things might have happened to make it a really bad accident. As soon as she was better we put her in a rickshaw, took her home, and made her go to bed.

Have I told you how gentlemen are swathed in waterproofs when they ride here during the rains? They have caps with flaps that protect the ears and neck, great mackintosh coats, and large aprons which are buttoned round the horse's neck and round the man's waist, and which entirely cover his feet and legs. The only disadvantage of this is that he is tied to his horse, and, in case of a fall, might have difficulty in getting clear.

Tuesday, 20th.—The last rehearsal of our singing quadrilles. Many people in the most feeble health, and I in great alarm lest more should break down. However, we made up the numbers, and the dancing went very well, and the few spectators were complimentary in their remarks. It has been most amusing getting it up. I shall be quite sorry when it is over. In the evening some of our gentlemen put on their dresses, and they did look so comic in the midst of our everyday surroundings. There was Lord William as the most perfect Chelsea Pensioner, hobbling in on a stick and coughing painfully. His dress is all cotton, and is most lovely. The coat is beautifully made, and he wears the decorations of many battles, and his cap has a great peak to shade his poor old eyes, but he has not been able to withstand the coquetry of wearing white trousers, and that is the only thing that is not strictly correct in his costume. But I do think that a Chelsea pensioner, however rheumatic, would wear white trousers in India, especially if he came to a Viceroy's ball. Don't you? Mr. Rosen is a magnificent Afghan. He looks so big in the clothes, and his coat is so splendid that you could not believe it was cotton if you did not touch it. The colour is drab, with just a touch of gold embroidery on the neck and sleeves; it is very long and straight; and all the other garments are white. A belt and sword round his waist and a great turban complete the costume; but the effect is greatly added to by his beard, which he dyes black, and by the peculiar Afghanish walk which

he puts on. He is so pleased with himself that he has been walking all about Simla, and no one ever knows him. He went up to Fred's house last night, and the servants did not recognise him and showed him into the drawing-room, where he waited for some time, but as Fred did not come he went away; and when Blanche heard that this stranger had departed, she rushed to the room and looked all round it to see that he had stolen nothing. Mr. Wallace dressed up too. He is an Arab Chieftain, and a capital figure. Edward Fletcher is a Gibraltar Moor: all his garments are extremely loose, and he gives a general impression of being very uncomfortable and 'wishing he was in uniform.' I had better tell you about ourselves now, as I shall not have time after the ball to do so. We four ladies all wear costumes copied from a Sheridan picture; but mine is orange, Nelly's white, Rachel's blue, and Blanche's pink. We got the muslin dyed here, and the tints are beautiful. The dresses are round skirts very full and very soft, rather short-waisted bodies, and fichus. Our heads are powdered. I wear a hat and carry a stick, but the others preferred feathers in their hair.

Wednesday, 21st.—The Fancy Ball was one of the very best I ever saw: the dresses were lovely; every one was so happy: and the whole thing went with so much spirit. I must try to give you some account of it. At 6.30 Blackwell did one powdered head; during our dinner she did another, and then I went up to dress, and we were all ready by 9.30. We flatter ourselves we looked very well, and all our Staff had capital dresses. We went down early to receive the people and to see them as they arrived. There was a wonderful variety of costume, and I can only tell you a few of them. Mrs. Gordon, our A.D.C.'s sister-in-law, looked very nice as a Gad-fly, with gold and white dress, and wings on her shoulders and head. Miss Gough was an 'adorable White Cat,' swans'-down trimmings, a little cloak consisting of white cats' tails, and a pussy's ears on her head. There were two very good Incroyables; one Undine; a 'White Lady of Avenel' (Mrs. Bliss), whose *own* hair was loose and touched the ground. I never saw such hair. There was a Mrs. Johnstone, who was most beautifully dressed with white muslin over blue, and a gigantic hat and white wig; there was a Portia in red, and another College Maiden in black. A great number of ladies and gentlemen belonged to the powder period, and even in cotton their dresses looked handsome. The 'Three Jolly Huntsmen,' of whom Fred was one, copied Caldecott's picture exactly, and were capitally dressed. Well, you may imagine it was amusing to see all our friends so disguised, and when the dancing began one

could study them at leisure. I must not forget to mention Mr. Elliott, the Commissioner of Assam, who came as a Manipur Chieftain—a real dress. His headdress was a great height; it consisted of a turban with a high point in front, over which was tied a curious jewelled puggaree which passed under his chin. In the turban was a great plume, which knocked every chandelier and doorway. I must also tell you that Mr. Balfour had a harlequin dress, and acted the part to the life.

A waltz came first, and then our singing quadrilles, which were so successful that we did them again later in the evening. We marched in, in two processions, entering at different doors, and subsided into our proper places. Soon after this I was sitting down looking on at the gay scene when an Arab gentleman came and said, 'How do you do?' I replied, and looked questioningly at him. He said, 'I am afraid your Excellency does not know me.' I answered politely, 'Well, I do think that I know your face, but I can't remember who you are.' I asked my neighbours and racked my brains to think who it was, but gave it up and walked away. Some one said to me after, 'That was His Excellency!' I scouted the idea, but at the same time remarked to myself that the Viceroy had disappeared, so I returned to my Arab friend and found sure enough that it was he! No one knew him. He had on spectacles, and wore a short black-blue beard and moustache. He only kept on the dress, which Mr. Balfour had got for him, for about half an hour, and the rest of the time was in plain clothes. There was one mysterious lady in a Cabul dress, which entirely covered her, and which had a piece of net across the eyes to look through. She stood about all night and spoke to no one. These were the only mysteries present. Just before supper we had a Polka Lancers—the ordinary figures danced to the polka time; it is very lively and very hard work—that is why we arranged to have supper directly after, that the dancers might rest. We had ten round tables for ten each, and seated 100 at a time. Nelly and Rachel led a short cotillon afterwards, which was very much liked, and all things ended with a waltz and a fast gallop.

Mr. Pim, the great hairdresser of the place, did eighty ladies' hair, so you may imagine how early some people had to begin their toilette. I hear the tradespeople say a calico ball pays almost better than an ordinary fancy ball. Every one gets something new for it, while for a handsome dress they use such good material as they may happen to possess of their own. And I think this is the reason all the dresses last night looked so well. They were fresh and ingenious.

The weather kept up during the evening, but has since been odious. Our carriage road slipped half down the khud on Tuesday, and our gas-pipes burst in the morning, so we were really fortunate that neither weather, road, nor want of light spoil the ball.

Monday, 26th.—The weather is once more the only interesting subject. During the day it was tolerably fine, and I went to a concert in the afternoon, but about ten in the evening it began to pour in a way that one imagined could only last a few minutes. Instead of that it went on for hours, and it seemed indeed as if the windows of heaven were opened. Comfortably in bed, we only suffered from the noise; but those unfortunate people who were dining out were in great difficulties. Some stayed where they were for a couple of hours; some remained all night; some ventured out, and were wet through; but the most tragic circumstance of all occurred to Mr. and Mrs. Carlo Bayley. They had guests dining with them, who about one o'clock decided that they must go home, and they had just seen them off, and were talking over their entertainment in the drawing-room, when the house shook, and they heard a terrible noise, and rushing to see what had happened, discovered that a landslip had come bang into their dining-room, and that it was full of mud and stones. The staircase was shut off, and two babies were sleeping upstairs. Mr. Bayley managed to get at a second narrow staircase, and, taking his children out of bed, he and his wife and her sister and the nurse, with these two bundles of children wrapped in bed-clothes, had to scramble over the débris in the dining-room, and to go out as they were in their evening dress in the pouring rain. They walked some distance in this melancholy condition to their nearest neighbour's house, and were taken in for the night and clothed and warmed. I believe a big tree came down on their house after they had left it, and all their things in the way of china and ornaments were smashed. This was the only landslip that did serious damage, but there are lots of them all over the place.

Tuesday, 27th.—I had such a crowd of visitors this morning, all the people who had been at the ball coming to say how much they enjoyed it; and in the afternoon we took a ride.

Wednesday, 28th.—A. joins the 17th Lancers to-day. It is his twenty-third birthday, so he begins in this regiment a new year, and I hope a happy era of his life.

I am getting up a Children's Fancy Dress Party, and am going to have singing lancers and singing quadrilles. The children

will be asked from four to seven, but the grown-up people will only be invited for 'one hour.' This device for passing the whole society through the house in three detachments is the only way to show them the children's dresses without crowding the little ones.

Tuesday, August 24th.—At 3.30 the thirty-two children forming the singing quadrilles arrived to practise, and danced three figures wonderfully well, considering what dots some of them are, and that they know nothing of dancing in the abstract. They then joined my garden party, which, in defiance of the rains, I had fixed for to-day, and descended like locusts upon Nowell's magnificent buffet, clearing plates and eating every sort of unwholesome dish, regardless of consequences, and quite disregarded by their parents, who did not seem at all alarmed. I was most lucky in the day, and my courage in giving this party was rewarded. The sun shone, and as the grass was a little damp, large portions of it were covered with carpet, so that people could sit in safety. This garden party was a new experiment. I had it on a very pretty piece of ground at the side of the house, which slants down to the tennis-court in three broad terraces; a hedge of roses dividing it from the approach on one side, and peeps of the mountains and of distant woods giving it a spacious and park-like appearance on the other. The guests were received at the top, the band was on the second terrace, and tea was in the tennis-court at the bottom, so the company were kept ascending and descending, and seemed to like it. About half an hour after they had left, it began to pour with rain, and I believe my late guests were caught in it, through their own fault, not mine. They left this at 6.30, but that is much too early for an English resident in India to go home, so many repaired to Peliti's, a confectioner's shop, and a sort of rendezvous for tea and gossip, and thus they got wet in their best gowns.

Wednesday, 25th.—D. has a pigeon-trap and clay pigeons, and he now has half an hour's shooting after lunch every day. I went to see the performance, and the little saucers behaved so like birds that the hawks actually collected overhead. The 'guns' stand on a road half-way down the khud, at the top of which is the trap, and when the word is given, a small round 'bird' comes soaring overhead, and, sitting on the wings of the wind, flits past, and if not shot through the heart floats on to the valley beneath. Sometimes it makes a sweep round and disappears in a tree just as the real thing might do.

This was a dinner and dance night: a big table laden with candles, flowers, and food at eight o'clock; at 9.30 a transforma-

tion scene. The table disappears, the carpet too, and two hundred guests are shown into a ballroom, where they dance till twelve, the buffet being in another room beyond. All these dances are alike, with a certain change in the persons of the invited, and I think they always go off with great spirit.

Some energetic people, headed by Mr. Durand, the Foreign Secretary, were playing football at Annandale to-day, but we did not go to see them.

Wednesday, September 8th.—The day of the Children's Ball was ushered in by the most frightful storm, but happily it soon cleared up, and the sun shone almost more than we wished, for we had to shut it out of the house and to light up the rooms at four o'clock.

The ball was the greatest possible success. The children were so pretty and so good, and enjoyed themselves so much, and the grown-up people were so delighted at the sight of them, and the mothers were so proud of their infants; and the quadrilles, lancers, and march all went off so well; there was no hitch anywhere. The guests began to arrive about 3.30, and all the dancers were kept in one room, while the others assembled in the ball-room. We began with the march, had the quadrille second, then the lancers, and then one polka for every one before tea. This was in our drawing-room, in the sunlight, the dancing being done by candlelight. A hundred and twelve children were seated at round tables, and they did look sweet! After tea the same programme was repeated to a new set of spectators, and the ball finished off with some fast dances. I must try and tell you a few of the dresses. I think the most attractive was a Cupid. He is a Moncrieffe, and has the auburn hair, brown eyes, and lovely complexion of the family, with the roundest of little faces and the fattest legs and arms—these were bare; and his dress consisted of a tight silver jersey, bow and arrows, and silver sandals. A delightful little Marie Stuart, with a pearl cap and long white dress and fair hair tumbling into her eyes, was another. There was a little green-and-gold wood-elf, and a lovely fairy in blue tarlatan and silver; both these had wings. Three little boys were dressed in men's clothes—one as an A.D.C., one as a 'Political,' and one as a Masher. Their dresses were perfect, and they looked 'every inch the gentleman.' These creatures were all from about two to four years old. A bigger girl looked very nice as a brown butterfly, and there was one child to whom we all took a great fancy. She danced in the quadrille, and was so pretty and dignified. She was dressed as Madame Favart.

The ball was over at seven, and then we had a few people to dinner, but were all tired and ready to go early to bed.

Thursday, 9th.—A number of children came to be photographed this morning, and I have worked so hard over doing them that I have not left myself much time for writing about the ball. I fear all the pictures will not be very good, but I have got a nice one of the Cupid!

Monday, 20th, to 25th.—Our visit to Dhamin this year was in most respects so exact a repetition of our stay there last year that I need only give you a general idea of it this time. We left home on Monday, after seeing Mr. Tufnell win the silver medal in the last match of the tennis tournament in our court, and rode on to the border of the Rana's dominions, where he met us, and conducted us to our camp. We dined and sat over a bonfire, and next morning breakfasted a little earlier than usual and started off for the shooting grounds. We shot and lunched at the same places as we did last September, but the birds were few, and the sport was certainly bad. On Tuesday we went to a new part of the hill to shoot 'gurel,' a kind of deer, which, across a khud, looks remarkably small and more like a hare than a deer. We rode along the most alarming places on a narrow footpath with a precipice on one side and a high bank on the other, and only dismounted very occasionally when the stones on the path looked very loose and unpleasant.

When the guns were all placed, we found ourselves on one very steep hill looking up at another steeper still, a mass of rock and small shrubs and patches of grass; a rapid stream ran between the two. Beaters were all along the top of this opposite hill, and were expected to come down it. This they seemed very loth to do, and the consequence was we saw very little game. Dr. Findlay shot a large panther, and had great 'fun' with it, which means that, finding it alive when he thought it was dead, he had to dodge behind trees, and had some difficulty in killing it. The known presence of this beast is supposed to have frightened the beaters, and is also said to have been the cause of our finding so few 'gurel' in the place. While the gentlemen stood at attention, watching for game, we ladies sat comfortably on the grass and read. In the middle of the day we had luncheon, one more beat, and then home to dinner, bonfire, and bed. The weather is quite lovely, and we have to wear sun hats and back pads, and to carry umbrellas. I am rather proud of the way in which I ride along the edge of a precipice holding up a parasol!

Thursday morning we again had a last year's beat, after

which we said good-bye to the Rana, who is a very nice man, and to his little son, who was with him; had luncheon, and rode home in the cool of the afternoon. We found a new Extra A.D.C. here. He is a great-nephew of Lady de Ros', and is come to us for six months. He only arrived in India last winter, and went straight to the Delhi Camp, where he was knocked over accidentally, and nearly killed, and he is only just getting quite well again now.

Blanche and Fred got back from their expedition to Nar-kunda about an hour before us, and Jack Henderson came to dine with us, so it felt quite like a family gathering. The mail was in too, with all our home news.

Friday, 24th.—I had a great garden party, and I think a very pretty one. It was on the terraces. On the first one there was a large Shamiana, which made a beautiful reception-room; on the second, the band, with plenty of seats for visitors; and on the third, the refreshment-tents. A number of children came and enjoyed themselves immensely, running up and down the banks and playing about quite undisturbed by the company surrounding them. The Rajah of Chumba, some Oude talukdars, and some other native gentlemen, were present. The weather is absolutely perfect now, and one can give an outdoor party without any fears lest it should misbehave.

In the evening we went to hear the 'Elijah,' which has been got up by Mr. Mackworth Young. A hundred amateurs sang, our band formed the orchestra, and the whole thing was most successful.

Saturday, October 2nd.—Great preparations have been made for a fête given by D. to the members of his Office, but arranged by themselves. The compound, houses, and offices, which are immediately below this place, were for some days before in the hands of the decorator. Shamianas were put up; strings of flags with 'Welcome' on them were hung across, while much larger ones floated over the chimney-tops. Firework devices, and arches, and other preparations for illuminations, were visible from the upper road. The amusements began early and went on all day, and at 9 p.m. we started off to go and see the play.

We walked down a zigzag path, looking upon the illuminations, which were done in that effective Indian way which I have so often described to you, and which made the place look so very much larger than it really is. As we got to the entrance of the grounds, a cannon was fired off twice, and then we discovered a body-guard which had been created for the occasion. They all had new dresses, and at their head were two very big officers

with great beards and moustaches, also put on for the night, and two nice little pages very prettily dressed. These last marched before us into the 'theatre.' This was beautifully arranged. The large Shamiana was pitched up against the house, so that the verandah made a kind of raised dais, on which we sat. The stage was at the far end of it, opposite to us ; and between, on the well-carpeted floor, sat all the members of the Office and their guests. It made a fine big room. The posts supporting the roof were twined with flowers, and the front of the stage and of the verandah were banks of moss and flowers. Strings with strange animals and devices hanging from them crossed the ceiling in every direction. In front of our chairs hung two crowns, also made at Armsdell (the name of the place), and two of the clerks dressed up as Goorkhas stood at attention at the sides. When we had all settled down, the play began. It was acted in English, and, as I have sent you the text, I need only tell you that it was very well acted and extremely amusing, and that the local jokes were highly appreciated. Before and after it there was a little dancing and singing, and during the performance there was one song which we liked very much. It was called the 'Musical Bheestie': a man dressed up with the Bheestie's skin of water on his back sang and danced down the centre of the Shamiana, pretending to water the path as he came, but in reality sprinkling us all with scent. It was very well danced, and was very pretty.

Tea and ices were handed round, and there was a conjurer, who did some tricks, and then the Chief Clerk made a little speech, to which D. replied. He said he was glad of the opportunity of personally thanking the members of his Office for the industry and the uncomplaining good temper with which they fulfil their arduous duties ; and more especially did he wish to express his deep sense of the unswerving fidelity with which they keep the secrets of the Office. Then we left, attended by the same guards and attendants who had received us, while a fountain of fire played at the door. Mr. and Mrs. Panioty did the honours of the evening and of their house ; there were several other guests besides ourselves.

The crowns have been sent to us as souvenirs, and Guy received all the little animals which had been hanging up.

Monday, 4th.—The rains have returned to us, and the weather is so cold and uninviting that we have given up Narkunda and our trip into the hills.

Tuesday, 5th.—I had a Committee meeting, with two new members present at it—the one Sir Auckland Colvin, who

replaces Sir Steuart Bayley, and the other Mr. Peile, who replaces Mr. Ilbert.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are coming here shortly for a few days. They will be lodged in Lord William's house, and we are now arranging a re-opening of the season for them, with dinners, dances, and concerts.

Saturday, 23rd.—I cannot finish this so cheerfully as I began it, for we had a telegram to say that Archie has fever at Lucknow. I am just waiting for another with some particulars before deciding if I should go down to him at once.

CHAPTER IX

AUTUMN TOUR, 1886

LUCKNOW, BOMBAY, HYDERABAD, MYSORE

OCTOBER 25 TO DECEMBER 15

Monday, October 25th.—As the doctors seemed quite sure that A. had typhoid fever, and not merely the ordinary Indian feverish attack, we decided that I should start at once just to see that everything possible was done for him, even if I should be unable to remain. Major Cooper and I set off this morning at 8 A.M. and drove for ten hours, reaching Umballa at 6 P.M. Although so long, it is really rather a nice drive, and after so many months in the mountains a gallop downhill and along the level road to Umballa is pleasant.

Tuesday, 26th.—I was all night in the train, and reached Alighur at eleven o'clock this morning. Mr. Cadell, the Commissioner, met me at the station, and, as I had five hours to wait, I went to his house for luncheon, and visited the new Mahometan College. They have a debating club, at which juveniles of twelve years old give their opinions on questions of State policy. The debaters sit on opposite sides, 'like Parliament,' and there is a division at the end of the debate, and the speeches are printed. I read one debate on the advisability of giving natives the high commands now held by Englishmen in the Indian army. One speaker said, 'It is from reading books that I prefer the military profession; although it does not suit my weak constitution, yet I prefer it.' One young man, on passing

out of the college, was dilating upon all the advantages he had gained there, and said, 'When I came here I could not speak English ; religion was a mystery to me ; I could not even handle a lawn-tennis bat.'

Wednesday, 27th.—We started off on our travels again at five last night, and reached Lucknow at 7.30 o'clock this morning ; I drove straight to A.'s bungalow, which is an extremely nice one. His room is airy, and he can see out of the windows. He looked quite himself, and did not seem weak. The doctors say it is an ordinary case with no complications, but a severe one. They think he got it at Simla, and he never was well after he came down ; but, feeling ill, he tried to 'ride it off,' played polo on Monday, 18th, and had a fall. On Tuesday morning he drove over to the doctor and complained of 'bruises,' being at that time in a high fever. I have a room in his house, but have only seen him once as yet.

Monday, November 1st.—I went a little expedition this morning to visit a Missionary Hospital and Dispensary, and to see how the religious teaching and the medical work are combined. A number of women were collected there, and the doctor, Miss Marsden, sat down and told them the story of the prodigal son, and explained it to them. They listened very attentively, and answered some questions. Then she began her medical work, and I waited to see a great number of cases prescribed for.

My afternoon drives have shown me a good deal of Lucknow. It seems to be one of the nicest stations in India. There are great open park-like spaces, intersected with broad roads overshadowed by fine trees, and all the grass, shrubs, and leaves are so green and luxuriant-looking compared to those in other places. The bungalows all have nice gardens, and the whole place looks well-kept and rich, and is as neat as a gentleman's park at home. The Residency gardens are beautiful, but I told you about them last year.

D. has been two days at Bhawalpore, and visited Mooltan on his way there. Now he is at Lahore, where there are to be some great functions.

Wednesday, 3rd.—The Commissioner took me a sight-seeing drive this afternoon, going through the Wingfield Park, passing by the Horticultural Gardens, and then by the banks of the river. I was more struck than ever with the beauties of Lucknow. We visited two mosques : one of them I had seen before ; the other had a very pretty court-yard with a large tank of water in the centre, shrubs and roses growing all about. The mosque itself was full of glass chandeliers, but in another small building

I saw eight very large and interesting portraits of the Kings of Oude. They stand on the floor up against the wall, and it is a great pity they cannot be hung up.

We next went on to the native city, and walked through the bazaar. It is always amusing to see the crowds of people and the artisans at work in their little shops.

Kite-flying is a great amusement at Lucknow, and there were numbers of them in the bazaar. The flyers have regular matches, and bet upon the result. A very fine string covered with powdered glass, and which costs 2½ a pound, is made for this purpose, and the great art is to fly your kite higher than that of your rival, and then to pull your string suddenly, so as to cut his in two.

Thursday, 4th.—Basil's sixteenth birthday, and the day my four children start for India. I can imagine you getting them ready and seeing them off.

Archie is very well and cheerful this morning.

D. seems to think I should join him soon now, so I shall leave Tuesday, and get to Bombay in time to see Nelly off; but I have asked Major Cooper to stay here another week, as I do not like the idea of leaving Archie alone, though he is nearly convalescent.

Thursday, 11th.—After two long nights and days in the train I arrived at Bombay this morning. My journey was made less weary than it otherwise would have been by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Ilbert and their four children in the next carriage; they paid me frequent visits, and we had our meals together. On the way, too, I received good news of Archie from Major Cooper. Mr. Lawrence, of the 17th Lancers, travelled with me.

The drive from the station, a most magnificent and ornamental structure, to Malabar Point is a long but pretty one, and this place, jutting out into the sea, is very delightful to us mountaineers. I do like seeing the real ocean, and as I sit at my window writing I look upon it and hear the waves dashing upon the shore, and feel a little nearer home, and a little nearer to the children now sailing in the *Mirzapore*.

This Malabar Point is a curious place. It is a very small promontory, and on it are a few bungalows. The central one contains only one immense long room, partitioned off by carved open-work doors which divide it into dining-room, hall, and drawing-room. Outside these rooms is a very wide verandah, which is furnished, and makes a nice place to sit in. Lady Reay has great taste in arranging things, and this bungalow is very pretty. From it I can get under cover to mine. The girls and I have a great suite of apartments, and are very comfortable.

When I drove up, Lady Reay, Rachel, and Nelly met me, and the former had very kindly arranged for us three to breakfast together. Nelly and Rachel look as if they had been rather over-worked, and are not quite so flourishing as when they left Simla. They had seen D. off on his little cruise in the *Clive* the day before. He was rather unhappy at going without any of his ladies.

Nelly was anxious to see the 'Towers of Silence,' so Lady Reay took us there in the afternoon. Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy came to do the honours of the place. It is really most interesting and curious, and although it would be hard to reconcile oneself to the idea of laying out one's dead to be torn to pieces by vultures, yet, undoubtedly, the system has much to be said for it in a hot climate. The Parsee idea is that the earth should not be contaminated by any decaying matter, and their funerals are conducted in these 'Towers of Silence' in the following way : The towers are round, but not very high, and are uncovered. Inside there is a stone platform running all round, with three sets of grooves sloping downwards towards a deep empty well in the centre. The outer circle of grooves is for men—'good actions ;' the second line for women—'good words ;' and the third for children—'good thoughts.' When a person dies, he is placed on an iron bier and carried by official corpse-bearers, accompanied by a procession of friends and mourners, all walking, and all kept together by holding the ends of white pocket-handkerchiefs between them. When they reach the place, the friends stand at a distance from the tower, the corpse-bearers strip the corpse at the entrance, and place the body naked in one of the grooves. The vultures are all sitting on the trees and walls watching, and in less than five hours after, they have reduced it to a skeleton. In about eight days the bones are completely dried up, and they are then lifted with tongs and thrown into the central well, where they crumble away into dust. The rain washes down into this well, and gradually carries all away into drains provided for the purpose, and which have large filters at either end, so that when the water reaches mother earth there is no contaminating matter in it.

No one is allowed to enter these towers, of which there are seven in the enclosure, so the whole method is explained over a little model. We walked through the pretty garden, and admired the splendid view, and gazed at the outside of these mysterious towers, and at a vulture keeping watch upon the wall, while numbers of them were sitting on the trees. Our guide told us that neither a dead vulture nor a young bird had ever been seen

there. They build their nests elsewhere, and I suppose they creep home to die in some other place.

There is one room in the garden where the sacred fire is kept ever burning, and there the mourners can go and pray if they feel so inclined. We unbelievers may not look upon the fire, but the smell of burning sandal-wood was very sweet.

Friday, 12th.—Nelly and Rachel were to have started to-day, but a cyclone delayed the mail, and they get an extra day on shore. We went to see the Cama Hospital, over which Miss Pechey and Miss Ellaby preside. It is a female hospital.

Just before going out I had a most delightful surprise. The Maharajah of Jeypore wrote me a very nice letter and sent me a lakh of rupees for my Fund, and in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee. I am pleased! This is my first very big sum, and I am sure that this year my medical affairs will be placed on a much firmer foundation than they have hitherto been, through lack of money. The two lady doctors dined at Government House; both of them are very nice. On our way home from our drive Lady Reay took us to have tea at the Yacht Club. It was very pleasant. We sat at the edge of a parapet and looked at the harbour illuminated by a rising and most gigantic moon; couples 'of sorts,' as they say in India, were walking up and down between us and the Club, which itself looked like a great Swiss chalet on the stage. The whole scene indeed was rather theatrical, and even the moon was somewhat pantomimic. The tea was very good and very refreshing in this most thirsty place.

Saturday, 13th.—After an early luncheon we drove down to the dock, and I went on board with the girls. We had hoped D. would have been in in time to see them again, but there were no signs of the *Clive*, though we knew she was near. The *Paramatta* is a fine ship, and Nelly and Rachel have good cabins. Rachel leaves me altogether, and Nelly goes home for a year. We shall miss them both very much.

The *Paramatta* passed quite close to the *Clive*, and Nelly must have been disappointed not to see her father on the bridge, but unfortunately he had a slight touch of fever and was in bed. D.'s reception at the dock and in the town was very fine, but I did not see it.

Monday, 15th.—Lady Reay gave a purdah party for me to-day, so the drawing-room and part of the large verandah were shut off from the outer world and the native ladies were received there. It was a very pretty sight, and the guests were most of them very cheerful and happy-looking. A few could speak English quite well. There were two Arab ladies with fine faces;

and two Persians, wearing short petticoats of brocade, long white stockings, and patent-leather shoes. They had gold-and-white lace shawls over their heads and fastened under their chins. One woman there is rather a celebrity in India just now. She is very well educated, speaking English perfectly, but when she was a child she was married, or what we should call betrothed, to a boy, and now that she is grown up she has refused to go to him as his wife, and the case is being tried in Court. It involves a great principle, and is a test case of much interest.

Four little girls arrived so late that I only just saw them, but they were most wonderfully dressed. They had round caps covered with jewels on their heads, some of which were wound up and revolved. Their hair was plaited in a quantity of small tails ending with cord and gold tassels and coins, a very heavy headdress. They had velvet embroidered jackets and very wide short skirts, and they were all very bright and friendly. This tea party was rather hurried over, as we had to go on to another at the house of a Parsee lady. On this occasion it was not a purdah party. The Parsees look particularly pretty when you see them in numbers. They have fine eyes, and they drape themselves in such soft material and such lovely delicate colours. Their garment is generally edged with a band of silver embroidery, and a new pattern has just come out which has the word 'God' in Roman letters repeated over and over again in the same way that the Mahometans have 'Allah.' It is rather startling to our eyes. Our hostess, Mrs. Cowasjee Readymoney, has been a good deal in England, and is an exceedingly bright and handsome little woman. She presented me to every one as 'our Countess.' There were sisters and sisters-in-law and relations of all kinds assembled in a large room with marble columns and open on to the staircase, with a fine view of the sea from the windows. It was a 'drum,' so we went through a number of introductions, had a cup of tea, heard one song, and then tore ourselves away in time to dress for dinner. The society was much amused by the son of the house, a little boy whom I had seen in London. I asked him if he had liked England, and he said, 'Not much,' which was a piece of unexpected truth-speaking greatly appreciated by the bystanders. However, as it was the absence of black ants in England he deplored, I could not sympathise with his reasons. These black ants are always crawling about here and make one quite uncomfortable.

Tuesday, 16th.—This morning the mail came in, bringing with it Lord and Lady Wynford and Prince Leopold of Prussia. They were in a cyclone on Friday and Saturday, were battered

down, and were very much alarmed. Think how fortunate we are that D. escaped it in the *Clive*, and that the *Paramatta* missed it too! D. had many small durbars and return visits to-day, and was kept very busy. I drove with Lady Reay and had an interview with Mr. Malabari, a reformer. He has taken up the 'infant marriage' and 're-marriage of widow' questions, and is interested in my Scheme.

I have forgotten to tell you about one visit we received to-day. The visitor was a stout Persian boy of ten years old, dressed like a man in black cloth, with fine eyes and clear complexion, and holding the extraordinary position of a demi-god or a 'manifestation' of one. This attribute came into the family of Aga Khan some generations ago, and they are now extremely rich through the offerings of the faithful. The boy is the head of the family. He is a solemn little creature; he prefers men to ladies, and it was rather amusing to see him sitting in our midst with a cup of coffee in his hand, which he kept on blowing in his calm and stately fashion. When the Viceroy came, the question being put to him whether he liked being with the ladies or with 'Lord Sahib,' he replied 'Lord Sahib' with so much enthusiasm that we all laughed, and D. carried him off to a distant corner where they talked Persian together.

I also saw a family consisting of three little daughters and two sons, that of the Rajah of Durrumpore. The daughters all looked about the same age, and are just on the verge of being shut up in the zenana. One son was only four years old, and the dearest little creature imaginable. His eyes were splendid.

Wednesday, 17th.—I cannot describe to you the events of the Viceroy's day; it is quite impossible to get speech of him, as he has one interview after another all the time, and never one moment's peace. In the afternoon he had to give away prizes at the School of Art, and we both had engagements after that which we were too late to fulfil. In the evening there was a large dinner here and a ball at the Yacht Club. The ball was very prettily arranged. The grounds on either side were illuminated, and some of the ships in the harbour were lighted up. The supper was well managed, and the entertainment was altogether a great success.

Thursday, 18th.—We made time for one little bit of sight-seeing to-day. D. looked at some docks and fortifications, and lunched at the Yacht Club as Sir Charles Arbuthnot's guest, and then we met him at the landing-place and all went off together to see the celebrated Caves of Elephanta. With the caves themselves I was a little disappointed, but the trip through the harbour

and the views from the island were delightful. Landing at Elephanta you find a long stone stairway up the hill, and in our case the usual paraphernalia for tea at the top. The principal cave is a great square hall cut out of the rock, with rows of pillars down the centre, and mutilated statues of gods and goddesses standing in relief round the walls. The age of these caves is unknown, but they are supposed to have been excavated between the eighth and thirteenth centuries.

In the evening there was a reception given for us by Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy. The ladies of his family received us in a room on the ground floor and conducted us upstairs, where we walked through rows of people, and spoke to some, and then stood at the top of the room. After a very short time we went down again for refreshments, and then we were adorned with garlands, and departed.

Friday, 19th.—We had to be up early to leave Bombay. Our visit has been very pleasant, and D. has been pleased with his work here and with all the people he has seen. The weather has been hot, and most of us have prickly heat, which is not becoming! Lord and Lady Reay, who have been most kind, were up to see us off. The station at Bombay is such a splendid place both outside and in; the marble columns and high arched roof are worthy of a cathedral, and are much too magnificent for a bustling crowd of railway passengers.

Our destination was Poona, and we got there at two o'clock, having lunch in the train just before our arrival. We were met at the station by a number of officers and by three ladies—the daughter of the General, Miss Flood; the wife of Colonel Holberton, whose husband, it turned out, had been at school with D. at Mr. Walton's; and Mrs. Le Quesne, Miss Sutcliffe's sister. Having said a few words to them, we all went on to the Council Chamber, where the addresses were presented. It is a very handsome room, and a very light and cheerful one, so it looked very pretty with all the different-coloured turbans arranged in rows, and with a dais at the top of it, on which were some white satin and gold chairs. The speeches were much longer and much more interesting than is usual on such occasions. They were real business; the authors of the addresses bringing forward their grievances, and the Viceroy replying to their various suggestions and requests. It is almost the first time since he came to India that D. has let himself speak out, and all he said seemed to be highly appreciated. The native gentlemen who presented the addresses were really superior men, and the greater number of them understood English. We had tea and spoke to the ladies,

and then drove off to see as much as possible of Poona before sunset. The bazaar was, as usual, a delightful sight : the curious old houses filled from roof to doorway with picturesque figures, graceful dusky creatures swathed in harmonious reds and blues, and little naked children squeaking or clapping their hands as the Viceroy's *cortège* galloped rapidly by. The roads at Poona are very good, wide, and shaded by trees on either side. There are two rivers there, and very pretty gardens and houses. We went to see the Government House, Ganeshkind, of which we have always heard so much. The views at Poona are very English—a flat country with low hills in the distance, and it has a delightful climate in the rains.

We dined in our train and travelled all night.

Saturday, 20th.—We breakfasted in the railway station at Nandgaon. It was decorated with red, blue, and green bunting, and with stuffed heads of deer and tiger. Then we started off on a long drive of forty-six miles to the Caves of Ellora. The country is quite flat, but before us all the way we saw a long, low ridge of hills, and when we got near to these we found our camp was on the top of this tableland. Our horses with pain and difficulty dragged us to the summit, whence we looked down upon a great plain in one direction, and in the other over the tableland itself, an undulating grassy slope, with a few picturesque temples and tombs interspersed among our tents ; groups of people sitting about ; squadrons of cavalry for escort duty, elephants, flags, Chinese lanterns—every sort of life and movement and colour to make the scene gay and lovely.

We were a little tired after our long drive, but we had no time to spare, and so we only just washed our dusty faces and looked at the charming rooms prepared for us in a bungalow at the head of the camp, and went in to luncheon.

The Nizam has arranged all this for us, and the whole thing is admirably done. The cooking is the best I have ever tasted in India, and the table was nicely laid and well served. By four o'clock we were ready to visit the caves. We had to descend our mountain, for these caves are excavated in its side. They are of three kinds—Buddhist, Brahmin, and Jain, and we inspected the Buddhist ones first. The exterior of some of them is carved, and the cave itself is cut out of the solid rock, and is generally a chamber with rows of pillars elaborately carved, while the whole of the side walls are covered with bas-reliefs of Buddha in the Buddhist caves, of Krishna, Vishnu, and Siva in the Hindu. It would be impossible to describe them to you more fully, but some of the caves have three storeys, each chamber

being cut out and decorated in the same way, and each panel of the wall illustrating some different incident in the life of Buddha, or in the Hindu mythology.

We just glanced at the most wonderful of all on our way home, but are to revisit it to-morrow, so I will tell you of its outside now, and must finish my description when I have seen it again. I am sure it is one of the wonders of the world, and should be put in the same category with the Pyramids and Thebes. The Temple of Kailas is a complete 'building' cut out of the solid rock. It is like a beautiful and highly decorated palace in a pit. There is a wide passage all round it, but the great wall of rock rises high on every side and helps one to comprehend the marvellous nature of the work. A narrow gateway has been left, and this is rather a pity, as without it one good view of the temple could be obtained, whereas now you have either to look down upon it from above, or to gaze up at it from quite close, and you cannot get a general view. Inside the court and at either side of the 'building' are two beautiful carved pillars to hold standards, and two big elephants, all carved out of the rock. I do not know whether I have made you understand that the whole thing is monolithic. Even gazing at it, it is difficult to believe this, and to realise that no one bit of this elaborate structure has been done separately, and that nothing is stuck on. A wide and deep passage must have been first cut, leaving a gigantic block of stone in the centre; this must then have been shaped into a temple outside, chambers and galleries and pillars cut inside, and finally the whole covered with elaborate representations of historical and mythological subjects. The base of the temple is a 'dado' of elephants, tigers, and griffins fighting or feeding, and all in strong relief, appearing to support the upper storeys. Above this the carving is much more delicate and minute, and it would take days to examine it in detail.

We had a long dinner. It was very good and very well arranged, but after thirty-six hours of uninterrupted travelling, functions, and sight-seeing, two hours spent at table are most trying. There were two courses before the soup, and various Indian dishes were added to the already lengthy bill of fare; so I was extremely sleepy by the end of it, and was glad to say good-night to the four ladies who are in camp as soon as possible after it was over.

Sunday, 21st, to Tuesday, 23rd.—I went down to the caves again and spent a long time in the Kailas. The more one sees of it the more wonderful it seems to be. The central hall has four rows of magnificent pillars, and the whole was once decorated

with frescoes, but the colour has almost entirely disappeared. Even in the outside walls of rock, galleries and chambers have been cut, and multitudes of sculptured figures adorn every yard of the surface.

We saw two other fine caves, one a Jain temple. The plan is much the same as that of the Brahmin and Buddhist ones, the only peculiarity being that the Jain caves open one into another like rooms in a house. The Jain religion was a compromise between Brahminism and Buddhism, and the figure of Buddha, under a different name, is to be seen in every chapel. The last Brahminical cave we saw was cut out of the spur of a hill, and was open on three sides to the air and light, which made it rather different from the others. The Tomb of Aurungzebe was another thing to be visited in this neighbourhood. The great Emperor did not wish more spent upon his burying-place than he had earned in his life; and as his copies of the Koran had not fetched more than 700 rupees, his grave is exceedingly simple. As D. approached it, an old man stepped forward and chanted something, the translation of which was 'Aurangzebe, late Emperor of Delhi, I present to you the representative of the present Emperor of Delhi;' then sugar-candy and spices were offered to D. and we proceeded on our way.

We spent one night at Aurungabad; it was very prettily illuminated, and there were fireworks after dinner, and an address in the morning. This was the beginning of a very long day. When the reply was given, and D. had looked at the beautiful box in which the address was put, and I had thanked our entertainers for a book of photographs, we got into our carriages and drove on and on till eight o'clock in the evening. We did stop for two hours in the middle of the day; but as during that time we worked harder than ever, I wish you to understand we had eleven hours of uninterrupted fatigue.

What we stopped to see was a very interesting and wonderful thing—the old Hindu Fortress of Daulatabad. The country here is absolutely flat, with the exception of the ridge of table-land which I have before described, and a few isolated peaks or hills rising suddenly and straight from the plain. The fortress is built on one of these, but the curious part of it is the scarped wall which surrounds it, and which you understand better when you have climbed some way up; then you see that a deep moat has been cut in the solid rock just where it slopes down to the level. The bright green water which fills it looks so lovely between the two walls of stone, but from the outside you only see the inner one, a smooth adamantine circle surrounding a

lofty peak of earth and rock, surmounted by a solitary gun. To reach this we went through subterranean passages and up steep and narrow stairs, and finally sank down exhausted on the gun, wondering how it ever was brought up there. When we had admired the view sufficiently we began to descend, but we did look with some regret at a beautifully laid-out lunch-table which had been spread 'for the first time within the memory of man' almost at the very top. Unfortunately contradictory orders had been sent there, and while glass and china and silver and flowers were above, the provisions were below, and it was ordained that we should refresh ourselves at the bottom. We were very hungry, and we knew we had a six hours' drive before us, so we were ready to eat anywhere and to go on as fast as possible. Some lazy and jaded people had not made the ascent at all, but we were extremely glad we had explored the whole of this ancient and marvellous place.

The sight of our railway carriage at the end of the day was very delightful, and we slept quietly in a siding.

Now we have two days' travelling and another night stationary before reaching Hyderabad, and as the post goes to-morrow I have had to write our last adventures in the train, and shall begin a new chapter there. D. received one address at Ahmednugger on the way, but otherwise he considers this a time of rest.

Wednesday, 24th.—We arrived at Hyderabad in the afternoon; the Minister, Nawab Salar Jung, came a few stations down the line to meet the Viceroy, and at Hyderabad was the Nizam himself, attended by all his nobles. He is a small man, with long black hair and whiskers, dark eyes, straight features, and a sad face. He wore a black Persian cap and European clothes. The costumes of his nobles were more splendid. Most of them are big men: Nawab Salar Jung is quite a giant. Their dress is something of a uniform, and, though not very Eastern, is handsome. Most of them have white caps and black cloth tunics with gold belts and buttons.

Mr. Cordery, the Resident, was at the station, and we drove thence to his house. The state carriages are bright yellow, and the Nizam's liveries are yellow and silver. They look very smart.

The Residency is a fine house. It is built on the model of our Calcutta house, but with two wings instead of four; the central hall goes up to the roof, with a gallery and two storeys of pillars, and is a very handsome room.

Thursday, 25th.—The durbār for the Nizam was held this

morning. I went into the gallery round the big hall I have just described to you, from which one could see both the arrival of the Nizam and the whole ceremonial following. The view from the window was very pretty; the garden of the Residency is just in front of the house, and there are some very fine trees in the compound. To-day the whole place is full of soldiers; an English guard faces the great flight of steps which leads on to a wide verandah arranged as a room, and which is just off the durbar hall, and the avenue up to the house is lined with cavalry. The Nizam came in his yellow coach with four grey horses, yellow postilions, and yellow syces too. He looked smarter and more Eastern than yesterday, in black clothes, with his Star of India and blue ribbon to brighten them up. The durbar was very fine to look at, but it always appears to be extremely dull to the people engaged in it. The Viceroy and the Nizam sat side by side on a sort of dais, and there were two rows of gold arm-chairs arranged in a semicircle from the thrones to the entrance. When it was over D. conducted the Nizam to the door, and he drove off in state. This afternoon the return visit was paid, and I am sorry I could not look on at it, as they say it was different from any other and very picturesque. The Nizam's body-guard are Arabs, and there are many strange costumes worn by his followers.

We received a visit from the children of one of the Nawabs, I never saw nicer little creatures. The eldest is a girl of eight, and is just on the verge of the purdah. When she hears of it, she says, 'I wish I had not been born a little Mogully girl.' The three others are boys. They all wore diamond and emerald necklaces and gold anklets, and they had big black eyes, and were most friendly and lively. Even the baby of two years old understood English, and the others spoke it well. The smaller ones were delighted with blowing my watch open, and I am in hopes I had a great success with them. The girl is to write her first English letter to me. Her governess is from Belfast, and D. had once been kind to her father, so she was very pleased that her pupils showed off so well. I hope to visit their mother. After this I saw several other people: a Parsee lady who brought a piece of work she had done for me, the Civil Surgeon, and two lady doctors. The one was a missionary; the other, Miss White, is paid by the Nizam, and has been doing well here for several years. She has a very good reputation as a doctor, and is much liked.

There were sports late in the afternoon, but it gets dark so soon that we did not finish the programme. In addition to the

usual tent pegging there was a tug of war, an elephant against seventy men. I think the former would have won, but the rope broke, and as the monster seemed angry at being made to take part in such frivolity, the experiment was not repeated. We also saw an elephant race, and that was very funny; the great animals waddled along very fast, but without any apparent wish to get the one before the other. A camel race followed, the camels being made to lie down in the middle of the race, while their riders fired three rounds from their humps out of camel-guns, then mounted again, and rode on. The Nizam himself won a prize. He was the only person who succeeded in picking up a small ring from the ground with the point of his lance as he galloped by. These sports were held on the racecourse. Directly you leave the bazaar you find yourself in a fine open country, with beautiful grassy rides, and this course is a very pretty one, with a fine stand erected on it. There were immense crowds of most picturesque spectators collected on the other side of the railing.

In the evening the Nizam entertained us at dinner in a really magnificent way. We drove in an open carriage through the city (diamond crown and all) to see the illuminations; the whole place was outlined with lamps, and there was a paling down each side of the streets, with lights hung in diagonal patterns all over it; and behind it and in tiers between the rows of lights above were thousands of people looking on. The arches were gigantic, and looked like real buildings lighted up. The streets were lined with troops, and 'God save the Queen' broke out every now and then until we reached the palace.

It is a fine Italian structure, surrounding two large squares or gardens, both of which were brilliantly illuminated, the shape of the buildings being marked out, and all the flower-beds bordered with light. We were received in that part of the palace which lies between the two squares, and then walked across the second garden to the dining-room. Two hundred guests sat down to dinner in a long gallery, which is said to be 1,000 feet long. Sitting in the middle, I could not see either end. The table was covered with gold plate and flowers, and we looked out on the illuminated garden. The serving was well managed, and I do not think the dinner lasted more than an hour and a half. The Nizam sat between D. and me. The Viceroy proposed his health in a very nice speech and in a stentorian voice, and the Nizam said in reply, 'I propose the health of Lord and Lady Dufferin.' After this we spent an hour in the garden looking at fireworks. Opposite us was a transparency of D. and me and the Nizam.

The two gentlemen were shaking hands, and I stood by in a grass-green dress. At a distance it looked very well. I don't think I can give you any details of the fireworks, as one display bears a strong family likeness to another; they made much noise, and went turning and twisting, and writhing and rushing, and starting up and showering down, and ended up with a very large 'Welcome' standing out against the sky.

Friday, 26th.—The Viceroy had business till twelve o'clock, and I saw a deputation of native gentlemen from Berar about my Fund, and also went to see the six students who are being trained here for medical work. Then we went out for the day. We drove eleven miles, passing through Secunderabad to Bolarum. At the former place there was an address. On the steps leading up to the hall dancing girls stood chanting a welcome, each one holding a lighted candle in her hand, an ancient and symbolical custom; above them were the girls of a native school and the children from a military orphanage. The address was accompanied by a piece of plate, the handsome box being on a silver tray. On our way we drove along an embankment which dams up a big lake, or rather forms one; and we passed through some fine barracks before arriving at the mess-house of the Hyderabad Contingent. Colonel Bell is the Officiating Commandant there, and the officers gave us a splendid lunch in their very beautiful ball-room. D. proposed the Contingent's health, and then we had to hurry off to fulfil another engagement. Salar Jung had asked us to tea on the Meer Alum Lake, and we had to gallop fifteen miles to get there before sunset. When we did reach the place, we had a very pleasant hour there. The lake is an artificial one, like the one we saw this morning, and is held back by an embankment, which is on an uncommon principle. It is like a long railway bridge lying on its side; the arches curve inwards towards the lake, and the buttresses stand out towards the plain. It makes a very pretty edge to the lake. But when you cease to look at this wall, you cannot believe that the lake is artificial, it is such a pretty one, and the peculiarities of geological formation here are seen to great advantage. All about Hyderabad there are great piles of rock and stone thrown about in an extraordinary manner as if some giant had hurled them down in heaps, or as if every bit of earth had been washed away, leaving only the stones behind. In the lake these rugged rocks, with a few green bushes and shrubs growing about them, form most picturesque islands, and the largest of them is crowned by a small mosque. We got on board a little steamer, where the Nizam joined us, and we went round the lake, and saw the sun set, and enjoyed it all very much.

We only just got home in time to dress for dinner, and on our way we drove through the city, which was again illuminated. Mr. Cordery had a large ball in his fine room, the Nizam and a number of his nobles being present. H. H. sat in the gallery most of the time and looked down upon the dancing. D. disappeared very early, but I remained till after supper.

Saturday, 27th.—The gentlemen went out panther spearing in the morning, and killed two. The poor creatures are let out of cages, and the huntsmen ride after them with spears. Lord William got one panther, and he and his horse were rolled over by another, but fortunately the beast thought only of escape, and did not stop to examine the débris or to pick up the pieces, and so no harm was done. The Viceroy was, by my orders, kept safe on the top of an elephant, and I fear he did not see much, but then he returned home uninjured, which was what I was anxious for.

He had a very busy morning doing all the Hyderabad business; long interviews with the Resident and Foreign Secretary, with the Nizam, and with Salar Jung. He was pleased with the result, but as no public announcement has been made on the subject, I cannot confide anything to you.

I went to see the hospital in the morning, and after lunch visited the wife of a Hyderabad noble, whose children I told you about the other day. She was in his drawing-room, not in her own apartments, and he was present during our interview. So were the merry little family. She was a pretty woman, with large melancholy eyes, and she was beautifully muffled in red and gold gauze, her arms and head being laden with jewels. She understands a little English, and even ventured on saying a few words.

Later in the afternoon I went with D. to another native house, that of one of the first nobles of Hyderabad. The Nizam came there too, and we had a cup of tea, and saw the 'Amazon Guard,' consisting of about twenty women in brown uniforms, and then some men rode before us on ostriches; both riders and steeds looked most uncomfortable.

Our day finished with a banquet at the Residency. The Nizam was again placed between the Viceroy and me. I had Sir Harry Prendergast on the other side of me.

About ten o'clock we drove to the station, and passed the night in our railway carriages. After this we have two whole days in the train from 4 A.M. till nine o'clock, and we reach Mysore on Tuesday, 30th, at noon.

Tuesday, 30th.—We got to Bangalore station last night, and,

changing carriages, slept in them till 5 A.M. I had the Maharajah of Mysore's, which is a very pretty one decorated in white and gold, just like a small boudoir. It is on a narrow-gauge line. The last two days' journey has been through a really pretty country. That peculiar geological characteristic with hillocks of loose rock continues all the way, and as the piles of boulders take most picturesque forms, as the rest of the landscape is very green, and as we constantly pass over rivers or by lakes, we often see lovely bits of scenery, and it is nearly always interesting. The night at Bangalore was cold, and when we awoke this morning it was raining and the sky was covered with clouds. Happily it cleared before we entered Mysore, but at this the most southern place we have been to in India, it is quite chilly and windy. The Maharajah's brother and his Minister came to Seringapatam to meet us, and after breakfasting there we went on and reached our destination in half an hour. A Shamiana had been put up and was filled with people, but a few souvenirs of the late rain were dropping through the centre of it. The Maharajah, who is a very nice-looking young man, and who is one of the most enlightened of our princes, met us here, and an address from the municipality was read and answered by the Viceroy. Some most complimentary mottoes adorned the walls of the Shamiana, such as 'Gentle in manner, resolute in deeds'; 'For his country, not himself'; 'Welcome, friend of India's daughters.' The address was in a lovely box made at Mysore. It is of ebony inlaid with ivory, and there are three medallions of carved ivory on the lid surrounded by a few little rubies.

The Maharajah's carriage, in which he and D. drove away, was a very curious one. It had a pinnacled roof, was of a greenish colour, and had some carving about it—quite a state coach of the old-fashioned type.

There is a very excellent school here for high-caste native girls, and as we drove along we passed between tiers and tiers of these little ladies dressed in their graceful costume and covered with jewels. They sang for us as we stopped in front of them, and brought garlands to offer, and curious stiff bouquets surmounted by green wooden birds with talc wings and tails. The only peculiarity I notice in these girls, and in women in the streets here, is a streak of yellow paint all round the jaw; sometimes it invades the cheek. These were the pupils of the 'Maharani's school.' Later we drove past another vast assembly of girls and boys educated by the Wesleyan Mission. The children of Mysore really seem to have exceptional advantages, and it is pleasant to see how much the Maharajah encourages education,

and that the Maharani takes part in his endeavours to improve the condition of high-caste girls. Still driving along, we saw, and also heard, a number of men playing on six-foot brass trumpets and round drums; the noise was quite deafening, but they enhanced the local character of the scene. The town was crowded with people, and the dresses here are very bright and pretty. We are staying at the Residency; it belongs to the Maharajah, and so we have it to ourselves, and you can't think what a rest that is to us; no civilities to do in one's spare moments! The house is so nice too, 'quite English,' and we are most comfortable.

The Maharani unfortunately is ill, and I cannot see her. She has three children—two girls and a boy. When we saw them they were all carried in by men, though the eldest girl is six years old. She and her sister looked intensely solemn, and wore their hair plastered very stiffly and smoothly down; the boy looked very delicate.

The Maharajah himself dresses beautifully. When he came to the station, he had a sort of loose kincob coat and turban. For the durbar he wore a violet velvet well-fitting tunic richly embroidered in gold, a magnificent diamond necklace, the blue ribbon and Star of India, and a turban with jewels in it and a long tassel of pearls hanging at one side; at night his coat was black velvet, and he had on a second splendid diamond and pearl necklace.

After lunch Mrs. Lyall, the Resident's wife, went with me to the Female Hospital. It is a very nice new one, but as the doctors are men it is not yet a great success so far as purdah patients are concerned. While we were there the Viceroy was paying his return visit to the Maharajah, and we went on to join him at the palace, where we spent a most delightful afternoon. It is quite one of the most quaint and old-fashioned buildings we have seen. The front is in brilliant colours, pillars of red and yellow with great carved painted capitals, and at each side of the door in relief on the wall are two white elephants with painted howdahs; the palace forms a square here, and behind there is a second square with a round open pavilion in the centre for a circus or other entertainments, and from an open verandah-room in the palace spectators look on at the sports.

We found D. and the durbar in a curious old room, with low ceiling and magnificent doors, some of silver and some of ivory elaborately carved. Everything looked really old and good, and there were all sorts of quaint portraits and little pictures hung about. D. was quite delighted with it, and after thoroughly

examining this room we went all over the palace, through narrow passages and up and down steps, always seeing something interesting : one very old room where marriages are held, another where the jewels were spread out ; a court on the top of the house where there was an aviary and a photographer, and where we sat for several groups ; an armoury where all sorts of old and terrible weapons are to be seen, and then a library where there is a collection of Sanscrit works. We also saw the throne—a very large gold one, with a gold umbrella over it, and silver steps by which to mount to the chair. The Maharajah gave us tea, and presented us with some lovely specimens of Mysore wood-carving, and then we saw his own sitting-room with its more modern arrangements, writing-table, &c.

By this time it was quite dark, and suddenly we were conducted into the gallery which opens on to the entrance-court, which we found brilliantly illuminated and filled with troops, leaving only a space in the centre for some performances. You can't think what a lovely sight it was. The verandah in which we sat was rich with Oriental colouring, all the surrounding buildings were picked out with light, and the one immediately opposite to us was a mass of red and green lamps, looking as though it was set with jewels. Round the walls were mounted lancers, then came a line of lancers on foot, and then infantry regiments ; these were all in red, and across the front were some smart cavalry in blue and silver. There were also elephants with elaborately painted faces and fine howdahs, and men with torches lighting up the whole.

Two entertainments went on at the same time—some acrobatic performances by circus people, and wrestling and dancing with swords and spears by the natives of the place. There was one rather pretty trick done with a large circle of flame. A series of little lamps were burning on an iron hoop ; a man came in whirling this rapidly round, sometimes letting it fall over him nearly to his feet, and then raising it still revolving above his head.

We were all delighted with the scene, and were quite sorry to be torn away to dress for dinner. There were fifty-four people at the banquet, and the Maharajah and his court came in at the end. He proposed the Queen's health, but the Diwan made the speech proposing the Viceroy's, and a first-rate one it was. Mysore was restored to its native rulers by the English Government some years ago, and he spoke of the gratitude felt here on that account ; while we also may certainly congratulate ourselves upon the success of the experiment. D. replied, and then we went and sat

out and saw fireworks. There was one most lovely bunch of rockets which spread into a great fan against the sky. Some wild men from the hills danced a war dance, brandishing swords to the music of the big trumpets.

We heard to-night of Nelly's arrival in England.

Wednesday, December 1st.—There was hunting in the early morning with foxhounds, but D. did not go. Terence enjoyed it much.

At eleven we went out to open the 'Dufferin Fountain,' a handsome and useful memorial of our visit put by up the Maharajah; and then on to the Maharani's school for 'high-caste girls,' where we were to give away the prizes. There are over 400 pupils, and it is a most excellent institution. The more I saw of it, the more struck I was with the care and the wisdom and the practical good sense shown in all the arrangements.

For the prize-giving the girls sat in rows. They were wrapped in bright-coloured saris, with very smooth hair plaited in a tail, which was sometimes ornamented with flowers, sometimes with jewels, and sometimes covered with gold; their noses, ears, foreheads, arms, and ankles were laden with jewellery. They went through a little programme first, and sang for us in Kanarese (the language of this place), in Sanscrit, in Telegu, in Hindi, and in English. They also played on a stringed instrument called a vina. It is quite a new idea for Indian ladies to learn such a thing, but it has taken immensely, and is appreciated by their families; and it is delightful to think of the pleasure it must be to themselves to play, and sing, and read, and work, and draw as they are taught here, instead of vegetating in ignorance and enforced idleness. When I had given the prizes the Viceroy went away to receive addresses, and I remained to see the school at work.

The daughter of Colonel Martin, the Maharajah's secretary, takes a great interest in the girls, helping them with their music, receiving them at her house, and examining the school. Miss Martin and the Maharajah and a native gentleman, who has done the greater part of the work of organisation, went round with me, and I saw all the classes. The junior ones are held in very long galleries divided off by six-foot partitions. The little girls squat on the floor in a square. I heard them read, and saw their sums in English figures, and heard them say their geography, and looked at their dictation and drawing and work, and was really delighted at the way in which everything is taught. Their books have all been compiled expressly for them, and are eminently suitable. The second reading-book in both languages

is *Æsop's Fables*, and one could see they understood and liked the stories. The more advanced book is all taken from their own religious histories, which are used as illustrating moral lessons, 'Love to parents ;' 'obedience to husbands ;' 'profitless conversation,' &c., so that the book is interesting and instructive, and is, moreover, highly appreciated by the older members of the family, whose prejudices might interfere with the education of these girls were they not quite satisfied with every arrangement made for them. Sanscrit is learnt, so that the women may understand their prayers, said in that language.

Cookery is taught, first in books, then at home, and lastly at school, where the prize for it is assigned. I was so pleased, too, to find that lessons on hygiene are included in the course, and the very book is used that I had fixed on as the best to recommend for the use of native schools. A hospital assistant takes the class, so that it is intelligently taught.

There is also a Kindergarten class. In fact, the establishment seems to me absolutely perfect, and many married women return to it to continue their studies. In one room I found several mothers with their own little children, the former being the pupils. I must not, however, weary you with this subject.

When we were breakfasting this morning, a servant handed us each a small bouquet, and, as he did so, he said, 'A delicate attention !' 'A delicate attention !' It sounded so funny. Afterwards the same man presented an address to me, and as he unfolded it he said, 'This is another brilliant conception.' He represented himself as having many misfortunes, 'first, an unlimited family with limited means.' He calls himself 'G. P. Don Juan, talented Lepidoptera,' and he wanted to present me with a case of butterflies, which, he said, would look beautiful in the drawing-room, much better than English pictures.

The Viceroy's two deputations were, one from Coorg, a small State under our rule, and one from some coffee-planters. The former wear a very picturesque dress—a long dark blue garment, the sleeves of which reach only to the elbow, showing a white shirt-sleeve to the wrist, a red sash with daggers in it round the waist, and a large turban. The coffee-planters had no grievances to complain of, and even like the falling rupee ! Is not that nice of them ?

After lunch we went to the top of a very high hill, which I ascended in a jhampan borne by twelve men, who chanted as they went up the thousand steps ; it was a wild sort of song, which sounded very inspiring. D. rode up the other side of the hill, and we met at the top, where we admired the view of the country

and a fine specimen of a Hindu temple which crowns the hill. Near the top there is a monolith of a sacred bull, of which I got a photograph with his Brahmin priests in attendance on him. Our descent was rather fatiguing, as the thousand steps were very slippery. The Maharajah drove us home himself with four horses.

In the evening we went at a foot pace all through the town—looking at illuminations and at transparencies of ourselves, touching trays full of fruits, accepting garlands of flowers, and being pelted with rose-leaves—to the Town Hall, where we saw a Kanarese play acted, and a nautch, and a man climbing up a ladder made of sharp knives with a heavy pot of water on his head. We sat with the Maharajah under a splendid canopy, and the entertainment would have lasted hours only that he very kindly shortened it for us.

Thursday, 2nd.—We were ready to leave Mysore early in the morning, and the Maharajah drove us to Seringapatam in his break. It was a lovely day, and we went by a very pretty road. At one place we got out to see what a village house was like. We found in it a bedstead in one corner, four cows and some chickens in the centre, and no other furniture or signs of habitation.

At Seringapatam we drove first of all to the Duke of Wellington's house. It is entirely open both downstairs and up, with arches and no doors, and the whole is richly decorated, and has just now been very well restored, so it looks brilliant. On the front of this pavilion is depicted one long battle-scene, and the details of the picture are most curious and amusing; the rest of the painting of the house is pure decoration. We breakfasted there, and then went on to see Hyder Ali's and Tippoo Sahib's tombs, and to the Fort, where the particulars of the siege were explained to us. I will not attempt to repeat the information to you!

Our drive brought us to the railway station, and there we parted from the Maharajah, having greatly enjoyed our visit to him, and having liked him exceedingly.

We reached Bangalore in the evening, and had a splendid reception; the roadsides crowded with people, two addresses and fine silver boxes on the way to the Residency; soldiers lining the streets, bands, showers of rose-leaves, schools, flags, banners, and the mysterious initials E.D. stuck up everywhere. We cannot be quite sure what they mean, and can only think of Earl Dufferin.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyall live here, and, as we had repeatedly been told of the exceeding smallness of the Residency, I was surprised

to find palatial rooms and a charming house. Our poor Simla cottage would almost fit into their drawing-room. There was, as usual, a banquet and a levée before bedtime.

Friday, 3rd.—I was rather unhappy at not hearing of the children's arrival at Colombo, and it was a relief this morning to get a telegram from Hermie, 'All perfectly well ; passage very bad.' I am so sorry they have been knocked about, and only hope they were not frightened. Letters have also come from home which tell me that they have been detained four days at Portland, so I fear they really have had a terrible time.

There was a review this morning, but I did not go to see it, and stayed quiet till the afternoon, when D. and I were taken to see some gardens and to have tea in a park. The 52nd Light Infantry gave the tea, and some very handsome public offices near were illuminated. There were a dinner and ball at the Residency. There are a good many nice ladies here, and it was a pretty dance.

Saturday, 4th.—We lunched with the 12th Lancers, and they gave an afternoon entertainment, with a musical ride and a Loyd-Lindsay competition. It was all very successful. The weather was, however, cold and rainy. D. and I left the Residency after dinner, but he got into his train and slept at the station, while I started for Madras in mine. We go different ways the next few days.

Madras, Sunday, 5th.—Here I am, sitting on the brink of a stormy ocean, waiting for my poor children. It is quite horrid how the wind blows, and worse still the way in which people tell me that sometimes the ship is kept outside this harbour for a week. Mr. Bourke has telegraphed to ask me to stay here, and I am much tempted to do so, but have not yet quite decided. D. will arrive on Saturday, and we could all sail together if I wait.

Sir M. Grant Duff met me at the station ; he is alone here with his Staff. It is very kind of him to have me here on the eve of his departure.

Monday, 6th.—Sir M. Grant Duff drove me out to Guindy, which I only saw by night when I was here before. It consists of three very white double bungalows joined by covered passages ; an Italian sort of architecture with pillars and carved cornices. The park is two miles round, and there are nice gardens glowing with the most lovely and brilliant crotons.

I had an interview with Mrs. Scharlieb, the head of the Caste Hospital here, which was not quite so satisfactory as I had hoped. The finances of the said hospital are not in a

flourishing condition, and the want of a substantial endowment fund is greatly felt.

Tuesday, 7th.—I saw Sir M. Grant Duff off to-day, and was much disappointed that the *Mirzapore* did not come in. Not only my precious children, but also Mr. Bourke, the new Governor of Madras, are on board of her. There was a rumour that she was sighted, but when I went down to the harbour I found it was untrue. The officials who had to lament '*Le roi est mort*' were rather relieved that they were not called upon to say '*Vive le roi*' the same afternoon; but I am sorry the children have another night at sea, and as many gentlemen in uniform came down to the harbour after the train left, and as the carriage-and-four and all the body-guard were out, it would not have been so difficult to manage the two functions after all. We remain here to-night with the new Military Secretary, Major Stuart Mackenzie, as our host.

Wednesday, 8th.—I was up at six, and got down to the pier just in time to see the boat arrive, with the children gesticulating wildly as they discovered me waiting for them. They look well, though they have been very ill, and their last days have been wretched. It was a very happy meeting, and they are full of descriptions of the events of their voyage.

In the afternoon I took them to the People's Park, where there is a small collection of animals. We saw quite a big tiger sucking a baby's bottle of milk, and some young hyenas fed in the same way.

It is cold here, and as the house is built for great heat one feels it greatly.

Tuesday, 14th.—Saturday was to have been such a happy day, D. returning to us, and our all being together at last; but there was a rift in the lute. D. had accepted Mr. Bourke's invitation to sleep at Government House, and we were to go on board early next morning. I found, however, that Hermie had a headache and looked feverish, so I made her lie down till the time for D.'s arrival, and then she was able to go down to help to receive him. Dr. Findlay was with D., and I had him up at once, and he found Hermie's temperature was 102.

I then decided to take her and the other children on board, leaving D. on shore. This renewed separation was a disappointment, you must allow. The harbour was by way of being calm, but there was a terrible swell, and we were rolled about in an alarming way on our voyage to the *Clive*. Once there I put my invalid into my bed—a real bed—and I slept on a sofa by her. D. came on board on Sunday morning, and happily the weather

changed completely, and Sunday, Monday, and to-day (Tuesday, 14th) it has been perfectly calm, and very warm and pleasant.

D. is enjoying the rest on board (a ship being the only place where business cannot reach him), and seeing the children about him is very pleasant; the holiday would have been perfect but for Hermie's illness.

I must now try to tell you a little about the bit of the tour which I missed when I came to Madras.

D. went first to Trichinopoly, and then on to Madura, which seems to have been extremely interesting. The temple there is most lovely, and is filled with great figures of demons and animals, some of gold and some of silver, the temple itself being covered with beautiful carving both outside and in, and being an immense place. There are nautch girls there who are dedicated to the service of the temple, and who dance before the goddess, and they also performed before the Viceroy. Their costume seems to be most extraordinary. The front part hangs in petticoats, but the back is only trousers, and the effect is peculiar.

Tanjore was the next place D. went to, and rather a funny thing happened to him there. He was going over the palace with the representative of the old Princes of Tanjore, who had arranged for D. to speak to the eleven Ranis and other ladies through the purdah; but when it came to the time for this interview, he said, 'No, you are the Viceroy; you may come behind the purdah,' and accordingly he slipped him within its sacred precincts. The ladies had not expected him, and were not dressed out in their best, and no one could speak any intelligible language. However, a sort of chattering went on, and they made signs towards a chair, which, being covered with crimson cloth, D. thought he was to sit down on. He turned, and was just about to do so, when he thought he saw a slight movement, and he fancied there might be a little dog there, when two women pulled the cloth open, and there was the principal Rani!—a little old woman who only reached half-way up the back of the chair, and whom the Viceroy had been within an ace of squashing. He said it gave him such a turn!

He went on to Pondicherry, where a very great reception was given him by the French Governor. There was a long banquet, with speeches at every course, and then a ball, at which D. sat on a throne between the dances; and there was a cotillon during which he got no rest, from which he brought home a lock of hair tied up with blue ribbon which he said belonged to 'Henriette,' but which I found had really come out of a cracker.

D. looked very tired when he got to Madras, as well he might,

for he has had seven weeks of really hard work—travelling, sight-seeing, performing functions, and carrying on his usual business. The complicated arrangements for our tours are all made by Lord William Beresford, who has a perfect genius for organisation. We travel by special train, and every day's journey, every function we have to perform, every interview accorded, every entertainment accepted, every sight to be seen, all our dinners, luncheons, and teas are timed and noted down, and a complete programme of them all is printed and given to us before we start. Lord William never leaves anything, in the business way, to chance, and seems to foresee and to provide against every possible contingency, so that the whole thing works smoothly and there is never a hitch anywhere. Still these days on board, with a nice calm sea, have been a rest, and have done D. the greatest good.

Wednesday, 15th.—It seems to be measles that Hermie has, and I am only allowed to speak to her through the door. I am so sorry for the poor child, it will be such a disappointment to her to be laid up on her first arrival at Calcutta.

CHAPTER X

CALCUTTA, 1886-87

DECEMBER 15, 1886, TO MARCH 15, 1887

Thursday, December 23rd.—We landed at Calcutta on Wednesday (the 15th) afternoon, to begin our third year in India. The river looked lovely with all the ships dressed, and the Prinsep's Ghât was gay with people waiting our arrival.

We made the boys as tidy as possible, and then we landed with them. It was rather an ordeal walking slowly through all the people collected there and looking out for those we knew. We said 'How do you do?' from side to side the whole way to our carriage. Directly I got to the house I went to peep at Hermie, who had been carried through the town in a doolee. We have put her into her own maid's room, which is a small one, and she will be comfortable, though very dull, there, as she is kept in quarantine. She herself feels quite happy and thankful to be 'at home.' The other children dined with us.

Now I will tell you about the next few days all in one, for we have done nothing very particular and are in the throes of unpacking and settling. On the top storey there are dresses and parcels and open cupboards; on the lower one bundles of paper, books, photograph frames, and 'household gods' of all sorts, while in the bottom storey the boys' goods are displayed, and efforts are being made to discover the missing links in their wardrobes.

There really is a great deal to settle in many ways, and the advent of so many children alters the even tenour of our daily routine.

Riding is the great excitement, and the boys are both delighted with their ponies, and have so far been out twice a day.

Every one is so glad to be back at Calcutta, and the six A.D.C.'s are all on duty now. It is long since we have had so large a party.

I took the children one afternoon to Barrackpore, and we lunched and had tea on the launch. Another day we went to the Zoo. There are two baby ourang-outangs there, who are the most comical little creatures; and there is a new monster in the way of a monkey, who is a terrible caricature of a man, and beside whom the old ourang-outang looks quite a beauty. He has a great grey face, and as he stole quietly out to snatch his food and carry it back to his den he had all the appearance of a ruffianly thief, and made one shudder.

Friday, 24th.—The time flies, and I am so busy that I can scarcely find a moment to write down all that happens. The Duke and Duchess of Manchester and Lady Alice Montagu arrived on Wednesday morning (22nd). The Duchess at once announced that she could not stand a Christmas without a tree. I had thought of having one before, but only vaguely, so she decided me, and we at once sent off a steam launch to bring a fir from somewhere, and settled to go out next morning in search of ornaments for it.

In the evening we had a drawing-room. We dined in tea-gowns and dressed afterwards, and were all as smart as possible; and the children were allowed to stand in a corner of the throne-room, where they saw very well until the private entrée was over, and the people belonging to it got in front of them. It was a very pretty and a very large drawing-room, and our visitors liked seeing it very much, and enjoyed the drum with which it ended.

Christmas Day.—We had a 'regular' Christmas Day. The children began it with an early ride, Hermie going out for the first time. I lent her 'No Name,' and she enjoyed it immensely.

Lady Alice rode 'Ruby,' Nelly's horse. Then we all had breakfast together, and afterwards went to church. On our return we worked hard at the Christmas-tree till lunch-time. It was placed in a gilt tub at one end of the ball-room, and was rather a bushy and Oriental sort of pine, but three bands of iron to compress its figure and to hold rows of candles improved it greatly; we then hung on glass balls, and golden chains, and tinsel off our native visit-garlands, and odds and ends purchased for the occasion, so that it ended by being a very respectable tree. In its neighbourhood was a fish-pond, into which all the presents were put, and the tying and packing up of mysterious parcels filled every spare moment of the day. At four o'clock we drove to the Zoo, and showed off the new monkeys with great success, and then we all rested till dinner-time. The children of course dined with us, and we were a party of twenty-six; Mr. Baring being the only invited guest. The tree was lighted up directly after, and was pronounced to be 'lovely.' Then came the fishing and a period of the greatest excitement. The parcels were all directed, and the fisherman had to deliver his fish to the proper owner. We all gave and received, and all seemed delighted with the presents they got, and established little corners of their own in which they put their things. The boys had riding-whips and spurs, and boxes of games, and books and tennis racquets, and the girls had necklaces, and riding-whips, racquets, &c., &c. They were so pleased, and gloated over their corners with beaming faces. I too had some delightful presents, and was equally pleased with my own corner.

We danced and played games afterwards, and wound up with snapdragon, which always delights as much as it alarms the children.

Thursday, January 6th, 1887.—I rode for the first time with the children—such a family party of riders!—and Blanche drove with the Duchess. We all met at Ballygunge, where there was tea and polo. In the evening we went to a party at the Nawab of Dacca's. He has taken a house here, and is giving entertainments almost every day. There had been a dinner party, but we only went to the native music and nautch after it. The Shamiana, which is joined on to the house, is beautifully arranged, with a nice wooden floor for dancing, and with curtains and furniture and chandeliers. When we first arrived we looked at some specimens of Dacca manufactures, the most curious and wonderful being a large mat made of ivory. It is big enough to cover a sofa, and is as soft and smooth and flexible as the finest grass matting. The art may be said to have died out, as the only man

who made these mats well is dead. The Nawab also showed us some jewellery. He has the sister diamond to the Koh-i-Noor. The one is the 'Mountain of Light,' the other the 'River of Light;' the latter is a flat diamond, and is not therefore very striking to our eyes. He has a few other fine diamonds set in stars and on sword-handles. There was only one girl to dance, and when we had seen enough of her we listened to some native music. One of the performers did all the expression with his face, and made such grimaces of agony and cast up such beseeching eyes that it became quite embarrassing.

We left at about eleven, having had a pleasant evening, but I hear that some people stayed until two.

Friday, 7th.—We went to see the Mint this morning, and found the making of rupees and quarter-annas and pice a most interesting process to observe. The molten silver pouring out of red-hot cauldrons was the first and prettiest thing; we carefully followed the whole process, and saw the flattening out of the bars of silver and copper, the washing and stamping, and the counting and packing of the money. In this Mint they coined ninety-six millions of pieces last year.

We had a very successful tent-pegging and tilting afternoon, which greatly delighted the children. They all rode at the rings, and whether they took them or not were equally pleased. We had never tried it before at Calcutta, but a tolerably quiet place behind the Fort was arranged for it, and the Duchess and I looked on while fourteen people of our own party on horseback galloped about in front of us. Mr. Wallace on the Masher was foremost as usual, and when he lost his helmet and rushed about with a spear in his hand and a big cigar in his mouth, he became the terror of all beholders. Some of the Bengal Cavalry soldiers tent-pegged too; they shout as they ride along, and make it very exciting by their noise and the air with which they go at the peg. D. likes tent-pegging very much, and he it was who suggested this afternoon's amusement.

A dinner and a very small dance in the evening for Lady Alice Montagu. I never saw so many strangers here before, and it was quite difficult to make them all out at dinner. This was the smallest dance we have had, and we only used one part of the ball-room—a long room which runs at the bottom of it.

After dinner we ladies went straight up there and sat at one end, which was arranged as a sitting-room; opposite it at the other end, behind the pillars, was a buffet; the band-stand was in the real ball-room, but was shut out from it by screens, so that it looked as though it were in a recess. We only had about

twenty dancing couples, and there was lots of space and an excellent floor, and we ended punctually at twelve.

Sunday, 9th.—The Manchesters have left, and we were very sorry to lose them. The Duchess is the most delightful visitor to have—never bored, and always able to interest herself in everything. The Roseberys and Mr. Ferguson arrived this morning, and their advent, combined with a wet Saturday, decided us not to go to Barrackpore this week.

Wednesday, 12th.—Sir Alfred Lyall and one daughter came this morning, and there were steeplechases in the afternoon, to which the whole party went, leaving me first to my Committee meeting and then to a half-holiday with the children.

Friday, 14th.—If I do not tell you that I am working extremely hard over my Fund every morning, you will think it very dissipated of me to attend an afternoon dance to-day. It was a very pretty and successful one, given by Mr. and Mrs. Moncrieffe and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Muir, on board the *Clan Macpherson*, a steamer which sails for Liverpool to-morrow. We walked through some quadrilles, looked out upon the river, were lighted up with electric lights and Chinese lanterns, and enjoyed ourselves much.

I must finish this by recording for your benefit a delightful specimen of Indian English; it is in the termination of a letter—‘You have been very kind to me, and may God Almighty give you tit for tat.’

Saturday, 15th.—Lord Rosebery wished to see the little French settlement here, so we left Calcutta early, and went first to Barrackpore, where we lunched, and then continued our voyage to Chandernagore. We had such a funny visit there. The Governor and his Staff met us at the landing-place, and he led me up to a carriage, into which, after presenting the Roseberys to him, I got. We then made a state progress round the town, and admired the French palm-trees and the French-Indian bazaar, and remarked that it was very unlike ‘Le Boulevard des Italiens,’ and *not* very dissimilar to other Indian villages. Having exhausted the sights, we drove to the Government House, and I, arm in arm with the Governor, marched through the group of French officials, who waited on the steps, to the central chair of a large circle arranged in the reception-room, *darbar* fashion. There I sat in state and conversed with the Governor. The other ladies meantime were handed in by the Staff, and were seated in a row by themselves, while the men, having deposited them, retired to the doorway. Then it was suggested to the Governor that ‘ces Messieurs’ would like to be presented to me, so on they

came one by one, and as each passed before me he took his seat in the row opposite to the ladies. This ceremony being over, the circle was complete. The Governor and I conversed in the centre, the ladies and gentlemen sat opposite each other in rows. Presently there was another happy thought, and another set of presentations was begun ; all the officials, some in evening dress, and some in frock coats, and all carrying silk opera hats, were taken up singly, and were introduced to Lady Rosebery, Blanche, and Mademoiselle Clerc—and still the Governor and I talked. At last the 'Military Secretary' of the State approached the Governor and said Her Excellency had to leave at five o'clock. So we rose, and murmuring of a cup of tea, he led me, followed by our respective suites, into a dining-room, where a large table was spread with biscuits and champagne-glasses. We all drank tea, however ; no bottles were opened, and no one was asked to 'porter un toast.' We were offered our 'plat national le kek' (cake), and, having partaken of it, we took arms again, entered the carriages, drove to the ghât, stepped carefully over a red pathway to our launch, bowed and complimented each other, and then we sailed away. I am sorry for the Governor, I must say ! He has a large family of married daughters and grandchildren and a wife too in Paris, and he is torn from them, and from 'les Boulevards,' to perambulate in solitude the melancholy ghâts of Chandernagore.

Sunday, 16th.—The Roseberys and Mr. Ferguson went off to Darjeeling, the Lyalls to Allahabad, and we walked over to visit the elephants, and had a quiet evening.

Monday, 17th.—The voyage down from Barrackpore was quite cold, in spite of the bright sun.

Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia, with his two gentlemen, arrived here yesterday, but their Consul took them in charge, and by means of our launch and our carriages showed them the sights of Calcutta, and they slept and dined at our house. On our return we saw the Prince, and he lunched with us, and then went off to Darjeeling.

We had another jaunt in a steamer this afternoon. We went by General Chesney's invitation to see some torpedo practice. I think 'submarine mines' were what we really saw. A ship called the *Tigris* took us twelve miles down the river to the Fort of Budge-Budge, with a large party of people on board ; we had tea, and it was very warm and pleasant. When we reached the place where the mine was laid, a barge converted into a sort of man-of-war was towed over it, and suddenly a noise was heard, and a great mass of mud and water rose into the air, and when

it fell again there was no boat to be seen, nothing but fragments left. The experiment was quite successful, and it was a very fine sight ; there was a burst of applause, after a hushed moment of awe, from all the spectators. After this the effect produced by two 'bumping buoys' was exhibited. As the launch touched them, the mines (in this case some way off) exploded, and tall fountains were projected into the air. There were other experiments with smaller charges of powder, but after seeing the two first splendid ones we did not appreciate the tiny explosions so much. Unfortunately D. did not come with us, as he always rather dreads a holiday on account of the accumulation of papers that follows upon it, nor had he understood that the 'torpedo practice' was likely to be so interesting.

Tuesday, 18th, and Wednesday, 19th.—We have had two really quiet and domestic days, with family rides and family evenings, and have enjoyed them much.

I have also been very busy finishing the annual report of my Fund.

I saw Mr. Wesley Bailey, who established the Leper Mission in India, and he gave me a terrible account both of the numbers and of the sufferings of these poor creatures. The lowest estimate shows that there are 135,000 in India, and of these there are 56,000 in Bengal alone. The cost of keeping one in an asylum is 6*l.* a year, and it certainly is a most deserving charity.

Thursday, 20th.—The Roseberys returned from Darjeeling, having seen a view, but not *the* view. Bad weather is coming on there, and here it looks threatening too.

We had a very big dinner in the Marble Hall, and talked, and listened to quartettes in the evening, as it was too soon after the state ball to get up a dance.

Friday, 21st.—Lord Fife and Mr. Ogle arrived this morning, and after lunch we took the whole party to see the King of Oude's Palace, but unluckily it came on to rain so badly that we could not do it thoroughly, and left half the sights unseen.

Wednesday, 26th.—The ordeal of my public meeting had to be gone through to-day, but it was got over in a satisfactory way. The Viceroy took the chair, and we had on the platform a very representative gathering. There were the Councillors, and the R. C. Archbishop, and the High Priest of the temple of Baidyanath, and Hindu and Mahometan gentlemen of position, and Judges, and in the hall an equally characteristic gathering. Mr. Peile presented the report. Mr. Cruickshank seconded him. He speaks clearly and well. Then we had a good speech from the Lieutenant-Governor and a very nice one from Abdul Jubber, a

Mahometan of the old school, whom I was very glad to see supporting the Scheme. After this came an unexpected interpolation, when a Hindu gentleman, Maharajah Narendra Krishna, proposed, and Nawab Abdul Lateef seconded, a vote of thanks to me for having established the National Association. D. replied to this in a little speech which was much appreciated, and which will, I think, be useful to us. He said he wished as an 'outsider' to address both a compliment and a criticism to the managers of the Association. The compliment was upon the lucidity and simplicity of our state papers, and the criticism was that 'the governing body of the Fund are a great deal too modest in their demands and requisitions.' He said that, instead of bounding our ambition to the sum of five lakhs, we ought rather to ask for fifty lakhs, and he ended by saying, 'No one knows better than myself the difficulty of obtaining money in India. It is one of those disagreeable problems which I have had to face under very disheartening circumstances, but let me tell the Lady President of the Fund that it will probably prove a far more graceful, as well as more successful, method to throw herself on the generosity of the Indian people than, as I have been obliged to do, to resort to those mechanical means by which alone the Government coffers can be replenished.'

After this came a vote of thanks to the Viceroy himself, and I asked the seconder of this to express our thanks to Major Cooper, who, as honorary secretary, has been quite invaluable. He has worked like a slave, and never lets any pleasure interfere with this work, which, after all, is purely voluntary. I am afraid he must go home for a change this spring, and Mr. Gore is going to help me in his place, but I shall of course have a great deal more to attend to myself in his absence.

Monday, 31st.—I went to open the Ezra Hospital, which Mrs. Ezra has built for the Jews, in memory of her husband. I found myself in a Shamiana, and on a throne, with the Lieutenant-Governor at my side, and the Jewish community before me. As D. did not come, Sir Rivers Thompson had to make the little speech for me. I declared the hospital open, and was handed a very smart cushion, on which lay such a key! A gold key with a diamond handle, my coronet and initials on the top, and a beautiful crystal hanging from it on which the inscription is engraved. It was made in Paris, and is very lovely. Armed with this 'baksheesh,' and followed by Mrs. Ezra, Lady Sassoon, and a crowd of other people, I turned the wonderful key in the lock of the big door and entered the hospital. It is a fine building, and there are twenty separate wards, and Mrs. Ezra has not

only built but has also endowed the hospital. Her mother, Lady Sassoon, was there, and some sons and two pretty little girls of her own. We had tea in one of the rooms, and then I departed, feeling I had not half earned the beautiful key. The only way of doing so that I could think of was to say I would bring the Viceroy to see the hospital, so I must capture him some afternoon this week and show it to him.

Having heard from Lord Rosebery of the charms of the Eden Gardens, 'at 6.15' on a Monday night, I determined to see them this once, and so at the proper hour we started off, and found a band playing, electric lights brilliantly illuminating the place, and all Calcutta walking up and down in the unbecoming glare.

Tuesday, February 1st.—I had a very long and important Committee meeting before going out to ride.

Thursday, 3rd.—The children drove to see the paper chase, and we had tilting in the afternoon and a big dinner and dance in the evening. The weather continues so cold that I was shivering in the ball-room, but it was pleasant for the dancers.

Monday, 7th.—As it would not be possible to keep the Queen's Jubilee in June, on account of the hot weather, the sixteenth of this month has been fixed for its celebration, and Calcutta is now a city of bamboos. Every house in the place is caged in by a scaffolding preparatory to the illuminations, and the whole town looks as if it were in the hands of the masons. Our house and all our gateways are covered with bamboo-spars, and our dome is ribbed with rows of lamps; little saucers for oil are all the way round the top of the house, and men are kept there to watch over them, as the crows and hawks knock them down. Our pillars are stuck with nails for lights, like almonds in a pudding. Our minds too are greatly excited, and every one is busy. Some are arranging for the fireworks—five ton weight of them and 22,000 rupees' worth. Some are writing addresses, and some are reading them; some are deep in the entertainment to the school children, and some are occupied with the second day's sports and the evening procession. The Church, the Army, the Government, all officials and all trades are engaged in arrangements of some kind in connection with the celebration of the sixteenth. Some people look forward with dread to the accidents that may happen in the crowd or to the lamplighters, while some are horribly alarmed at having to go through fireworks and illuminations in a carriage-and-four!

Wednesday, 9th.—I got up early to visit the 'Lady Dufferin Dispensary' here, but the details of my inspection I will keep

for a report. In the afternoon I gave away the prizes at the Bethune School. The 'lady superintendent' of that institution is a native lady, and she is a Master of Arts, which is a rare distinction. This school carries on the higher education of women, and the committee is very proud of having sixteen unmarried girls over fourteen years of age at it !

Thursday, 10th.—We went to a flower-show, and had tea at Belvedere, spending rather a pleasant afternoon ; and we finished the day with a dinner and very small dance. Sir Frederick Roberts just returned from Burmah, and the Pope's delegate just 'setting up' in India, were the chief guests at dinner, but the latter and his Archbishop left before the dance began. We had it in our small room, and it seemed to be much enjoyed by the selected guests.

Friday, 11th.—Miss Helen Bouchier, M.D., the first doctor I have brought out from England, arrived here on her way to Madras, and I was glad to find she impressed every one favourably.

I took her with me in the afternoon to visit the Campbell Hospital, which is very large. The poorest natives go to it, and there is a medical school attached to it, with lectures in the Vernacular. The hospital itself is in a nice situation, and is like a great railway station inside, with beds in hundreds standing in the otherwise bare space. It is badly off for a private ward for women, and if we could get money to build one it would be a great help as a training place for doctors and nurses, as the pauper women go freely into hospital. I inspected the students in a fine lecture-hall belonging to the school, and gave them two days' holiday. These young men, when 'finished,' are hospital assistants, and go out into the country districts, where they are glad to take fees of sixpence or eightpence.

The weather continues very cold—a minimum of 72° in the shade, and going down to 42° in the night, while Madras is 87° day and night. I see by the paper that we had only two hundred and fifty seven hours of sunshine in January out of a possible three hundred and ninety. Terrible destitution !

Saturday, 12th.—Lord and Lady Aberdeen, Captain Sinclair, and Lord Buckinghamshire arrived to-day to stay with us.

Monday, 14th.—D. and I went to the marriage of an officer in the body-guard with a very pretty girl. They had one of the smartest weddings in the prettiest church I have seen in India. It is in the Fort. All the officers were in uniform, and all the ladies in their best dresses, and the floral decorations were quite lovely. Three little bridesmaids in cream colour, with sashes, boots, and feathers to match the scarlet uniforms, looked very

well, and the bridegroom's body-guard dress was very handsome.

Tuesday, 15th.—I took Lady Aberdeen to visit an institution which seems to be a very good one of its kind. It is a sort of home for women in trouble, and is kept by a Miss Fendall, who must have a special gift for the work of rescue. She built the house and manages all herself.

In the evening we went to a large ball at Belvedere, the last one of the Rivers Thompsons' reign. In honour of the Jubilee the whole place was illuminated.

Wednesday, 16th. Jubilee Day.—We were awoke this morning by the first gun of a salute of 101 fired in honour of this day. As soon as possible I got a daily paper and read the honour list. To Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace I sent off a note of congratulation at once, and then I impressed upon my mind all the other friends who were to be found in the list with new titles. Two new Orders appear for the first time to-day—one is a higher grade which has been added to the 'Indian Empire,' and the other is to be given in recognition of great Oriental learning. There are fifteen Hindus and fifteen Mahometans who get this, but under different titles, both equally unpronounceable. The Hindus are 'Mahamahopadhyaya,' while the Mahometans are 'Shams-ul-Ulama.' A particular turban and a chudder or cloak take the place of the ribbon and star. The next excitement was the receipt of a telegram to me sent by the Maharajah of Ulwar with Rs. 50,000 for my Fund, and one from the Maharajah of Bikaner with Rs. 10,000, and Lord Aberdeen kindly sent me up Rs. 500 for the same object.

This was all before 8 A.M. At that hour we breakfasted in the smartest clothes we could produce; the men especially quite gorgeous in their best uniforms. D. wore his Rifle uniform and all his stars, and the children appeared with Jubilee medals on their breasts. We had to start off directly after; four carriage-loads first, three of them with teams, postillions, outriders, &c. The crowd on the Maidan was immense, and we saw it well as we drove on to the parade-ground and took our places near the flag. Not only were there masses of people on the grass, but the trees were full of them, and all were in the best of humours. The Viceroy, Sir F. Roberts, and a very brilliant Staff rode up punctual to the appointed time, and began the parade by inspecting the troops, of whom there were 3,000. Then the salute was fired in three divisions, with a *feu-de-joie* between each, and this ended by three cheers for the Queen from the men. They then marched past, and afterwards advanced for the final salute.

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The massed bands played 'God save the Queen' many times during the performance, and the body-guard, which at one time was drawn up behind them, looked splendid.

The whole thing lasted an hour and a half, which was quite as long as was advisable, for at 10 A.M. the sun is very powerful, and is even somewhat alarming when one has to face it in one's best bonnet. No soldiers fainted or 'fell out,' and I do not think any accident of any kind occurred.

We drove to the Cathedral from the parade-ground. The Viceroy, having dismounted, got into the carriage with me, and we were received at the door by the Bishop, the Clergy, and the Councillors. In procession we marched up the church, and there was a very nice service, with a good deal of singing, some stringed instruments accompanying the organ. The anthem was composed for the occasion, and the prayers were special ones. The Bishop spoke with great feeling of the Queen. The Cathedral was crowded, and many people stood the whole time.

A great number of strangers are staying in Calcutta for this celebration. The Aberdeens, Lord Buckinghamshire, the Master of Polwarth, Captain Sinclair, Lord Shaftesbury, and Mr. Toynbee are with us. The Annesleys, Egertons, Howlands, and Sir William Cairns are at hotels, or with other friends.

Of course, flags are flying everywhere; the ships in the river are dressed, and both the town and the people are looking as gay as possible.

While we were at church, processions of a religious character were formed in different parts of the town, each ward having been allowed a certain sum of money for the purpose of organising them.

At two o'clock the school children, about 5,000 Christian ones, were assembled in Belvedere and fed, while marionettes and conjurers were provided for their amusement. The 'Zoo' was given up to the native schools, and all assembled later on the Maidan to see the fireworks.

Twenty-two thousand prisoners have been released throughout the country, as well as all debtors (not fraudulent) of sums under Rs. 100, the Government paying their debts.

The afternoon function went off splendidly, and I think half a million people were there to enjoy it.

We drove out to attend it at half-past four, most of our party going on first, and the Viceroy and I driving to the Maidan in state. The race stand had been converted into a large amphitheatre, wings having been added to each side of it; and facing it was erected a dais, on which the Lieutenant-Governor and the

Councillors were placed, and on which the Viceroy stood to receive addresses. The delegates who came to present them sat in rows between us and the stand, the soldiers were drawn up behind, and a vast crowd covered the Maidan. The proceedings opened by a speech from Sir Rivers Thompson, and then the deputations came up in turn, and the chairman of each handed up an address, which was received, but not read. I think there were 300 addresses, and the delegates passed as at a levée. When this procession was over, and the white rolls of parchment lay in a great heap behind the Viceroy, D. read his reply. Having finished this part of the proceedings, we had a little time to spare before it was dark enough for the fireworks to begin, and we went to look at the school children, who were safely enclosed in the race paddock. They seemed very happy; the arrangements for their amusement had been most successfully made, and they had enjoyed themselves immensely. We had tea, and were then warned to return to our dais by the bugle call 'Commence firing.' The fireworks were very good; some of the novelties pleased the people extremely, and great 'Ohs' rose from the multitude assembled to see them. The Queen's portrait, those of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and our own, appearing out of a great bunch of roses and thistles which faded away, leaving the pictures in outline, were all recognised at once, and were really very good likenesses. The best set piece was a fiery cascade. The crowd dispersed at about eight o'clock, and all the people and all the schools got safely home in good time.

We dined directly we got in, and then dressed for a large party. The whole 'Government House List' was asked, and everybody arrived pleased with the day and delighted that all had gone off so well.

Thursday, 17th.—To-day was also a holiday, and sports went on from two o'clock till six on the Maidan. We went there for a little, saw some artillery competitions, wrestling on horseback, and tent-pegging. As we drove home, the place was beginning to be illuminated, and the fire-lined spires and high buildings looked beautiful against the grey sky.

We only just had time for a cup of tea and to change carriages before starting off on a drive round the town. The state procession consisted of mounted police, Bengal Cavalry, the body-guard, outriders, three of our carriages with teams and postilions, another escort of the body-guard, nine carriages with officials, and 15,000 cabs and carriages following. The streets were kept for three hours, and the drive was seven miles long. The fine part of the city looked beautiful—the Government offices, the Fort, all the

columns and spires in the place, were not merely lighted up, but were converted into golden palaces and pillars, which shone resplendent in the dark. They were so outlined and covered with tiny lamps that the mechanism and the solid background disappeared, and only the fiery shape of them remained. The front of our own house, the Post Office, and the Museum were specially fine. The illuminations in the native part of the town were not so good as they are in the native States, but that could not be expected through so many miles of street. The crowd the whole way was immense, and they cheered and clapped much more than usual, and seemed extremely happy. They do like a tamasha! D. and I both got severe blows in the face from very large and very wet bouquets thrown at us from the roofs of the houses.

When we got back, we found rows and rows of the 15,000 carriages still close to our gate and only starting on their way, and I dare say many people spent most of the night in them.

So ended our official keeping of the Queen's Jubilee. It has been a magnificent popular fête, and everything has gone off well. No accident has marred its complete success, and I only hope in England you may be as fortunate, and that you will keep it half as beautifully.

We did not dine till nine o'clock, and were all very tired and sleepy. The children have been so enchanted with their share in the tamasha, and have enjoyed the whole thing immensely. They particularly liked the party on Wednesday, and Victoria begins to regret that her 'coming out' is such a very long way off.

Friday, 18th.—To-day we kept the Jubilee at Barrackpore, where we had a school feast for 700 children. They were of all sorts, and many arrangements had to be made for them. There were Christians who would eat anything, and there were other Christians who would eat cake provided they might cut it for themselves, and there were Hindus and Mahometans who could not sit together, but who ate the same kind of food arranged in the same way in different parts of the grounds. They had each a mat to sit on, a plantain-leaf for a plate, and an earthen cup to drink out of, and they ate native sweets and drank water poured out by a high-caste Brahmin. We were asked to look at the Hindu picnic from a respectful distance, which was marked out by a seat placed for me twelve yards away from where they sat.

The entertainment began, however, by the schools marching by me in procession, when Hermie and I handed each child a 'Jubilee Medal' with a blue ribbon threaded through it, and Victoria supplied us with handfuls of them from a heap on the table. Then they all marched on to their various eating places,

and had a good meal. The band played, and we had elephants to ride, conjurers, marionettes, and races, so there was plenty for the children to do, and I think they enjoyed themselves very much. D. had not been able to come, but I had Hermie and Victoria, Basil, Freddie, and four A.D.C.'s to help. Our children remained at Barrackpore with Mademoiselle and Mr. Grant, and I came back to Calcutta for the 'Bachelors' Jubilee Ball.' I did not feel much up to a ball, but I was able to sit quietly on a very pretty dais with a background of fern and admire the decorations and see the other people dancing. The Town Hall had been very prettily done up, and the dance was made gay with such hard-working performances as the Tempête and the Polka Lancers. We stayed for supper, and the Viceroy proposed the Queen's health.

Saturday, 19th.—Lord and Lady Stafford and Lord Tarbet arrived.

I always dislike Saturday afternoon functions, as they oblige us to go down to Barrackpore by a late train, instead of having a cool afternoon voyage up in the launch ; but as I had to give prizes for athletic sports, a share of the entrance money to said sports coming to my Fund, we went out to Ballygunge to see them, and I performed my duty of doling out silver cups and biscuit boxes, and then drove to the station and got home just in time for dinner. The children had found their idle day at Barrackpore very long, and they said they felt as if they had been there for ages.

Sunday, 20th. — Sir Charles and Lady Aitchison came to Barrackpore to-day, but they left their Staff, Mr. Dunlop-Smith, Captain Manifold, and Dr. Franklin, in Calcutta. We rested under the banyan-tree, and went to church, and visited the elephants ; but we are such a large party that we don't look as if we were having a quiet time, and our home dinner-table is large enough for other people's banquets.

Monday, 21st.—This week begins with a hard day. We had to breakfast earlier than usual, and to start off in the launch to some strange port on the river, where we disembarked on red cloth and stepped into our very own railway carriage, which, in some mysterious way, had arrived from the centre of India to receive us and take us a few miles up the Hooghly, where we were to open a grand new 'Jubilee Bridge.' At Hooghly all the highest officials met us, and we got on to a truck-dais, and were pulled into the shade ; then Sir Rivers Thompson in a speech invited the Viceroy to declare the bridge open. D. did this in a few words, and then, with a blazing sun shining on our

small bonnets, we descended a great flight of stairs and made our way to an immense floating machine, on which breakfast was laid for 300 people. It was a ball supper at 10 A.M.; but happily tea and dry toast were to be had, as well as champagne, mayonnaises, and ices. Sir Bradford Leslie, the engineer of the bridge, took me down, and we sat and ate and looked at his work, which was just above us; and when the meal was over D. proposed his health, and we applauded and rattled our knives on the table, and 'received' the toast with great enthusiasm. Sir Bradford replied, and we remounted the stairs and got into our carriage and crossed the Hooghly in the first passenger train that has gone over the Jubilee Bridge.

The second function of the day was the presentation of new colours to the Prince of Wales's Royal Canadian Regiment. The ceremony, which was performed in the Fort, is always a pretty one, and in the little speech D. wrote for me the history of the regiment is shortly put: 'The regiment to which you have the honour to belong sprang into existence in the hour of England's greatest need. It owed its birth to the loyal devotion of our Canadian fellow-subjects, and its embodiment was one of the earliest indications given by our colonies of that determination which they have since so universally expressed to recognise the unity and the common interests of the British Empire.'

Colonel Mackinnon and the officers gave a ball in the Town Hall in honour of the occasion. The room was very gay and bright with flags, and on an easel in one corner of the dais was a framed list of all the officers who were in the regiment at the time of the first presentation, and of those who were there to-day, with a bit of the old colours in the centre. The Prince of Wales's first public act was the giving of these colours, and his name was then added to the title of the regiment.

Thursday, 24th.—To-day I had to breakfast early in order to visit some schools in the 'paddy-fields.' I was told that in the way of costume I had better wear an old gown, a sun hat, and as much jewellery as possible; so I chose a bright, but not new, washing silk, and a very big hat, and then put on my Turkish star with its gold chain, a brooch, earrings, and two broad bracelets: thus armed for conquest, I started off on my long expedition.

Fred, I, and Lady Wilson drove together for about half an hour, and then we picked up Miss Hoare (one of the missionary ladies), and proceeded on through some pretty country lanes and palm-shaded villages to a ghât on the canal, where a boat and missionary teachers and a large school awaited me. They had

put up little arches, and they read me an address and sang to me, and I thanked them and then got into the boat. It was a real 'dug-out,' made by hollowing out one gigantic tree, and it proved to be a most comfortable conveyance. I sat on the floor, which was cushioned, and leant back on piles of pillows with my feet stretched out before me. Miss Hoare faced me in the same attitude. Fred squatted behind her; and at either end was a liveried servant, the one presiding over Her Ladyship's luncheon—which, even on this occasion, she was not allowed to have without silver egg-cups, spoons, and plates, and great paraphernalia of inconvenient things—and the other carrying her cloaks and parasols. When we were all packed, two long straw roofs were produced, and we were extinguished by having them let down over us. When the sun was not troublesome, we pushed them back so that we could see out. The voyage up the canal was not very pretty, as the water was low, and we were between mud banks all the way; but we were carried along so fast and so smoothly, by means of men on either bank hauling the ropes attached to the boat, that it was very pleasant, and the two hours passed quickly. When we got near our destination, we found palanquins awaiting us, and I had my first experience of a ride in one of them.

If it is not hot, and if you don't want to look out, and if you are content to lie down, it is pretty comfortable; but if you should wish to sit up, or to read, or to see the scenery, a palanquin is not the machine in which to do any of these things. I had only a short way to go in one: and as my route lay through a muddy paddy-field and occasional inodorous mires, it was rather a good thing than otherwise to be transported in a packing-case. Through the mud I was accompanied by a number of boys and children carrying flags, while bombs of welcome went off on all sides.

The village, when I reached it, seemed to me a most delightful place. I was not prepared for such clean and picturesque little houses; in fact, paradoxical as it sounds, the means of cleanliness in Indian villages generally seem to be the only dirty and unattractive parts—I mean the water-tanks. They are perilously near the dwellings, and are unmistakably green, and it does not do to let one's imagination dwell upon the various uses to which they are put. But the houses both as to colour and material look really nice. Mud walls do not perhaps sound delightful, but they are a good colour, and are hard and smooth, and the thatch roof is beautifully made, the inside of it looking like a kind of matting with wickerwork ribs. The front of the house is generally open,

the roof supported on pillars, making a kind of verandah. Some of the largest open sheds are used as 'clubs' for the men, and the domestic apartments, cooking-place, and rice-husking machines are behind. In many villages the 'club' is used as a schoolroom during the day. Miss Hoare has one of these three-sided rooms for her own residence when she comes down here, and she and her sisters occupy three beds in a row, and dress behind a mat at one end, and have a movable matting screen to hide them from the villagers in front. Miss Angelina Hoare is the ruling spirit of all this work. She lives amongst the natives in the paddy-fields almost as one of themselves, wearing a sari, and tramping up to her knees through the marshy rice-fields. Another sister looks older and more delicate, though Miss Angelina is far from strong, and the third is still young. They are well off, but they give up everything to their missionary work.

I went first of all to their apartment, and waited till the 900 children collected here were seated in rows beneath a Shamiana erected for the occasion, and when they were ready I stepped upon the stage and sat facing them all, with the Bishop beside me. There was simply a great carpet of children before me—rows and rows of little girls fading away in the distance into rows and rows of boys, and teachers of all kinds standing about. After the Lord's Prayer had been said in Bengali, I began to hand out the prizes. Each one of the 900 had something, and although some very big boys got the tiniest of pink flannel jackets, while the infants were presented with more masculine attire, I am in hopes they were all more or less pleased; and all, from the Bishop downwards, received at my hands a copper Jubilee medal with a blue tape through it.

I was next asked to 'say a few words,' which I whispered into the ear of an interpreter, who seems to have made a splendid speech out of my murmurings; and then the Bishop spoke, and they all cheered for me, Miss Angelina Hoare, in her enthusiasm, mounting a stool and waving her handkerchief; but as three cheers for her were next given, she had rapidly to descend and retire to a corner. This function lasted an hour and a half, and after it I had some tea in the mud room and made my tour of inspection round the village. All the children looked nice and clean and tidy, and the blue medal-ribbon set off their little brown skins most beautifully. Our return journey was the same as the one I have described; only that, as the water in the canal was higher, we had a bigger boat, and were dragged along at a great pace. I got home at six o'clock, and really enjoyed my day immensely.

Monday, March 14th.—We had a farewell dinner to the

Rivers Thompsons, and a concert after it. D. proposed the Lieutenant-Governor's health in 'suitable' terms. Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham also dined here for the last time before they return to England. Colonel Chatterton arranged the concert for me, and we had very nice music and a pleasant party. When I went upstairs with the ladies, a troop of Burmese princes and princesses arrived first, and as we can't speak to each other this was embarrassing. The party was a select one, about 170 altogether, and the refreshments were in the ball-room, where people who wished to talk rather than to listen were able to retire.

CHAPTER XI

DARJEELING AND DEHRA DUN

MARCH 16 TO APRIL 23, 1887

Wednesday, March 16th.—D. started off on his tiger-shooting expedition this morning at seven o'clock, and I had quite forgotten that he would leave in state till a faint sound of 'God save the Queen,' followed by his salute, reached my room. Blanche, who sleeps on that side of the house, risked showing her head at the window, to exchange farewells with the Staff. Her costume did not admit of a more complete revelation of herself. We had not long to spend in solitude, for our own journey began at two o'clock. Blanche and I, Major Cooper and Mr. Lawrence Gordon, left at that hour by train for Darjeeling. At seven in the evening we reached the river-side, and we dined on board a steamer while we crossed the Ganges. Then we got into a narrow-gauge railway for the night. We had the Lieutenant-Governor's carriage, and were very comfortable indeed. It is a very long one, divided into two rooms, with a small compartment for a maid at one end. We played a game of whist, and went early to bed.

Thursday, 17th.—It was very cold in our carriage this morning, but by the time we were dressed in all our winter clothes, and had had some breakfast, the sun was up, and we were warm and comfortable. It was about nine o'clock that the interesting part of our journey began, and it was delightful.

I had a special train, consisting of a tiny engine, two small carriages, and two trollies, or open trucks. We sat in one of

these last, so that we could see the view, not only of the magnificent mountains, but also of the front part of our own little train. I have described the Simla mountain road to you and the way in which it zigzags and doubles upon itself ; but this is much more wonderful, for in the railway, which is a two-foot gauge, you climb 8,000 feet right through the mountain, turning and twisting, and running after your own tail ; playing hide-and-go-seek, as it were, with different parts of the train ; rushing under a bridge, and then sweeping round in a loop and going over it ; sometimes stopping suddenly and going backwards on another line, then in a few moments forward again up a higher road, and then looking back from some point at the three lines forming the zigzag you have just accomplished. The first part of the journey is lovely ; it is through beautiful and not through lonely mountains. There are trees and tea-gardens, and views of the plains, and houses and little villages, and such delightful air, and such excitement, hanging over precipices and apparently making straight for one, when a providential turn occurs, and the engine sweeps gaily round the corner. At one part of the road there is a barren look, and the first view of Darjeeling is precisely the same as that of Simla—brownish bare hills sprinkled over with houses ; but on the whole, the way up to it is much finer. We heard of a ‘man-eating’ tiger in the neighbourhood, and of wild elephants, one of whom came down with a landslip ‘once upon a time,’ and we were very much amused with the curious people and the funny little children we saw on the way. They are of the Tartar type, and look merry, like the Burmese. Some of the women are fine-looking, and they wear all their fortunes in the form of jewellery. Some have necklaces laden with rupees, and some have very fine gold knobs strung together ; then there are bracelets, and anklets, and ear-rings, and ornaments for the head of all kinds. The little children, too, are adorned with ornaments, and with not much else ; but they are very attractive, and they run by the train as you pass through their bazaars and catch coins with great delight if you throw them.

We had a very good lunch at Kurseong at about twelve o’clock, and we got here at three. I was a little startled to find some very smart ladies at the station, for I myself was somewhat dusty, but they brought me such lovely bouquets of violets that I was obliged to forgive them for coming. We had some tea at our hotel, ‘Woodlands,’ and then went out to seek a view, but it was hazy, and the mountains would not appear. Now I have come in, and am writing this while Blanche is fussing over a fire which will smoke. The air is delightful, but it is too cold for an

open window, and wood-smoke is disagreeable ; otherwise we are *very* comfortable, and I daresay the chimney will soon get warm and will draw better.

Mr. Paul, the Deputy Commissioner, and Mr. Prestage, the son of the engineer who made this wonderful line, travelled with us. The rise in the line is one in twenty-seven, and it really does look steep, and Ghoom, which is near here, is the highest point any railway in the world has ever reached.

Friday, 18th.—Directly we woke this morning we peered out of the window to see if the snows were visible, and saw just enough of them to tantalise us. High up in the heavens, and apparently quite near to us, was a beautiful slice of snow-clad mountain tops ; everything else shrouded in mist. Even this unsatisfactory glimpse was lost in cloud all the rest of the day, but we saw enough to make us long for more and to assure us that this must be the most beautiful place in the world when the view is clear.

It is so interesting, too, in the way of people ; there are Bhootias and Lepchas, and Limboos and Goorkhas, all of whom look Chinese, but dress differently and have special peculiarities. The ornaments of the women are most wonderful, some of them very handsome, and the faces of the young girls (Lepchas) are quite fair and rosy and fine. One headdress worn here is very becoming. It is a stiff diadem with alternate corals and turquoises sewn on to the edge, and it is worn like a saint's aureola. The long black hair is either quite loose or plaited in two tails. The women's cheeks are often painted with a maroon-coloured stuff, which is put on to protect the skin from wind and dust, but it gets a speckled appearance, and does not add to the beauty of their complexion. We went down to the market-place to see them. All sorts of queer-looking men bring things up to the hotel to sell, and one meets them all about the place here.

We visited a convalescent home, a young ladies' school, and a photograph-shop, all before lunch. After that very necessary meal, for we are exceedingly hungry here, we went a little expedition on ponies—nice, quiet, strong, comfortable mountain ponies. We took Miss Murray with us, and rode down to where the tree-ferns grow, and we had tea there, and came back through Birch Park. All the time the view was lovely, though, as the snow mountains were absolutely invisible, we are not in a position to say that we have seen '*the view*.' I like Darjeeling immensely, however, even without *the view* ; it is such a cheerful, bright place, and there is so much more local colouring about it than in the mountain regions haunted by the Government of India.

I have told you about the people, but not about the praying flags. You can't look out anywhere without seeing tall poles with long, narrow flags fastened to them, on which prayers are printed and are fluttering in the wind. Printed prayers are tied on to the trees, and all sorts of coloured rags keep off demons from house-tops and doorways. Then praying wheels are in great request, and an individual inclined for easy worship sits listlessly at home and twists round his prayer-wheel, and is satisfied with his own devotion.

The railway porters are women. Fancy having your baggage carried by strapping young females wearing pure gold necklaces and splendid silver belts, not to mention earrings and such small bits of jewellery as bracelets and anklets ! A silver *châtelaine*, with all sorts of little implements for cleaning the nails and otherwise perfecting the toilet, is worn on the shoulder, and is a new and very pretty and useful ornament. The dresses worn by men are loose dressing-gown garments, tied up round the waist with a belt, and some women have red sleeves and dark-blue tunic *pinafors* over them. The Lepchas wear striped materials. Every individual is worth studying, and all put on their garments in a picturesque and characteristic manner.

Saturday, 19th.—We have been such a delightful expedition to-day, and have ridden eighteen miles, climbing up a very high hill to see the view, and descending 2,000 feet to lunch in a bungalow, and home by a lower road. We started at ten o'clock on ponies, Mr. Paul, the Deputy Commissioner, and Lady H. with us. Our ponies amused us very much, for we had no control whatever over them, and sometimes they started off at a gallop, and could only be stopped by a syce catching hold of them. We passed through Jellapahar, the military station, and watched the funny little train below us winding about as it made its way down towards Calcutta. While we rode along, Mr. Paul gave us lots of information. Blanche told him she was going to write a book, and wanted to understand all about the Bhootias and the Lepchas, and the Limboos, and the Goorkhas, their history, their religion, their manners, and their customs. She plied him with questions the whole way, and even when he was very much out of breath toiling up hill by our ponies' side he answered most satisfactorily. I won't repeat much to you, but will just tell you that some of the little praying flags are called 'horse flags.' They are on the tops of hills, and are a sort of thanksgiving put there by those who have reached the top, with a prayer for those who have yet to ascend. The people throw rags up in the air, and pray that they may be turned into horses to bring other people up, and some

pieces are tied on to sticks and left there blowing in the wind. Another interesting fact is that a woman often cuts off her hair to make a good pigtail for the man she is engaged to marry. I know you like a few little travellers' tales, but I have not room for many. Still, I must tell you one tiger story; it is so *very* wonderful. A Mr. B. was living in a bungalow, from the compound of which a tiger took a man. Mr. B. and a friend resolved to watch for the brute, but during the night both fell asleep on the verandah. The tiger crept up, and, seizing Mr. B. by the hand, regularly led him across the garden. The friend awoke, and ran out and shot the tiger, who dropped the hand, but was able to rush after the two men as they flew to the house. He knocked Mr. B. over as he reached the door, and fell dead himself as he did it.

The great view is still invisible, but we could just see the tops of the second and third highest mountains in the world; and did we not know of the magnificent range which is hidden from us, the valleys, and hills, and wooded mountains in the foreground would satisfy us perfectly. There are enormous magnolia-trees, some pink and some white, which, mixed with the forest trees, give some patches of bright colour to the hill-sides. Rhododendrons and almond-trees are also in flower.

Our descent was all through a beautiful forest, and when we got to the luncheon-place we were very delighted with all we had seen. One of the party, being relieved of my august presence for a moment, informed Blanche that 'she felt quite young again, tally-ho!' and I think we were all in the same 'tally-ho' frame of mind. It is such nice air, and such a holiday, and the ride is so like the donkey rides of our youth, that we feel very cheerful and are always laughing. I am quite sure I have not laughed half so much since I came to India as I did to-day. The road home was an excellent one, and I find that, far from having no rides here, there are level roads in good condition for seventeen miles one way, thirteen another, and fifteen another, and lovely scenery all the way and in every direction. Nor do you feel so shut up in Darjeeling as you do at Simla. There is the railway to Calcutta, and you can ride into Nepal, and you could go to Thibet if the Thibetans would let you.

From all this you may gather that I am enjoying myself much; and so is Blanche, who is a delightful companion on these occasions, ready for everything, full of spirits, and full of most amusing grievances. She sleeps in my room, but as I stated firmly that I would not be disturbed on any excuse, and as indeed she sleeps very well herself, our nights are quiet. She objected to

the ticking of my clock, so I sacrificed that, and no other noise, and no mosquito, has come to trouble her.

I hear by telegram that the children are well, but I have no news from the shooting party.

A native dance was arranged for us to-night. It was not a very good one, as the Deputy Commissioner had not had sufficient notice to get the right people together. It is generally danced by Llamas, but we saw lay dancers and only a small bit of the real performance. However, the specimen was most curious and amusing, and quite unlike anything we have seen before. The story of the 'ballet' was this: A foreign king invaded China, and the emperor of that country coming out to fight, the gods provided him with a lion instead of a horse. At the sight of the emperor so mounted, the enemies were immediately vanquished. Then the emperor became thirsty, and a peacock appeared and offered him fruits, and a tortoise brought him rich and precious gems, and his subjects sang songs in his honour. The lion, the peacock, and the tortoise were presented to us. The lion had a big round face fringed with greenish wool, and an enormous mouth furnished with a fine set of teeth. His body was woolly and greenish, and the two men who stood in his skin cut the most extraordinary capers, and opened and shut his capacious jaws in a truly terrific manner. This lion danced about wildly, and cut every sort of antic; he scratched himself in the most natural way, stood upon his hind legs, lay down, rolled on the ground, and attacked the peacock viciously, while the tortoise flapped about him. A sort of harlequin man meanwhile ran under him and over him, and always narrowly escaped his teeth. The 'peacock' was a splendid representation of an ostrich, and moved exactly in the way that gawky animal does; but the tortoise was much more lively than the one known to fame, and he opened and shut his shell as a bird does his wings. Perhaps he was really an oyster dropping pearls before the emperor. This pantomime was performed in front of the house by the light of a few Chinese lanterns, and to the sound of tom-toms.

Sunday, 20th.—We went to church, and on our way home came through the market, which was full of all these queer-looking people I have been attempting to describe to you. They make their purchases for the week on Sunday, and they were all busy bargaining and laying in stores. We examined their ornaments and their different types of face, and their various costumes, and were much interested and amused. Baskets, which the men and women carry on their backs, filled with goods of all sorts, from wood and charcoal to live ducks, were lying by them on the

ground, babies sweetly sleeping in some of them, while in other cases the child was tied on to its mother's back by a piece of cloth, or was merely slung on by a strap which was carried round her forehead.

I found a Thibetan Llama there, and got him to come up and be photographed. He had a white mule, which was covered with silver bells, and he was himself clad in a capacious garment of a dull red, while he wore a large flat Chinese hat. His face is a Tartar one, with a straggling thin sort of beard on it.

In the afternoon we went to look at the Lieutenant-Governor's house. The site of it is splendid, and there is a nice large 'compound,' which one might almost call a 'park,' belonging to it, with tennis-grounds and a cricket-ground, and seats for spectators of these sports, where they can either take interest in the games or lose themselves in the contemplation of the 'eternal snows.'

We next rode down to a Thibetan temple. The religion is Buddhist, but the worship is different from that of Burmah, and they have some very curious ways here. Three Llamas met me at the door and presented me with a 'scarf of blessing,' which was a very dirty little scarf indeed. Then they went into the temple to show us a service. The building is like an ordinary house outside, but many printed prayers are built into the wall, and if you want to pray you walk round it, keeping to the right, and as you pass you say, 'Omany-pomany,' or words to that effect, which means, 'I say all the prayers that are here.' The small entrance-hall of the temple has a row of barrels round it, with one very big one in the corner. These are prayer-wheels, and you can set them all turning, and the more you turn and the longer you keep them going, the better you are. The big one is rather laborious to pray with, but for a rupee you can get an old woman to do the manual part of the devotion for you. In the temple itself—a small, square, dark room—a dozen Llamas sat on the floor, singing, and blowing the most noisy instruments. A small altar, covered over with brass cups full of oil and with burning wicks in each, was at the back, and some brass images, flowers, and small votive offerings were laid there. The Llamas were shaven, and wore large, comfortable, dull-red garments.

Just above this temple is a 'Chutan,' or small whitewashed pagoda. A stick in the centre of this is wound round and round with every sort of prayer, and these you can also offer up by passing to the right of it, and saying, 'Om manu padmi hum.' Those are the exact words to use. Our guide this afternoon is a man of some position, named 'Tendook,' the Chief of the Lep-

chas. He asked us to visit his house, and out of consideration for the nerves of our ponies he silenced his band as we approached. It consisted of four men dressed in true Lepcha style, with a striped petticoat, red jacket, and a hat like a flower-pot turned upside down, with a peacock feather stuck in the front of it. These men all beat big drums. Tendook's house was very European outside, but the two rooms we saw inside had each an altar lighted up, and set with images and flowers, and Tendook's own particular priests were there to attend to them. Chairs were arranged for us in one of these chapel-like rooms, and while we sat there we were offered the national drink. It was presented to us in a silver barrel, in the top of which was a tube, and through this, in turn, we sucked the liquid, an aromatic sort of stuff. There was a chimney-piece in the room, on which were pictures of the Queen, of D., and of a few other people, and I am to send mine there too. Our host next presented us each with a nice little bell, and with a curious twisted piece of brass representing the Darjeeling thunderbolt, from which, I believe, the place takes its name. He showed us, too, some very curious pictures, which come from Thibet, and which are sometimes used in their worship.

I forgot to tell you that we were disturbed last night by the barking of some dogs, and Blanche, who never lies quiet under these sort of inflictions, did not rest until she had succeeded in rousing all the servants in the place, and in sending my jemadar out to stop the noise. He says he got fifty policemen and was hunting dogs with them all night, but Blanche says he must have one hundred to-night if necessary. I believe she is going to suggest a dog-tax to the Viceroy.

She has been amused at something which is no longer new to me, and that is the way in which three strange officials join me as I enter every new bit of country, and take care of me for a time, and then disappear to make room for another set. This time we have been fortunate in the Deputy Commissioner (Mr. Paul), who has shown us everything here, and been very 'instructive and amusing.'

Monday, 21st.—The snows this morning were a little bit clearer, and we were able to see the tops of all the highest mountains. Kinchinjunga, which, next to Mount Everest, is the highest in the world, has five points, and its name signifies 'the five treasuries of the great snow.' Kufra and Jannoo come next, the former being shaped like a four-pole tent. The whole range is magnificent, and looks solid and beautiful against the blue sky. It seems to be *directly* behind the near hills, upon which you see

trees and houses distinctly, and it is this apparent nearness, added to its great height, which makes the view so different from that of snow-mountains anywhere else. We have not, however, seen it quite to perfection, for the valleys have never been really clear since we came. We all felt quite sorry to leave the place, but the exciting idea of going down in a trolley comforted us a little.

We got rid of our engine and of all other carriages at Ghoom—the highest railway station in the world, remember—and with a little pilot trolley going on before to show the way, we glided down, down the Himalayas, through lovely mountain passes, rocky and beautifully wooded hills, the most splendid scenery, the most delightful air—no smoke, no noise, a quite ideal journey. I expected to be alarmed, but I was not in the very least, and I skirted precipices and turned corners, and whisked round loops in the happiest frame of mind. We came down the greater part of the way at the rate of nine miles an hour, but near the end there is a long straight descent, and Mr. Prestage allowed us to do it as fast as the wheels could turn—about twenty-five miles an hour. It was like the most easy and safe tobogganing. The man who manages the brakes has complete control over the speed, and at any moment he would slacken it, or stop, as he did several times, for us to see a specially lovely peep, or to get us a specimen of some new plant, or to let us put on our cloaks; once we stopped for tea, and we also had luncheon on the way, for our trolley journey lasted from 12 till 5.30. At the end of it we were handed over to the charge of Colonel Boughiey and put into a new train. There we passed the night, recrossing the Ganges early in the morning, and reaching Calcutta at one o'clock.

Having brought myself safely back to Calcutta, I must now give you some extracts from D.'s accounts of his proceedings. His first letter is dated March 18, and he says: 'We have had a splendid day, and have killed two tigers, a mother and her young one—not that I had any hand in either performance, for my elephant got frightened directly he scented the tiger, and would not come up to the scratch. I did not think it a very sportsman-like performance, because, after beating the wood, all the elephants and guns formed a complete circle round a bit of grass and bramble in the midst of which was the beast, and everybody fired at her at the same moment, and long after she was helpless they continued pouring bullets into her, the upshot being that no one seems to claim her as his prize, though I daresay in secret every individual believes she belongs to him. But the whole expedition was very amusing. The next day we started about 150

elephants in an exact line across a smooth grassy plain. We must have covered a breadth of more than a mile. As we advanced, every kind of creature got up in front of us—bustards, pig, partridges, hares, wild cats, rabbits, spotted deer, barking deer, hog deer, owls, serpents, &c., &c. We were not allowed to fire a shot, which I thought rather hard, as the grass was much too short to hold a tiger, and there were numbers of men and cattle about in all directions.

‘Our proceedings were conducted by a little Nepalese colonel, whom they have sent down to look after the 100 elephants they have lent us. It was under his management we got a brace of tigers before lunch. On our way back, the interdict on general shooting was taken off, but the game was not so plentiful. However, I shot some partridge, a hare, a rabbit, and a kind of bustard, a most beautiful bird. We got back to camp about five, and, having had a cup of tea, I am now resting before our seven o’clock dinner.’

On the 20th, D. wrote: ‘Yesterday we had a blank day, and, the novelty having worn off, one had time to consider one’s personal impressions a little more closely. The conclusion I came to was that I was being rattled about in a pepper-caster. We started at 8.30, and had to go eight miles, this time through a cultivated country, and therefore without the excitement of looking out for nondescript game. I was put into the middle of a thicket at one end of the jungle, the elephants having previously broken down the trees around me, so as to leave what they called a ‘Maidan,’ that is to say, a space about ten yards wide, in order that I might see if a beast came. I think I told you that on the first day my elephant, when the tiger was announced to him, instead of going forward like the rest, retreated behind a very thick tree, in whose branches my head became entangled; so they changed my beast, and gave me one belonging to the Nepalese colonel. They say that were a tiger to leap on his nose he would not so much as wink. However, his courage has not yet been tried, for yesterday we drew jungle after jungle in vain. On my way home I abdicated my pepper-caster, and took a humble seat on a little pad elephant between two Nepalese. This mode of travelling was a great relief—indeed quite comfortable—so that in future we have determined to ride to cover on one of these little hack elephants.

‘We are very comfortable, and I have a beautiful tent; the food is very good, and everybody is most kind and attentive.’

This is all I have heard so far.

Friday, 25th.—Blanche and I left Calcutta by the night train

on Wednesday and journeyed on very comfortably in my own carriage for two nights and a day. On Thursday evening Sir Alfred and Lady Lyall met us at Allahabad and sat with us while we dined. The nights were cold, and I got a chill which brought me to Agra this morning with rather a bad cough and feeling very unwell. The Maharajah of Bhurtpore met me at the station, and as the train was late he had had an hour and a half to wait there. I drove with him to the house where he is entertaining us, and I think it was the sun on my back during this rather long drive which made me feel more ill than I should have done from a mere cold.

The house was built for a tomb, but is a most charming residence now. It has been done up fresh, and has the prettiest furniture and most lovely carpets, and a fernery with birds flying about it outside one of the drawing-room windows.

I did not go out all day, but I had to see several people, as I have come here solely to visit the Female Medical School and to talk to the people connected with it. Dr. Hilson and the lady doctors came to see me. He is the originator of the school, and it is entirely through him that we have such a good foundation to work on. I will not trouble you with the long conversations I had with him and with the others ; it was all the purest 'shop' and will not bear repetition.

The Maharajah paid me a state visit, and then I lay down and slept till dinner-time, while Blanche was taken to the Fort.

Saturday, 26th.—I confess it was a great relief to me to find that I was well this morning, for I had really begun to fear an illness of some kind, and I had a hard day's work to do. We breakfasted at eight, and then I drove off to see the medical school, the buildings that exist, the foundations and plans of those that are to be—the hospital, the dispensary, the classrooms, the pupils—and to hear all that everybody had to say on all matters connected with its present and its future. It has the makings of a fine institution, and is going on most satisfactorily. After this I was obliged to do the gaol, which is the very hottest place to walk about that I can imagine. But I have to order a carpet, and Dr. Tyler is so proud of those he makes here that I could not get out of looking at all his prisoners at work. Some of his best men were let out at the Jubilee, and therefore many looms are now at a standstill.

In the afternoon we went to see the Taj. Having once described it to you, I will spare you all further rhapsodies on the subject.

The dinner party went off very well, and I believe the Maha-

rajah was much pleased with it, though his share of enjoyment appeared to me to be modest indeed. He came to receive the guests, he looked at the table, he presented everybody to me, and then he took my finger and led me into the dining-room—after which he took his leave.

Tuesday, 29th.—We left the house at 5.30 yesterday morning, and the Maharajah drove me to the station. Blanche and Fred were with me till the middle of the day, when they went off to Delhi, and Mr. Lawrence Gordon and I pursued our way to Dehra, where the children are staying and where we are to spend a quiet month.

Mrs. Charles Gordon met me at Saharanpore and gave me dinner and saw me off in my dāk gharry. Oh! what a night I had of it. The gharry itself resembles a hearse more than any other carriage, but instead of being painted a glossy black it is a shabby brown. When you are about to spend the night in it, you put in your pillows and your blankets, and as there are no seats you make yourself as comfortable as you can in a recumbent position upon the floor. There are sliding doors at either end, and these generally slide open when you want them to be shut, and shut when you wish them to be open. In this box you are rattled along and jolted from side to side, changing horses every five or six miles. I came to the conclusion that the journey was not one for a nervous person to make. It was pitch dark, and I had no sooner got accustomed to one team of dreadful animals than I had to go through the agony of trying another. When I got well off each time I was happy, but the moment we stopped to change my mind was full of anxiety. There was one particularly bad hour, which is rather amusing to me now to look back on. The new team neighed wildly and made unmistakable signs of wishing to fight; they turned round and presented sometimes their heads and sometimes their tails to my open door. I immediately declared I could not, and would not, go on with them, but no intelligible answer was made me, and all the numerous white figures which were bustling about in the gloom seemed indifferent to my fears. I at last succeeded in waking my servant, who was sound asleep on the roof, and I routed Mr. Lawrence Gordon out of the carriage in which he was following me. He appeared in a miserable suit of cotton clothes, and must have been bitterly cold, as the wind was very high and the dust was flying in clouds. Later on he wrapped himself in blankets, and I saw a good deal of him for some time. He got my shrieking steeds taken out and another pair put in; so quiet a pair that they could not get on at all, and they were always stopping, and I was

always hanging out of my vehicle to see what was the matter, and at last I began seriously to consider the question of stopping in peace by the wayside and not going on till the morning. Mr. Gordon, however, suggested sending my maid's carriage on to the next stable to fetch some better horses, and mine were taken out. This was all very well for me, but all my suite were shivering with cold, and they soon offered to drag me themselves. There were some body-guard men and some servants, and Mr. Gordon, and they set to and took me at a rattling pace for about two miles. After this I was fortunate, and had good horses and went very fast, but I never could sleep from anxiety as to the probable character of the next team. One of my nocturnal troubles was that I had lost a shoe, and as I was always expecting to have to take to the road on foot, it was, I felt, a serious loss! This most exciting drive lasted from 10 P.M. till 7 A.M., and you may suppose I was pretty tired of it and very glad to see some of the body-guard in full uniform suddenly appear by my side—a sure sign that I was near my destination.

All night we were passing bullock-carts with quaint figures muffled in white driving them through the dark, and sometimes our way was stopped by the upset of one of these carts in the middle of the road. No; a night in a dāk gharry does not suit me at all—of that I am quite convinced.

I found the children asleep, but they soon woke up and came and talked to me till their breakfast-time, when I went to sleep and so recovered from the dreadful night.

Dehra: Wednesday, 30th.—We have taken a bungalow here from a native lady who married a white man, and who is now enjoying his fortune as a widow. It is a very good house, with one long room which runs right through it, and which is divided by a curtain into dining-room and drawing-room. On either side of it are bed-rooms, and upstairs there are two good rooms which have been arranged for the Viceroy's business.

We have two other small bungalows belonging to us, and an army of tents, for of course when the Viceroy appears private life ends, and Foreign Secretaries and A.D.C.'s and business people will swarm.

The country round us is lovely. There are the mountains quite close, and all the roads are beautifully wooded, and it does feel like a real country place.

We do lessons a great part of the day, and then we ride. The first time we went to look at the tanks from which our water comes, and yesterday we rode to the Goorkha Lines and came home through an avenue of fine trees, with a stream of water

running on one side and nice soft ground for the horses' feet. The children are very happy, and are much occupied in looking after three dogs who are supposed to be learning tricks.

I must now give you another bit of D.'s tiger-shooting experiences: 'Till now my reports have not been very satisfactory, for when one is after tiger one thinks very little of slaughtering deer, but to-day we have had a really good day, and have brought home three tigers—one of these a very fine male; but as to whom any of them belong it is difficult to say, for what happens is this: There is a sudden shout, 'A tiger!' and presently we see the grass moving and get a glimpse of some creature, upon which everybody fires, and of course everybody imagines he hits. The second beast turned up in the middle of a wood with very high grass. He was close to my elephant, and I fired down upon him, and of course I believe I hit him. Then he bounded about, and dozens of shots were fired in every direction. At last he came out into an open place, and I had the good luck to knock him over with a shot which broke his back. I then gave him the *coup de grâce* in his head, so that, at any rate, I had a large share in his destruction.'

Friday, April 1st.—My family remains young enough in mind thoroughly to enjoy the privileges accorded to all on the first of April, nor would they hear of ending the 'April Fool' time at twelve o'clock. One day in the year is little enough, they think, for the diversion of taking everybody in, and their one regret is that their father is not here to be practised upon.

We went to tea with the Muirs, and rode with them afterwards, and in the evening we had the further dissipation of a concert and a small play. There was one rather funny scene during the concert. A gentleman who was going to perform on the flute mounted the stage, but the lady who was to accompany him was amusing herself elsewhere, and while he was looking about for her in every direction, we could see her laughing and talking in the ante-room. There were screens across the back of the stage to hide the preparations for the play, and after the flutist had peered behind each one of these, he at last in despair retired there himself, but his coat-tail had scarcely disappeared when the lady marched on to the front of the stage, and all the audience laughed and applauded—she could not imagine why. The play was 'Cut off with a Shilling.'

Sunday, 3rd, to Wednesday, 6th.—D. arrived safe and well, and is delighted with this place, with the house and his own cheerful rooms, with the views and the trees and the climate. And we have managed to maintain our privacy and to lead a

family life. Not one A.D.C. appears at any meal, and we can almost fancy ourselves at Clandeboyne. We have a nice long ride every afternoon, and we enjoy our quiet evenings.

Thursday, 7th.—One day here is so like another that I shall miss a few every now and then, but to-day we had special dissipations. Even the weather went on in an unusual way, occasionally emitting a growl from behind banks of black cloud gathered together about the hill-tops, or coming out with a sudden little gust of wind, which made one fear a dust-storm, or shedding a few drops of rain upon us, so that we might expect a deluge. None of these things came off—it was all talk; and we got quite safely through the aforesaid dissipations, which were, first (one of an improving and instructive character), a visit to the Survey Office.

Our second engagement prevented our visiting the Observatory properly, so I will say nothing about it, as we mean to go there another day. I felt sure that the children would be in a desperate state of impatience for our return, as we were to have some tilting and tent-pegging at the body-guard lines. We accordingly picked them up and drove there. All the ponies had been sent on, and D., with some gentlemen, tent-pegged on one side of the tea, which was laid under some trees, while the ladies tilted on the other side. The children enjoyed themselves immensely, and were particularly pleased with a tiny ditch between the two grounds, over which they could jump.

Good Friday.—We had such a curious experience in church to-day. The clergyman was just beginning his sermon when our carriages drove violently past the door, the body-guard rushed after them, and all the other vehicles set off too; there was a great commotion outside, and all the men in the church got up and began to shut the doors and windows. I could not imagine what was the matter, but the word ‘bees’ soon began to be whispered about. When we were safely shut up, the service went on. These swarms are very dangerous sometimes, and had they got into the church, the ladies would all have had to put their dresses over their heads, and the gentlemen would have had to protect themselves as best they could with their coat-tails. We walked some way to our carriages, and had to jump in and get off as quickly as possible, for the bees were buzzing about, and all our men were much afraid of them. The children were highly delighted with this piece of excitement.

Saturday, 9th.—We made a long and very pleasant expedition up to Mussoorie, which is the hill station immediately over this. It is much smaller than Simla, but it has the inestimable advan-

tage of being on an outside spur of the Himalayas, and instead of being buried behind range after range of mountains, it is situated at the extreme edge of them and looks down upon the plains as upon a map. It is not cut off from the world, and a person there who might be bored by hill station society could mount his horse and descend in half an hour to the larger world below. You can't imagine what a delightful sense of freedom this gives, because you don't know what it is to be encaged in the very heart of the Himalayas for the greater part of the year.

We left our house soon after ten and drove to Rajpore, a village at the foot of the hills, or rather the place where the ascent begins. There we mounted our horses and sat upon them as upon an inclined plane while they toiled up a very steep road. We carried parasols and had on helmets and sun-pads, but it was not disagreeably hot, and with Dehra to look at below and the mountains before us, and a certain amount of pretty wood to pass through, we had a charming ride, and we all enjoyed it much. We went straight to the Himalaya Club, where the committee gave us a very excellent lunch, and then we again mounted our horses to see the place.

Mussoorie bears a strong family likeness to Simla, and its view into the mountains is exactly the same. It has its miniature Annandale, called 'the Happy Valley,' dedicated to tennis and Gymkhanas. It has its 'Mall,' the fashionable promenade, its club—a very superior place indeed—its assembly-rooms, and its 'Jakko,' called the 'Camel's Back.' We were very fortunate in the day, which was clear and warm and pleasant, and we saw Mussoorie looking its brightest. The club gave us tea, and then, some on horses and some in dandies, we descended the hill again. The girls and I were carried, and we reached the bottom in about an hour's time. The carriage met us at Rajpore, and we got home about seven o'clock, having had a very nice day.

Lord William brought in one of the native conjurers in the evening. He was rather a good one, and was very clean and very musical. Besides consulting his monkey-skull over every trick, he sang 'Pop goes the Weazel' and other national English songs, mixed up with Indian tunes, which added greatly to the charms of his performance. One of his tricks was, I suppose, a very silly one, but it was very amusing. He made two eggs fight. Unaided by any visible means they hopped and jumped and knocked each other until one broke.

Monday, 11th.—This afternoon we went to see a tea-garden and the machinery for turning green leaves into tea-caddy tea.

This process only takes a day in fine weather, and the young shoots, which are pulled in the morning, are black and dry and packed away into chests by night. It should not, however, be drunk for six months or a year. A large number of women and children are employed in picking the leaves; they bring in their baskets full twice a day, and each time the quantity they have gathered is weighed, and they are paid a pice a pound on the spot. These leaves are then spread out on shelves to wither; after that they are put into a machine which rolls them about for half an hour, and out of this they come in a damp and draggled condition. Left on another shelf for a time they turn brown; then they are passed over a very hot furnace in trays, and this dries them and turns them into 'tea.' The only thing left to be done is to sift it in a series of sieves, which divide the tea into four qualities. The coarsest—Souchong—comes out of one sieve; Pekoe Souchong out of another; Pekoe from a third; and Orange Pekoe, the best tea, from the fourth. Nothing remains to be done now but the packing of it in tin-lined cases. Mr. Rogers told me that about 130,000 lbs. are sent out of this garden in a year, that it costs five annas a pound to make, and is sold on an average at eight annas.

He gave us some home-made beverage before we left, and we walked all over the gardens, which are very pretty. The tea-bushes are neat-looking shrubs, and there are some good trees in the place, and a lovely view of the mountains from it.

Mr. Rogers has a dog who has adopted a little monkey, and this creature always lies on the dog's back as he walks about; and, if pulled away from him, cries, and then rushes after him and jumps up to his place again. The dog defends the monkey from the attacks of all other dogs, and it was most amusing to see the way the two went on together as they accompanied us round the garden.

A telescope was put up close to our house, and before dinner two gentlemen came to show us some stars. I wished very much to see them, and was particularly delighted with Saturn, which, to my surprise, was exactly like his pictures, and was much more original than any of the other stars. Venus only looked like the moon seen with the naked eye. We saw 'Rigel,' of whom I confess I had not heard before, with his small attendant star, Sirius, Castor, the double star, and the Nebulae near Orion—its golden haze with the bright stars in it was quite plain. The moon, unfortunately, rose too late for us to see it.

The weather is quite warm now, but our house is cool in the day, and the evenings out are very pleasant.

Tuesday, 12th.—D. and I started off in a comfortable carriage this morning to drive twenty-four miles to Raiwalla. Our way lay through different kinds of wood and jungle, and in many places the lovely little rose, which is so abundant at Dehra, covered the forest trees, and fell in pink cascades from all the branches. Then we saw the tall grasses, which reminded D. of his tiger-shooting. Some of them grow twenty feet high, and are yellow and dried up now, with black marks on them, so that D. says it is difficult to distinguish the crouching tiger from the jungle, which is so much the same colour as himself.

When we reached our camp, we found it a very pretty one, situated on a high bank overlooking the Ganges, our tents shaded by groups of fine trees. We were rather hot and tired when we arrived, and were glad of some lunch and a rest, but by four o'clock we were ready to go off fishing. We rode on elephants down to the river, and then we did enjoy ourselves! D. fished diligently, throwing a spoon, and I simply sat on the banks and watched him, and looked at the un-Indian scene. It was just like being in Canada again, and it was possible for the time to forget the Indian Empire with its Burmah, its Afghanistan, its Frontier, its India Office, its Civil Service Commission, and all its other cares. For the first time I really appreciated the Ganges. Hitherto it has never 'babbled to me of green fields,' as a river should, but has been associated in my mind with miraculous cures, burning ghâts, crowds of bathers, insanitation, and towns. Here it does not set up for being better than its neighbours, and its clean green and blue waters flow on in all simplicity through pebbly shores and wooded banks, swallowing up a turbulent little tributary and slipping by the Sawalik Hills. These are a low range of mountains which shut in the Dun, and in them some of the most interesting fossils have been discovered; in fact, at Raiwalla the Ganges is quite unsophisticated and countrified in its behaviour, and is just like any other river. Even the fish, unawed by the sacred character of the stream, jumped about in a most tantalising manner, and were in far too frivolous a mood to bite. While D. was trying hard to tempt them, I made an excursion on a wonderful kind of boat. It consists of two bullock-skins filled with air, and across them a small bedstead (*charpai*) is tied, which is the seat of the boat; on it I sat, while the puffed-up animals, lying on their backs with their toes in the air, floated me. Then two loose skins were thrown in, and two men, lying on their chests across them, seized different sides of my bedstead with their hands and paddled with their feet. You can't think how funny the whole thing looks: the four helpless, fat, seal-like

animals lying in a row with a prim expression on their faces from having their eyes and mouths tied up into little buttons as if they had died saying 'Prunes and prism,' a person sitting between their upturned paws, and the two men paddling vigorously with their feet. It is a most comfortable and safe machine, as it draws scarcely any water.

Colonel Lane is the Commissioner who looks after us, and we have only got Lord William and Dr. Findlay with us, so we actually sit down to dinner so small a party as five. We were all very sleepy and tired, and went to bed at nine o'clock.

Wednesday, 13th.—We have had a most interesting and delightful day. D. began it early, and went down to the river for a couple of hours' fishing before breakfast. I remained quiet and sat under the mango-trees, while my ayah packed up and hurried off to Hurdwar, so that she might have time for a dip in the sacred stream at this most propitious time, before I should arrive there. D. was unsuccessful, but was, I think, quite happy in that hope which 'springs eternal' in the fisherman's breast, and he went on trying his luck all the way down to Hurdwar. We breakfasted first, and then, getting into boats, were rowed to that place. We went down several rapids and enjoyed it immensely; the river looked lovely, and on the water the weather was cool enough to be very pleasant. Hurdwar is a most picturesque and curious-looking place; it consists of a row of various temple-and-fort and palace-like-looking buildings at the very edge of the water, a long narrow bazaar running at the back of these and a good way beyond. Some of these buildings are temples, and others are houses belonging to great Hindu Rajahs who like to have residences at such a sacred place, and who generally allow all the pilgrims from their States to live in these houses when these come to bathe.

The fair at Hurdwar used to be enormous, but since the railway has come near to it pilgrims visit it all the year round, and there is not so great a rush of them for this 'Puja' or religious festival. I landed on a sort of wooden bridge or barricade which shuts in the principal bathing-place. The stream is so strong, and the crowd so great, that the weak and old would run great risk of being carried away were they not penned in. The buildings form a corner here, and the bridge goes across the base of the triangle, while a great flight of stairs—a ghât—down from the bazaar is the apex of it. The houses, ledges, little cupolas, and windows on either side were filled with people, and a compact crowd covered the steps; there were also smaller winding

stairs leading to the water, and gaily dressed figures were always going up and down these.

People from all parts of India come here, and you can't think how interesting and amusing it was to watch the multitude both in and out of the water. I sat there for two hours, and D., who arrived a little later, was equally pleased. Some of the bathers stayed in very long, till they were shivering with cold, but still there was a constant change going on, and always something fresh to look at. There was a man supporting two little girls in his arms, who seemed to enjoy it thoroughly. They splashed every one who came near, and seemed full of fun. Another father of a family came holding a young baby high above the water, while three women held on behind and crossed the bathing-place till they reached some quiet corner, when they all held their noses and jumped up and down seven or eight times without stopping. They had looked fully dressed when they entered the water, but after a dip the cotton sheets which had covered them stuck to them, and expressed much more than they concealed. This happened to all the women, but nobody seemed to mind.

When D. arrived, there was a great shouting, and milk and rose-leaves were thrown into the Ganges in his honour. Trays of the latter are kept there on purpose for the devout to offer, and one man pays Rs. 760 a year for the privilege of selling rose-leaves there. The Brahmins are very busy all the time, receiving gifts from the pilgrims, and I saw one old gentleman besieged by them as he descended into the water. He produced money from some corner of his limited costume, and gave it into the outstretched hands that were thrust in his way. I was very much interested, too, in watching a woman who had evidently brought some of the ashes of her dead to cast into the water. She poured them into her hand out of a little bag, and after much consultation with a Brahmin, paid him something and cast them into the stream. Many people throw in money and jewels with the ashes, and all over the bathing-place men stand with trays, with which they shovel up pebbles from the bottom and look through them in the hope of recovering treasure.

Fakirs were bathing in numbers, and other holy people from afar were filling vessels with the sacred water to carry home. They say the water keeps good for ever, and every one likes to take away bottles full of it. Along the edge of the water, on the wall of a house, were a row of niches in which fakirs and gods sat, and where offerings were made, and opposite them on the other side there was a long ledge on which were perched a num-

ber of priest-like men in orange turbans. The highest Brahmins sat opposite us in the crowd on the steps, and were very fine-looking men in pink turbans; they afterwards came to be presented to D. There was one fat man, a bather, who would come and seize my foot and talk to me, and I had great difficulty in getting him kept off.

Another excitement was the quantity of large fish in the bathing-place, which, being fed constantly, are quite tame, and are not in the least alarmed by the dipping and splashing that goes on around them.

All the people looked so happy and good-humoured, they seemed thoroughly to enjoy the festival, and, as I said before, we could hardly bear to tear ourselves away from it. When we did go we mounted a big elephant and sat in a splendid howdah, the arms of which were silver tigers clawing silver antelopes. Thus enthroned we rode through the bazaar. This is evidently the way to make a state progress in India. One feels so very grand and so very much better and higher than other people, as one looks into the upper chambers and on to the roofs of all the houses, and down upon the foot and equestrian passengers and the little shops and the daily street-life of people in less elevated positions. We had a procession of twelve elephants, but ours was the biggest and grandest of all, and had much scarlet and gold embroidery hanging about him. We ought to have been dressed in the same style, but, alas! we only appeared in travelling garments, with sun hats; a smart umbrella with a silver stick held over us improved our appearance a little, I hope.

As soon as we had lunched, we went to look at the head of the Ganges Canal, one of the great engineering works of India. It is carried under rivers and over rivers, and is about 500 miles long. Then we proceeded to a dam which regulates the amount of water in the canal, and there we saw a wonderful sight—thousands and thousands of fish struggling to get up the stream, and jumping in shoals far out of the water in their vain efforts to pass the doors of the dam. It was most curious, and one could not have believed in the quantity of fish without seeing them. D. tried to catch some, but I am sure the water was much too turbulent and the fish far too well occupied with their endeavours to proceed up the river to bite. I wandered about the top of the dam and watched the smaller fish trying to get up at other gates, and the smallest of all making their way up a fish-ladder which has been built on purpose for them, but which none of the big ones condescend to use. At five o'clock we had tea, and then went on by train to Roorki. Colonel and Mrs. Blood met us

there, and we are their guests. They have such a pretty drawing-room, it made me quite envious. It has a high domed roof, supported by four sets of pillars, which make a round centre to the room with large semicircular bows or recesses beyond each. She seems to have great taste in arranging rooms, and she has done this one up very prettily. We dined alone with them, and in the evening there was a party in the garden, and all the station was presented to us.

Thursday, 14th.—D. spent the whole morning inspecting hospitals, troops, and workshops, and I was ready to go with him, but he persuaded me to give it up, as it was so very hot, and as we had forty-five miles to drive in the afternoon; so I sat at home and talked to Charlotte Blood, who is Sir Auckland Colvin's daughter, and whom I knew at Cairo. D. came in at one, having been interested in all he saw, and we had lunch, and started directly after. I hate driving, and strange horses, but our own met us twenty miles from Dehra, and took us through the Mohun Pass in the Sawalik Hills, a really lovely bit of road, with immensely high cliffs and queer-shaped pinnacle rocks, and beds of rivers, and all the trees coming out into blossoms and fresh green leaves. We got home just in time, as a dust-storm followed by rain came on as we got in. The children were all well, and had been having some fun of their own, tilting and tent-pegging at 7 A.M.

The dinner-table had been decorated in the most elaborate way by our servants with 'Welcome, Earl of Dufferin,' and crowns, all done in roses. This decoration is a sort of mania which they have taken up lately; and I believe there is great rivalry between the different men as to whether the Staff bungalow table or ours is the more beautifully arranged. The chief decorators were hidden close by to hear what we said about it, and one wrote an elaborate note to Blackwell to ask her to come and see it.

Saturday, 16th, to Tuesday, 19th.—I was rather knocked up after my three long days in the sun and heat, so I have been taking things quietly, and had indeed to remain in bed all Sunday. Friday and Saturday afternoons Mr. Gore and I had our hands full. Four hundred Jubilee collection cards to be signed. It proved to be quite a labour, and we had to get in some help. One servant wetted the receipt stamps with a brush (for who could lick 400 stamps at a sitting?), another put them down on the right place. I then ruled lines across the blank spaces on the card to prevent any further collection being made on it, signed and dated and passed it on to Mr. Gore, who took down the

number of it and the name of the collector. This set came from Moradabad, and the sum total amounted to Rs. 6,000. Most people there had put down their own names on their cards, with the necessary sum as a donation, and had not asked anybody else for more. This money all goes to the North-West Provinces Branch of my Fund.

D. had two mornings' quail-shooting, which he enjoyed, and the children have been riding as usual.

We gave our one dinner party here on Saturday night, which was unlucky for me, as I felt much inclined to go to bed, and found it difficult to get through the evening. It went off nicely, however.

Monday I was to have visited a native school, and the Leper Hospital, but Dr. Findlay made me give up the latter. I did do the school. It is an American missionary one for native Christians. They have a fine house and grounds, and seem to give a very good education. The sixty pupils, all boarders, were seated in rows, and all wore plain white saris over their heads. When I was seated they began to sing something a little shrill. Then a child got up and, taking a stick in her hand, advanced to a blackboard on which some problems from Euclid were drawn in chalk, and as fast as she could speak and point with her stick she gabbled over the explanation. It had a very funny effect. Three more girls followed suit. Then they did geography in the same way, but as I felt a little more at home on this subject, I could see that they really had learnt the map in a very practical way. There was English reading and more singing, and I toiled all over the house, feeling very weak ; I asked for a holiday for the pupils, and refused to make them a speech, and got home as soon as I could.

I missed a little Goorkha Review which D. and the children were at, and they came home delighted with it. The girls rode, and Mrs. Becher, the wife of the Colonel, took them about, and they followed the details of the sham battle and were not the least alarmed by the firing which went on, and were much amused by the whole thing, and by the cheery and excited demeanour of the sturdy little Goorkhas. A new battalion of them has just been raised, and they have quite a large establishment here called the 'Goorkha Lines.' These soldiers are never moved, except for war, so they are able to settle down comfortably.

Tuesday was our last day at Dehra, and we had fixed upon it for a garden party as a sort of acknowledgment to all the people who had written their names in the visiting-book. We had it at

the body-guard lines, and it was very successful. There were two tennis-courts, and tent-pegging and tilting, and everybody seemed amused, and all the ladies wondered why they had not tilted before, and determined to get it up here at once. Basil had been out in the morning to try tent-pegging, and having taken three pegs he was much encouraged, and went on at it the whole afternoon, surviving everybody else. He was not quite successful before spectators, but he has greatly improved in his riding, and he enjoyed himself immensely. Hermie and Victoria tilted. The Dehra people said they were so sorry we were going, and that 'now the season was over and they would be so dull.' I suppose that our cavalcades on the road and all the bustle connected with such a big establishment did enliven a little place like this.

We have been very sorry to hear of the wreck of the *Tasmania*, the ship we came out in. The captain, who was drowned, was such a nice man, and it is a sad ending to his career. He was so anxious to get a shore appointment, poor man, and D. had done what he could for him, without success. We knew many of the people on board of her.

Wednesday, 20th.—We left Dehra in the morning and had a long drive to Saharanpore. The wind was very high and very hot, and the dust fearful, but we got through it, and the children seemed, as usual, to enjoy everything. We were glad of tea on our arrival at the station. Then we had an hour and a half in the train, and awoke into Viceregal life again at Umballa, where guards of honour, bands, carriages-and-four, a salute, and all the signs of it came to remind us of our 'official position' after a month of private life. We put up at the hotel for the night, and sat out all the evening.

Thursday, 21st.—We had a very quiet morning, and drove over to Pinjore in the afternoon. This curious little place, with its waterfalls and fountains and canals, its illuminations, fireworks, and tinsel decoration, delighted the children, and they were also immensely pleased at having to sleep in tents. You know Pinjore well by this time, so I need tell you no more about it.

Friday, 22nd.—We did our long, long drive up to Simla, and were very glad when we got there. Simla opens again a new chapter of our life, and so I will not begin upon it to-day, though it looks so very like itself that, having already described it to you steadily for two years, I do not know what I shall find to tell you this year that will be in the least new or interesting.

CHAPTER XII

SIMLA, 1887

APRIL 24 TO NOVEMBER 2

Sunday, 24th, to Friday, May 6th.—The children are delighted with the small house, which they say is much bigger than they expected, and at the same time not too big to be home-like. They are glad the new 'Palace' is not finished. Watching its completion will be one of our amusements this year, and we have already made several expeditions to see it. D. is much pleased with it, and if only it is ready for us to go into next year, we shall be quite contented. It ought to be roofed in before the rains, if there is to be a chance of its being dry.

We miss our two young ladies very much, and how we are to get through six months of evenings without them I don't know.

We have been to look at the new Town Hall, which outside is something like an unfinished cathedral, but which inside is a collection of places of amusement. There is under its roof a small theatre, and a very fine ball-room, a drawing-room, a lending library and reading-room, and a windowless vault in which the Freemasons are to carry on their mysterious rites. It also probably contains a room for public meetings, but I did not see one.

I have been going through the list of our entertainments at Simla last year, and I think it may amuse you to see the result of my examination and the statistics I have made out.

During our season 'in the country' we had 12 big dinners, the guests, irrespective of our household, being from 25 to 50 in number; 29 small dinners with from 6 to 15 guests; 1 state ball, 1 fancy ball, 1 children's fancy ball, 6 dances of about 250 people each; 2 garden parties and 2 evening parties. The total number of entertainments was 54, and the number of invited guests who actually did dine was 644.

Friday, 27th.—The Queen's Ball this year was, I think, a particularly nice one. The weather was lovely, the people were smart, and all seemed to be in the humour to enjoy themselves, so that there was a great deal of spirit about the affair. There were such numbers of new ladies that I felt quite a stranger among them. The dancing men I never do expect to know.

Tuesday, 31st.—My life is a burden to me by reason of my

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annual charity fête ! I had rather an important letter to write after yesterday's meeting, but found it difficult to collect my ideas, and to keep them in any sort of order, when baskets of goods and notes kept pouring in the whole morning, and when, at least twenty times during its composition, I got up to unpack the things and to adjudicate upon their value, and to thank the donors, and to see that their baskets were returned to them. One moment I was deep in vital questions concerning the Agra school, and the next I was thinking whether a doll was worth one rupee or two. It was a rest from these labours to go to Annandale for tent-pegging and tilting.

In the evening we went to the play in the new theatre. It is a very pretty little place, and is nicely decorated with pink muslin curtains in each box, and gold and white paint. We sit near the stage, and not only see the play very well, but all the people in the theatre too, which adds to the amusement.

Friday, June 3rd, to Wednesday, 8th.—We are destined to suffer the greatest anxiety about the weather for our fête. Every year it pours the day before, and threatens and worries us up to three o'clock on the real day, and this year it surpassed itself in this aggravating line. After two months of excessive heat and drought it must needs come down in a heavy shower on Thursday evening, and on Friday become positively vicious in its conduct. A terrific gust of wind at one o'clock in the day covered our rooms with dust, and sent us all flying to the windows to shut them, and then darkness came on and a deluge rattled upon the roof and great hailstones fell, and despair filled my mind. After one passionate squall it settled down into a steady downpour, and the lawn, which has hitherto looked like a desert, was soon converted into a marsh. Friday morning things looked better, but the clouds hung about, and occasionally a black one would pass over the blue sky just to tease us apparently, for it never came down, and we ended by having a glorious day. I had not dared to put out any of the precious goods until three o'clock, and they were scarcely arranged when the people began to arrive. The grass was a little damp, but we laid down carpets, and every one was really glad to be neither hot nor dusty. The whole thing was very amusing, and the result was good.

I can hand over Rs. 4,200 odd to the Ripon Hospital, and I have about 140 things left from my table which I value at Rs. 400, and of which I am going to make one raffle for the poor of Simla. I shall divide the latter sum amongst the clergy here for distribution in the winter.

This being the 4th of June, D. dined at Sir F. Roberts' with all

the other 'Eton boys' that could be collected. Mr. Lyall, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, and Sir Auckland Colvin were among them.

Tuesday, 21st.—Observe the date ! I have wasted a week and a half, and can only give you a bed-and-sofa account of the gayest ten days of the season ! As my journal is growing deadly dull, this is a pity, and you must imagine how very interesting it would all have been had not this insidious climate knocked me over for a time, with what might in popular language be termed a 'finger-ache.' I will first finish off with myself and my symptoms, and will then give you a second, third, and fourth-hand account of the gaieties I have missed. Monday I awoke with the very slightest headache, but with an unconquerable disinclination to get up, so, supported by the doctor's assurance that twenty-four hours in bed would cure me, I remained where I was for that time. Tuesday I got up quite well, but most absurdly weak, and so I immediately gave up all idea of going to a dance that night, and about lunch-time I resolved not to receive visitors as I was bound to do that afternoon. Wednesday I still felt weak, and on Thursday I was up and prepared to receive guests at dinner here, and to sit out a dance after. However, I felt very cross in the afternoon ; the servants passing the window, my book falling down, everything and nothing made me irritable. Such a very extraordinary circumstance as this made me look at the thermometer, and I found my temperature, and my temper, were at 101, a circumstance which has never happened to me in India before. I meant to say nothing about it, but as the doctor happened to come in, I did confide the matter to him, and he sent me to bed at once. Friday I remained there, Saturday ditto, and Sunday I was up most of the day, but still weak. Some time during this period I caught cold, but otherwise there seemed to be nothing whatever the matter with me. Yesterday I went down to lunch and dinner, and to-night I hope to go to the Roberts' fancy ball, so I must consider myself convalescent, though feeble. Certainly there is something of the vampire about this climate : it extracts your strength, and you know nothing about it until some very slight ailment reveals the melancholy fact.

Thursday there were races, and a big dinner and dance here, both of which I was able to follow from my bed immediately above. First, a clatter of swords near my door, by which I know that His Excellency has been fetched, and that having descended the stairs, he is being taken round the guests, Lady Roberts, Sir Frederick Mr. and Mrs. Durand, Sir Auckland Colvin and ladies

three, the French Consul, Mrs. Levet Yeatts, and thirty more. I hear 'God save the Queen,' and I know they are marching in to dinner, the Viceroy and Lady Roberts, Blanche and Sir Frederick, and a long line following; Blanche in a state of extreme nervousness at the very idea of sitting in my place, and assuring Sir Frederick that 'nothing would ever induce her to do such a thing again.' A long murmur of conversation follows and several pieces by the band, then 'God save the Queen' again—they are drinking Her Majesty's health; soon after that a general movement, and I know that dinner is over. D. runs up to see me for a moment, and then returns to his guests. Soon after the band begins to tune up, and the first quadrille begins, Blanche again in my place. After this I follow the dancers through polkas and waltzes, and a final galop, and then, imagining them drinking soup and putting on their cloaks, I go to sleep.

I don't know what happened on Friday, but Saturday was most exciting. There was a horse show, and all our favourite steeds were exhibited. The children went down at 7 A.M. to see it, and came back indignant and excited. My beautiful 'Hack' and Victoria's were, they said, pronounced by the imbecile judges to be too fat, and were put aside at once. 'Ruby' got no prize, and everything was most 'stupid and unfair.' However, in the afternoon things improved. Lord William rode my 'No Name' for a trotting prize, and as she performed before the stand every one exclaimed, 'What a beautiful pony!' and she got the first prize. 'Ruby,' it turned out, got second in one class, and was 'Highly commended' in another class. But by what sort of a pony do you suppose we were beaten? By a 'Lady's Hack' with broken knees. The judges preferred broken knees to a becoming amount of fat, and said 'They had made up their minds not to notice the former defect.' Victoria's 'Diplomat' got a second prize for jumping, and Basil appeared at dinner covered with 'commendations' and blue bows and pink tape, which he said had all been given to his beloved little 'Sarus.' The best animal of all was a waler, and Archdeacon Tribe got two prizes for his clerical steed, it being the best hill pony and the fattest animal present. I was very sorry to miss this show.

Wednesday, 22nd.—Lady Roberts' Jubilee Fancy Ball is over. I was not quite strong enough really to enjoy it, but it was undoubtedly a very pretty ball, and a very successful one. The new room is painted blue and white, and it lights up very well. On the walls were blue shields with the names of Sir Frederick's fields of battle in gold letters on them, and standing sentry in various parts of the rooms were soldiers from some of the regi-

ments which made the great march with him. At the back of the stage was a trophy made of bayonets, a great '50' in the centre of it, and the word 'Jubilee' below. The night fortunately was fine, and when we arrived we were taken straight up to the ball-room, where we found all the guests assembled, a very brilliant crowd indeed. I wore a real 'fancy' dress. As you are aware, this is the twenty-fifth year of my marriage, and therefore my silver-wedding year, so I thought a dress commemorative of the occasion would be suitable and new. It is a grey satin dress trimmed with silvery fringes, long open transparent silver canvas sleeves falling to nearly the bottom of my gown. My hair powdered, my diamond crown on, and a long silver veil hanging from the back of my head; diamond ornaments, and a tall and thick silver stick in my hand, surmounted by XXV in large silver figures; a white satin bow is tied beneath these, and on the long ends is embroidered in silver 'Twenty-five.'

Monday, 27th.—Having announced to you some days ago with a great flourish of trumpets that the rain had come, I must now tell you that we are having the most deplorably fine weather, and that we are getting quite anxious about the poor old monsoon. Dull and monotonous as it is, it is absolutely necessary to our happiness, for you may perhaps be able faintly to imagine what a famine scare, added to all our other chronic Indian scares, would be; and how we tremble, not at the idea of dusty roads or scarcity of baths, but over the inevitable and terrible misery occasioned by even a little famine here. We still hope for the deluge, however, so I won't depress you too much just yet.

Tuesday, 28th.—I have kept on advertising that I should be 'at home' to visitors every Tuesday afternoon in June, but each time that the day arrived I was obliged to put off the reception, and so for the first time this month the event really came off to-day. Everybody owed me a visit, and I felt that if I had to receive in the house it would be a dreary performance; but happily the day was quite lovely, and my three grass terraces were beautifully green, and everything was perfect for a garden party, so all went off well, though, unluckily for my journal, without incidents.

Wednesday, 29th.—A very ordinary day, one spent quite in the usual manner. Archie played polo before breakfast; the children walked; D. and I appeared at nine, and we breakfasted in the family studio; then we all separated for lessons, letter-writing, and work. D. had his Council, which lasted till nearly lunch-time. After that meal there was some clay-pigeon shooting on the lawn, and then business of various sorts till 4.30. D.

visited his new house and went all over it, and most of us met at Annandale, where the boys tent-peg and the girls tilt. We had just time to read our letters before dinner, and we looked at the papers after and went to bed at ten.

Thursday, 30th.—This is 'Our Day,' the one on which we give our evening entertainments, and on which therefore no one else in Simla is supposed to have dinner parties or dances. This week we had a very pleasant dinner party of forty-seven people in all.

Friday, July 15th.—D. took Hermie and me all over the house in the afternoon. We climbed up the most terrible places, and stood on single planks over yawning chasms. The workpeople are very amusing to look at, especially the young ladies in necklaces, bracelets, ear-rings, tight cotton trousers, turbans with long veils hanging down their backs, and a large earthenware basin of mortar on their heads. They walk about with the carriage of empresses, and seem as much at ease on the top of the roof as on the ground-floor; most picturesque masons they are. The house will really be beautiful, and the views all round are magnificent. I saw the plains distinctly from my boudoir window, and I am glad to have that open view, as I shall not then feel so buried in the hills.

Saturday, August 20th.—We made a great expedition with the Lyalls down to a temple 500 feet below here. The road was very steep, so we walked and jumped, with long sticks, a great part of the way till we reached the bed of a river with streams trickling through it, a lovely little Hindu temple on its banks, with very fine pine-trees surrounding it, and a beautiful green-sward on which some very desirable tea and tempting cakes were spread out for our refreshment. We came home another way, very uphill riding; our horses' backs were at an angle of forty-five, and we stuck on them as well as we could while they scaled the 500 feet. A lady who was with the Lyalls kept losing her helmet, Edward Fletcher's saddle kept slipping over his pony's tail, the accompanying dogs kept disappearing down the khuds, to the great anxiety of their mistresses, but finally we all got safe to the top, and there decided that we had enjoyed ourselves immensely.

Thursday, 25th.—I must send this off to-day, but I have just time to tell you that we have had a luncheon party for three French gentlemen who have just made a wonderful journey. They left Teheran eight months ago, and they have reached India by some unheard-of route, suffering from miseries of all kinds on the way—starvation, snow-blindness, snow-water only to drink, and finally, by the time they reached Chitral, destitution. There

they were rescued from their calamities by means of letters sent from here. One is a botanist, one an artist, and one is to be an author, and they were sent out by the French Geographical Society, and *meant* to come by a particular route, but, though they were prevented from following it, succeeded in finding one for themselves. They are clad in the roughest homespun, and have no other clothes, and so they could not appear in the evening. We had all the Councillors to meet them, and D. made a little complimentary speech in their honour, which they did not understand, and we drank their healths, which they did comprehend. They wrote their names in my book, and I think they are called Pépin, Bonvallot, and Capus. You must look out for their book. It will be ready in about three years, so perhaps we may read it together.

Saturday, 27th, to Tuesday, 30th.—The Persian Consul-General came up from Bombay to present me with the Order of the Sun. Basil and Mr. Grant turned out of Mount Pleasant, and that house was given up to him. Happily he thinks it an additional honour that he should have the apartments usually occupied by the Viceroy's son, and he is altogether much pleased with his reception. He seems to have expected to be put into a dāk bungalow, but instead of that he has this house, and is our guest; he was met by an A.D.C. in uniform, and is attended by one at all times. He came down to dinner in the evening, and turns out to be a real Persian *sommité*, speaking French, but no English. D. talked Persian to him after dinner, with great success. He left a card, or rather a paper, on all the members of the Staff, which reads as follows: 'Haji Mirza Hoossein Goli Khan, Mohtamid-ul-Vyzarell. Former appointment in Persia—Prime Military General. Private Secretary for Foreign Minister. Present appointment—Consul-General for Persia in India. He is the fourth son of the late Mirza Aga Khan, Sadar-ul-Aazim, Prime Minister for Persia.'

We only see him in the evening, for he breakfasts at eleven, then sleeps, and then rides out. When he meets the Honourable Basil he descends from his horse to greet him, and as the Viceroy's son he deems him worthy of one of the above cards, and of every honour.

On Monday the great ceremony took place. The drawing-room was arranged as for a *darbar*, the gold carpet was down, the maces and peacock's feathers were present. The Viceroy, the Foreign Secretary, and all the Staff were in full uniform, and the Consul General was ushered in with great state. I stepped forward and received from him a letter from the Shah, a transla-

tion of which I send you. The ribbon of the order was put over my right shoulder, and the star pinned on, and then we all sat down. The Consul-General made a little speech in Persian, Mr. Durand said a few words in reply, we rose, shook hands with the Consul, and he backed out, making occasional bows which we returned as gracefully as possible. Then we examined the most illustrious Order of the Sun. The ribbon is a pink watered one with two narrow green lines at the edge, and the jewel hanging from it is a half sun. The centre is a 'moon face' with diamond rays half round it. The star is a whole sun. The centre of it is also a Persian beauty face, with very round fat cheeks, very black eyebrows and black hair, some of which comes on to the cheeks like whiskers. This is a sort of enamel, and the rays round it are all diamonds.

Next day the same ceremonial was repeated, except that on this occasion I handed the Consul-General my 'autograph' letter to His Majesty the Shah. The Viceroy read a long Persian speech which I did not understand, and he also presented the Ambassador with a handsome gold medal as a souvenir of his visit here. I believe he is much pleased with it. Of course I wore my Order nightly, and also at this second durbar. The Persian leaves to-morrow. He is longing to get away from Bombay, where he is always ill, and to return to Teheran, or, better still, to be made Ambassador at some European Court.

*From His Majesty the Shah of Persia to Her Excellency
the Countess of Dufferin.*

(The seal on the top of the letter reads—The Kingdom belongs to God. The Sultan, son of the Sultan, Nasir-ud-Din Shah-i-Kajar.)

Dated Shawal, 1304 (June-July, 1887).

'Taking into view the perfect friendship and unity which have existed from of old between the two glorious Governments—Persian and English—and which with the help of the Most High God will be on the increase and growing day by day—it (friendship) requires that we should by good means reveal and give expression to the sentiments of our heart—the panorama of pure friendship—to the holders of the high offices of that Government. Therefore we have sent as a present the Insignia of the Imperial Order of the Sun of the Sublime Persian Empire, which is one of the new and illustrious Orders introduced by this Government of everlasting foundation, and which is specially intended for ladies of high rank, for Madame la Comtesse Harriot Dufferin, the esteemed wife of His Excellency the Viceroy and

Governor-General of the Indian Empire, so that Her Ladyship may adorn her virtuous breast therewith and remain under the protection of Gracious God.'

Wednesday, 31st.—I thought I would like to see what the Zenana Mission in Simla were doing, so I arranged to visit the school in the bazaar and to see as many of the women as could be assembled in one house.

Blanche was with me, and we went down hills and stairs till we reached the room where the school is. There were about twenty of those pretty little Indian girls who always look so attractive in their bright-coloured garments and silver anklets, bracelets, and other jewellery. They sang to me, and read and wrote Bengali. They seem to be extraordinarily quick and clever in learning everything, and as their education is such a very short one, generally ending at twelve years of age, it is a good thing that they are.

I next went on to the zenana where the women, to whom Miss James gives lessons in their own houses, were collected together. There were about seventeen or twenty there, and they welcomed me most warmly. The lady of the house was a remarkably pretty woman, and did the honours charmingly. After I had shaken hands with every one and sat down, they all showered flowers over me, and each one gave me a bouquet. The interpreter was like most interpreters, and would answer my remarks and theirs herself, instead of repeating everything we all said: this makes it so difficult to carry on a friendly conversation. One of the women read English to me, and I was given a cup of tea, and a quantity of cakes were spread before me, but as I could not possibly eat them then, we took them away with us in a tray! The house belonged to a Babu in an office here, and looked very comfortable, with pictures on the wall, and some special decorations of flowers for me. These women learn reading and work, and Miss James said our hostess was a particularly good accountant. It must be a great comfort to them to have some such occupations. Of course, in every case where these lessons are received, Christianity is taught as well.

The afternoon looked very threatening, nevertheless the Lyalls came over here, and we took them to see the Chadwick waterfall. Such a descent! And such an ascent! I walked down, but came up in a jhampan, and often seemed to be standing on my feet in it.

Thursday, September 1st.—I am trying to start a small Work Society here on the principle of several English ones I know of: each member to undertake to make (or give) six articles of cloth-

ing a year for local charities. I had a little meeting to set it going, and we decided to work for two orphanages, the hospital, and one leper asylum near here. Mrs. Madden undertook to be secretary of the grown-up part of it, and to receive and give out the patterns, and I have got Mrs. Craigie Halkett to manage the children's branch. I hope to get 100 members, who will produce 600 garments, and these will be a great help to the institutions selected.

When this meeting was over, I went for a few moments to a concert in aid of the R. C. Church. It was got up by the congregation, and there were quite a different audience and different performers to those of the Monday Pop. I had to attend another charity concert on Saturday, and I was so tired of music that I determined not to go to one on Monday, but when the day came, and I found that a Member of Council was to perform, I was really obliged just to look in to hear him !

Wednesday, October 5th.—We had such a very pretty little 'school feast' to-day for the Zenana Mission Girls' School. In England it would have been considered a fast, for there was nothing to eat ; the only attempt at refreshments was a bagful of sweets for each child to take away with her. There were about twenty-two children, and they did look so pretty and so merry playing about on the grass. Their gay saris and their silver anklets were not very convenient for blind-man's buff, and some of the jewellery had to be taken off till the games were over. First of all they swung three at a time in Victoria's swing ; they looked at some conjuring and performing birds, and then they romped about. They were not in the least shy, and seemed perfectly happy. Just before they left they were assembled in the drawing-room, and I presented them with their prizes, and gave each one either a Jubilee medal or a Jubilee card and the bag of bonbons. I had invited about twelve small European children to meet them, and a few ladies who are interested in the schools. One little English boy was much impressed by the gold ribbon plaited in with a girl's hair, and I had difficulty in keeping his hands off it.

Thursday, 6th.—I received a visit from Bazabai Saheb Apte, a widowed half-sister of the celebrated Nana Sahib. She has come up from Gwalior to make some petition, but she was so ill when she arrived that the interview had to be cut very short. She is a nice-looking, but melancholy woman, and as she has been suffering from fever, she had to be supported into the room, and lay in a gasping condition in an arm-chair all the time she was there. She was dressed in plain white cotton, as, being a widow,

she is not allowed warmer or smarter clothes. She looked very miserable in these summer garments, and it is no wonder she was ill, coming up from the plains to this cold climate, and unable to make any change in her clothing.

Friday, 7th.—This is the day of the Fête given to the members of the Viceroy's Office, and I hear sounds of merriment from below this house. Triumphal arches are erected, and a great Shamiana is up, almost hiding from view the grounds of the houses and offices there, but room is just left for a Gymkhana (without horses), which the children have gone to see. Bands are playing, and cheering is going on, and I am sure all are enjoying themselves much. Great arrangements have been made for this holiday. In the evening we went down there at nine o'clock. We found the whole place beautifully illuminated; a guard of honour on the carpeted pathway which led to the theatre, cannons going off at intervals, and at the entrance to the house which opened into the Shamiana an array of armed men on horses—of Armsdell manufacture! The men had cocked hats and blue uniforms and drawn swords, and the horses looked very spirited and difficult to manage. The guns were drawn up at one side, so that the infantry, cavalry, and artillery of the Armsdell Volunteers were all represented. The Shamiana itself was beautifully decorated—the poles twined with flowers and hung with little glasses, banks of flowers in front of the stage and before our chairs, with XXV. in white chrysanthemums in the centre of each; strings of Indian toys and shining things were strung from side to side, and the place was filled with spectators. We sat on the raised verandah of the house opposite the stage. The performance began with a nautch, and then came the comedy. It was adapted from 'Box and Cox' by Mr. Panioty, and was written for the occasion. These well-known gentlemen became 'Bhose and Ghose,' and had, moreover, two servants, who not only were deceived in the matter of accommodation, but were also devoted to the same lady. The piece was very well acted by the Babus belonging to the Office, and was most amusing. Between the acts three pretty little boys in very smart clothes played upon native instruments. At the end of the play a band of Druids, singing, advanced bearing a beautiful banner, on which was embroidered our arms in gold on blue satin, and the figures XXV., with good wishes for our silver wedding; the whole surmounted by a little cross. The back of the banner was pink, and had on it our names. The chief Druid made us a little speech, and then D. got up and thanked them all for their kind thought on this occasion, and for their fidelity always, and we

left. The forces (which, by the way, marched round the place once during the performance—horse, foot, artillery, grass-cutters, bheesties, ambulance, and all) were again in order outside as we walked away. The stage was very prettily arranged, a very smart 'lodging' hung with phulcarries. In fact, the whole entertainment must have demanded great forethought and ingenuity, and it was a very charming one.

Saturday, October 15th.—I am having a holiday, so I cannot be expected to write a very long or methodical journal; at the same time it will never do to let a very delightful and idle week escape record, when so many 'trivial rounds' find a place in this veracious history. I am obliged to begin with our last dissipation at Simla—a very amusing Gymkhana, for which we stayed at home one day longer than we had intended. There was to be a Ladies' Hack race, and the exciting part of it was that a gentleman had presented Rs. 250 for a prize. Lord William appeared on Victoria's pony and easily took the first place in the race and won it for her. Victoria was much more delighted with the fact that her pony did so well than with the bundle of notes presented to her. Another very amusing race was that ridden by the 'heavy' gentlemen on our Staff, persons who had never ridden or won races before. Sir Donald on the 'Masher' flying round the course had the best wishes of all the spectators, but he did not win. Mr. Grant carried off the cup which the Staff presented to itself. Then there was a Rickshaw race, and Blanche came in triumphant, directing her men when to spare themselves and when to strive. The family went home happy and triumphant, and Blanche was quite as pleased at having won a pair of gloves for being last in the Ladies' Hack race as Victoria was with being first in it. Hermie, too, was delighted because her pony, of which she had previously entertained rather a low opinion, was second in this same race.

On Sunday we went to church in the morning, and in the afternoon rode out to Mushobra. This house was built by Lord William Hay when he was in India, and is now divided into two flats. The Roberts's have the upper one, and Sir Edward Buck the lower. Lady Roberts lent me her floor, and Sir E. Buck offered me his too, but I only took two of his rooms and left the rest for Mrs. Scoble, who was anxious to try change of air. D. did not come out till Tuesday, by which time we had made everything as warm and comfortable as possible. You can't think how we all enjoy this bit of country life, the first we have had since we came to India. We are in a forest on the top of a hill, and we look upon rolling ranges, backed by magnificent snow moun-

tains ; we throw on a hat, seize a big stick, and go gloveless, and unaccompanied, at our own sweet wills, and at all hours of the day, roaming through the woods, and taking real walks in the morning ; then in the afternoon we send out tea to some sequestered spot and ride to it, and sit on the grass and see the kettle boil, while the children eat a 'big' tea, and enjoy themselves thoroughly.

One morning while roaming we saw a smart lady from Simla rushing out of her house to meet us, and we had to pay her a visit, which sounds much too civilised ; but she confided to us that she had been making a pudding when she saw us coming, so that quite restored the romance of the situation. The best of all is that D. is really doing nothing, and that he reads a novel and says, 'This is peaceful and delightful'—and so on at intervals.

One dissipation we had, and that was a grand picnic given by Lord William near here. It was held in a *château* built by an Italian pastrycook. The dining-room walls are views of Naples and Sicily, sunny skies and volcanoes, picturesque peasants and adventurous goats. The other sitting-rooms are gorgeously coloured, and there are busts on the stairs made by the pastrycook himself. Lord William had invited a goodly company, and we sat at small tables of eight and really did enjoy it all. We were photographed in a group, and we shot at targets, and played badminton, and swung in a marvellous and most alarming-looking swing, and finally rode home just in time to escape a thunder-storm. In the evening we play round games, with acorns for counters—we are nothing if we are not rural.

Major Cooper is the only A.D.C. who is staying with us. Friday morning he rode out to Naldera before breakfast with the children, and D. and I followed in time for lunch. We found them all enjoying themselves thoroughly. The ride out had been delightful, and the new place had interested them immensely. We had lunch, and the children got three tin baths out of the tents which had been put up in case we should fancy sleeping at Naldera, and began to toboggan down the grassy slopes in them. The success was moderate, but the amusement was great. Next came a gallop over the hills and a ride home, with tea somewhere on the way.

Sunday, 16th.—Our holiday is over, and we go home this afternoon. After breakfast we went for a walk, and as we were gazing at the magnificent view I spied Fred and Blanche riding home from Narkunda on the road below ; we called and waved our handkerchiefs, and as soon as they realised our presence and knew that we were still here, they turned round and came up to

spend the day with us. The weather is perfectly lovely, so fresh and so sunny and delightful. We are sitting on the balcony, and shall ride home after lunch. This will be our last week at Simla, and so I could not afford to wait here till Monday, nor could I tear myself away yesterday, twenty-four hours before it was absolutely necessary to go. We have greatly enjoyed the holiday, and the freedom and comparative solitude of this place. This is the only bit of writing I have done since I came here, and I have not much to show in the way of books read either! I need not add that the children have been equally idle!

Monday, 17th, to Saturday, 22nd.—Our plans have been somewhat disarranged. There are a few cases of cholera at Quetta and in some of the surrounding districts, and as so many servants travel with us who will drink water on every possible occasion, and as the Viceroy's presence in the place would bring all sorts of people together from all sorts of villages, it might cause an outburst of the disease both in the neighbourhood and in our train, and so we have to leave interesting Quetta altogether out of our tour. We do not now go from Simla till the 3rd of November.

On Saturday D. gave a 'tamasha' to all the workpeople engaged on the new house—about 1,000 men and women. The games were in the adjoining grounds, and at eleven o'clock we went up to see them. The workpeople were all squatting round a flat 'racecourse,' and we sat on a terrace above. It was most amusing. There were men with red masks, golden helmets, glittering jackets, swords, and bare brown legs, jumping about aimlessly after the manner of clowns. There were longbearded and crowned pantaloons; there were imitation nautch-girls; there were men dressed as Langours, the costume consisting of patches of cotton-wool gummed on to the naked skin, and entirely covering all but the face, which appeared to be black-leaded. The entertainment opened with an address to the Viceroy and with the singing of laudatory songs; then there was wrestling and fencing and races of all sorts, and a representation of a cheetah hunt. Two very respectable deer with fine horns and shawl-covered bodies, with two men inside each, were attacked by a man dressed as a cheetah, who sprang about on all fours, and managed a very long tail with great dexterity. When he succeeded in jumping on to the deer's back that animal fell down dead. The great *pièce de résistance* then came on. It was a large wooden tiger borne aloft on men's shoulders: a long bar passed through his mouth, at each end of which sat a man in costume, holding a large sword; within the tiger's jaws lay a boy

also dressed up, and allowing his head to hang down in a most uncomfortable fashion ; and behind all sat the Goddess Devi. I tried to photograph some of these curious figures, but they have no notion of sitting, and always make a point of being particularly active at the most critical moment. As soon as I took the cap off, Devi changed her sword from her right to her left hand, and the mortals were equally unreasonable. We stayed looking on for a couple of hours, but the fête lasted till dark.

Sunday, 23rd.—This was our silver-wedding day. We received a great many kind wishes and a number of lovely presents from friends here and at home.

At dinner Sir Donald Wallace proposed our healths in a very kind and pretty speech, and D. replied. I think we both felt rather chokey, for we have indeed had five-and-twenty very happy years together, and the termination of a quarter of a century of life almost unclouded by great sorrows, and full of many blessings, is a real epoch in one's history.

CHAPTER XIII

OUR AUTUMN TOUR, 1887—KAPURTHALLA, KARACHI, THE N.-W. FRONTIER, AND LAHORE

NOVEMBER 3 TO DECEMBER 15

Thursday, November 3rd.—We left Simla at eight o'clock. Guards of honour, bands, and celebrities to see us off, and a family to leave behind. They are very happy, however, and have every intention of enjoying themselves. Fred and Captain Burn are the A.D.C.'s who travel with us.

I found the drive of ninety-six miles very long, and though we enjoyed it for a few hours, we thought the last two or three very weary. An escort met us near Umballa, and some beautiful uniforms appeared at the station. We dined quietly in the train and slept in a siding. Mr. O'Meara, the Simla dentist, who has just been on a professional visit to the Amir at Cabul, dined with us. The Amir had his teeth drawn and his new ones put in in open durbar, and he requested Mr. O'Meara to teach one of his armourers how to make a set for the Governor of Cabul. As the man felt that his head would probably be cut off if the teeth were uncomfortable, he proved a very apt pupil.

Friday, 4th.—We started off early in the morning and got to Kapurthalla about twelve o'clock. The Maharajah, who at Rawal Pindi two years ago was a boy, is now a young man. He has grown very much taller, and is very bright and pleasant-looking. He was married last year. He always dresses very magnificently, wears bright turbans, and has a lovely red velvet coat embroidered with gold. He met the Viceroy on the way and drove him to the Resident's house.

Colonel and Mrs. Massy represent our host. Their house is very nice, with lofty rooms, and surrounded by a large garden. In our programme I found a list of events for the afternoon that looked formidable. There were, as usual, two durbars for D., one here and one at the Rajah's house; a garden party, a state banquet, and an evening party. However, it turned out there are only six Europeans here, so these six were the garden party and the banquet, and about ten native gentlemen also appeared in the garden and afterwards formed the evening party. Before dinner we drove round the little town, which was illuminated.

Saturday, 5th.—The gentlemen all started early to go out shooting, but Mrs. Massy and I did not follow them till later. We had some way to drive along an excellent road, in a carriage drawn by mules, which went at a great pace. Then we mounted elephants and rode across a prairie to a tent laid out for luncheon. The sportsmen had to confess that they had killed nothing, but they were quite ready to try again after they had fortified themselves with some food. Accordingly, at three o'clock, the nineteen elephants were ordered to the tent-door, and every one tried to remember which was his particular animal, and having done so he got into his howdah, or on to his pad, or into his silver tray. All the elephants had their trunks and faces elaborately painted, and all were covered with scarlet cloths bordered with red and yellow patchwork and with green fringes. When we marched forward side by side, slowly pacing through the jungle grass, we looked very imposing, I assure you. A company of mounted soldiers accompanied us to mark down the game. The first excitement was a pig, which ran along the line, and which received many a bullet before he gave up his life. Several more followed, and the scene was most lively and exciting, but the shooting looks exceedingly difficult. Both the pig and the black buck are almost hidden in the grass; the former you can scarcely see at all, and the latter give great bounds in and out of the cover, and in both cases you generally have to trust to chance shots aimed at places where the grass is seen to be moving. This is what most people did, and nearly the whole army of sportsmen had a try at each

animal. The excitement was added to by the very great dislike the elephants have to the pig. On approaching a wounded one, they would start back and bellow, and I could feel mine tremble every time he saw one. D. got three pigs, one of them a very big one. We did not see many buck until nearly dark, when it was impossible to get them. They are such lovely little animals, one cannot help rejoicing that they have escaped the bullet when one sees them bounding along. Two nilgai were also seen at dusk. I enjoyed the afternoon immensely, and every one was content with the bag, which consisted of eight pig and six deer. We again galloped home and had a quiet evening.

Sunday, 6th.—There is no church here, so we had service in the drawing-room. When it was over I went to the palace to visit the ladies. The Maharajah met me on the steps of the palace, and conducted me behind the screens which were arranged in front of the door. There I found the ladies awaiting me, and we walked into the drawing-room together. The visit was much easier and less formal than usual.

After lunch we went out in boats. There is a charming river on which you can get an eight miles row. It looks quite English, and had it not been for glimpses of policemen on the banks anxiously endeavouring to keep their eye on the Viceroy, we might have imagined we were at home. Their picturesque dress, however, dispelled the illusion, and besides in England D. is not under police supervision—as a rule. We arrived at a certain promontory on which tents were pitched and a five o'clock tea banquet was spread, and there we landed and enjoyed it. The afternoon was a very pleasant one, but we rather regret that this restful visit should come at the beginning instead of in the middle of our tour; we don't deserve it yet.

On our way home we stopped to see a lovely little temple or sepulchre which has been built to hold the late Rajah's ashes. It is of red stone, and all most beautifully carved in openwork patterns, quite in the old Delhi and Agra style. The marble floor at the bottom is not finished, and the ashes now present the appearance of a heap of mortar lying in the midst of the workmen's tools; they will eventually be placed under a tombstone.

Monday, 7th.—We have had another day's shooting, exactly like the last I described. Tents sprang up in the wilderness, and tables spread with all the luxuries of the season appeared ready for our refreshment at the hungry hour of two. There the nineteen elephants, with all their gay trappings and scarlet attendants, knelt to receive us on their backs, and we had a very enjoyable afternoon. On the way home we made the huge animals race,

and we got well shaken about in our howdahs as they jolted along.

After dinner Colonel Gordon Young, who is a grandson of Young the actor, read to us. He has inherited the talent, and he chose some very good pieces for the purpose, and gave us a very nice entertainment.

We sleep very soundly after the long days in the air, and besides the plains are much more sleepy than the hills.

Tuesday, 8th.—D. went out shooting, and I did some sight-seeing on my own account. I visited the stables, which are very substantial edifices built in circles. The inner circle is formed by a series of coach-houses opening on to a good coach-yard. The back of this round building is divided into loose boxes, and the horses are either in these or are tethered outside in a wide space between their own homes and those of their syces, whose houses form the outer circle of the establishment, and whose doors and windows look immediately on to the horses. Then I went over the offices, and saw all the clerks at work. The building is new and is very European-looking; but as the officials do not care for tables and prefer sitting on the floor to do their business, one feels they would probably be happier and more comfortable in an old-fashioned den than in these lofty and bare apartments. There is no furniture at all in them—just a drugget on the floor and a couple of ordinary chests in the corners; and the men sit about anyhow, with small pen-boxes beside them and heaps of papers round them. They are doing the business of the State in this, to our eyes, unbusinesslike manner, but I dare say they work as hard as those who sit on chairs and have more of the paraphernalia of the scribe about them. The record office was rather interesting. All the papers are kept on shelves, and present the appearance of thousands of many-coloured bundles, for they are wrapped in various cloths, the four corners of which are tied together, and they are then piled up to the ceiling. Each bundle has a ticket on it which shows to which village it refers, and any paper wanted can be produced directly. The central part of these buildings is to be a durbar hall. It is very large and lofty, and will be very handsome when it is quite finished. I climbed on to the roof and saw from it an extensive view of Kapurthalla.

In the afternoon we went to the Rajah's tennis party, and when we had had tea we were conducted into the drawing-room. He takes great pleasure in this room, and re-arranges the furniture in it every Sunday morning. All his little ornaments are in very good taste, and he has some lovely coloured photographs

of Mrs. Langtry, Mary Anderson, and Mrs. Brown Potter ! A schoolroom in a severer style opens out of this boudoir, and D. showed him on the globe all the places he has been to. The Maharajah presented a portrait of himself to the Viceroy, painted by a carpenter of the place. It is really very good, extremely like, and with a quaintness about it which makes it look like a very old picture. The Rajah is represented sitting in a high-backed chair, the gold carving of which has the effect of an inner frame to the picture ; the colouring is very successful, and the Rajah wears a splendid red garment, while his turban is covered with jewels. The frame is of carved wood, and the whole will look well on the walls of Clandeboye.

After dinner we said good-bye to every one and drove to the railway station ; there we slept in the train, and started afresh on our journey in the middle of the night.

Thursday, 10th.—We travelled all yesterday through a dreary country, and all night too, reaching 'Rohri Bunder' at breakfast-time this morning.

This place is on the banks of the Indus, and is exactly opposite to Sukkur. One can understand that it may be a dreary and dreadful place to live in, and that the glare and heat of the sun must be terrific, in the summer, but a tourist in November is rather struck by its charms. There is the river, there are palm-trees, and there are mud-covered buildings, which somehow pile themselves up into solid squares and towers, and manage to look imposing. The great point of interest to us is a big bridge which is to cross the Indus here, and we went down in a steamer to visit the works. It will not be finished for another two years. Having seen it, we spent a couple of hours on the river, for all our railway carriages had to be transported across it, and that was a work of time. We had lunch on a barge, and got off again at about four o'clock.

Two little things amused us here : one is the Scinde hat, which consists of a gold brocade 'chimney-pot' hat worn the wrong side up ; and the other is the way in which the natives go out fishing. They have large earthenware vessels, with a hole in the top. Over this hole they lie, kicking their legs in the water to guide the frail barque, and using their arms to hold the line. When a fish is caught he is immediately dropped into the pot. The man carries his net on his head when he is not using it, and so he travels about 'very light.' I must not forget to mention the fort at Sukkur, which is a very large one of the most old-fashioned and fragile type, and another building which at one time was covered with bright-coloured tiles ; there seven

mysterious ladies lived and were buried. I don't see, however, that this gives them the least title to fame.

Friday, 11th.—More journeying through the uninteresting desert of Scinde, scrubby bushes and cactus covering an immense sandy plain. Colonel Wallace is with us, and Mr. Lightfoot is the accompanying railway official.

We arrived at Karachi this afternoon. It presents the appearance of a brand-new town set down in a sandy desert ; but it has a harbour, and it has great aspirations, and it has a railway question, which made us feel a little like arriving at British Columbia in the days of the great agitation there. The address at the station was full of the question, and all other addresses have continued to be full of it ; but, although D. can promise nothing, he does fully sympathise with the natural desire the inhabitants have to see their town become the capital of all India, as they think it might—or perhaps, to put it more moderately, with their wish to connect themselves by land with the best parts of the country, instead of being cut off from the commercial world as they now are. There is only one railway which passes through the desert of Scinde, and which goes north, and daily posts are unknown here. This port is one day nearer to Europe than Bombay, and Karachi sees every reason why this fortunate circumstance should eventually make it the successful rival of that now flourishing town. While D. was expressing his sympathy at the station, the camels in the neighbourhood cheered loudly.

We had a quiet dinner in the Commissioner's house, where we are staying. Mr. Pritchard is his name. There was a levée afterwards.

Saturday, 12th.—We had a long expedition to-day, and the Robertses, who have arrived from Quetta, were of the party. We drove to the train, and went a little way in that, stopping for a few minutes to open a bridge. Then we got on board a steamer and went outside the harbour. We were to see some torpedoes go off, and were carefully told where to look. Accordingly we gazed and gazed, with our hearts in our mouths, but the buoys were bumped in vain, and nothing went off. While we were still earnestly fixing the spot indicated as the site of the torpedo, an explosion occurred, and we all stared wildly about the ship to see what had happened, and only at the very moment the last drops of water sank down into the calm did we realise that on the other side of the ship a torpedo had gone off properly.

After this we had a great lunch ; and, whether eating, drinking, or talking, we were never safe from the photographer, who took shots at us all the time.

Later in the afternoon we landed, looked at models of forts; models of harbours, chalk lines marking out defences, &c. The ladies escaped for a time, and had some tea on a delightful windy elevation looking over the sea; and I climbed to the top of the lighthouse, and had a good view of the oceans of sand landwards, as well as of the real ocean almost surrounding us, which at the moment I was helping to illuminate.

We went home by trolly, steam-launch, and carriage, and then there was a dinner party and a reception, and so ended a busy day.

Sunday, 13th.—I went to church twice, and heard two sermons in favour of my Fund. The offertories were for it.

Between the services I was provided with a great pleasure. I was allowed to make an assignation with Katie,¹ who sat at one end of a wire in Teheran, while I sat at the other in Karachi, and so we were able to converse. I was really astonished at the rapidity with which it was all done. It seemed scarcely possible she should have read what I had to say before she replied to it, and I felt some unreasonable impatience that the machine was not able to accomplish just a little more, and let me hear or see her. Saying good-bye was the worst of it, for it really did seem like beginning a new term of separation. Fred and D. assisted at the *séance*.

After this we drove to the Zoological Gardens, which are new, but which promise very well. It is rather funny here to find oneself expected to admire the trees, and one looks a little bewildered until one has thoroughly digested the fact that they have only been planted four years. Seen in that light they are admirable, and quite gigantic. Without it they are only shrubs few and far between.

Monday, 14th.—I had a busy morning. I visited two schools and looked at the Roman Catholic church. The first school was a Protestant one for boys and girls, and the second a convent school for girls.

Then I returned home and received His Highness the Mir Hasan Ali Khan. He is a great Mahometan noble of Hyderabad, Scinde, and he came to see me about my Fund. He was beautifully and curiously dressed. His loose 'Turkish' trousers were striped red and green. His short coat was scarlet velvet and gold. His jewels were wonderful: a great belt of them round his waist, another across his shoulder, bracelets of magnificent flat diamonds round his arms, rings of immense stones on his fingers, and other splendid trifles in various directions. Then his hat! It was the 'chimney-pot' reversed, but it was covered with gems:

¹ My sister—Lady Nicolson—wife of the Chargé d'Affaires.

round the edge of the brim (which you recollect is the top of the hat) a row of large pearls, while more jewels covered all the rest of it. His sword-handle was beautiful, too, and I had much to look at while his flattering Persian speeches were being translated to me. He spoke very nicely of the usefulness of my Scheme, and said that in the harems in Scinde not even a man's picture is admitted, much less a live doctor, and, therefore, that female medical aid is truly necessary there.

I must tell you that Hyderabad, Scinde, has taken the thing up warmly. The municipality have engaged Miss Ellaby, M.D., from Bombay. They pay her salary, provide quarters, and are to build a dispensary. They are also going to open a training school for dhais. I have nowhere seen the Scheme start under more favourable circumstances.

I forgot to tell you that when His Highness the Mir was talking to me, I saw with dismay that he had lost four large pearls off the rim of his hat, and that one more was on the point of going. However, I suppressed my inclination to tell him this, and I heard afterwards that he had had a little accident on his way, his horses having begun to fight in the carriage, but that he had saved his pearls. When he was driving off I saw that one of the horses had his head muffled up in a red cotton handkerchief. So the equipage was not quite up to the requirements of so splendid a person as my visitor!

When this nobleman had gone, I saw about twelve gentlemen, some of them members of the aforesaid municipality, and we ventilated our mutual ideas, and had a very satisfactory conversation. I am very much pleased at this Hyderabad affair; and they have collected a good deal of money in other parts of the province.

I was occupied thus till luncheon, and so, when I was called upon at 3.30 to go out in a very hot sun to see two stones laid, I begged off, and am writing my letters instead.

The Commissioner had a dinner party, and afterwards we all went to a ball in the Frere Hall. It was a very good one. The room is a fine large one with a beautiful floor, and the supper was in an immense tent lined with red and white, and profusely decorated with plants, so that, looking at them, it was difficult to believe that we were in the midst of a sandy desert. A staircase had been put up for the occasion from the ball-room down to this tent; it was covered over and draped with phulcarries of different kinds, and the whole thing was extremely pretty. D. danced all the time, as the best way of expressing his sense of the civility done him, and we did not leave the ball till two o'clock, when we

drove straight to our railway carriage and there slept the sleep of the tired.

We left one of our party behind. Fred seems to have got a little touch of the sun, and had some fever, and so he remained with kind Mr. Pritchard, but will, I hope, catch us up in a few days. We all liked our visit to Karachi, and found our host and all the people there very hospitable and friendly.

Tuesday, 15th.—We had a long day in the train, and were glad when it was over. I changed carriages before bedtime, as mine is too long to take up to Quetta. Have I told you we are going there? D. has always been distressed at having given up that expedition, and so at last he determined to cut one day off Karachi and to manage it. We are now full of pleasure and excitement at the idea. We hear that it is extremely cold, but as we have so far been extremely warm, we quite like the idea of being chilled.

The cholera seems to have disappeared from there, which enables us to do this.

Wednesday, 16th.—We have had a most interesting day through a most extraordinary country. It is very difficult to give you an idea of it, it is so unlike anything you have ever seen. The whole is absolutely barren, and it looks like a great storehouse of the earth's material rather than a finished portion of our world. There are piles of rock, and piles of sand, and piles of gravel, and piles of mud, ready as it were to the Creator's hand, but not yet used up. All is the same colour, and none of the prettinesses of life have any place here. There are no trees, no grass, no flowers, nothing ornamental or frivolous! But parts of it are very grand in a weird and uncanny way. The Chappa Rift, for instance! To see it we got into an open car and started from a station facing a hill in which there appeared to be just a 'rift' and nothing more. As we opened it out we saw there was a great gap in the hill, and that a little iron bridge was thrown across it at a height of 300 feet. To get up to this we had to go some way round, the railway ascending 'one in thirty-five.' We passed through tunnels and over skeleton bridges, and across this Chappa Rift, and through a gorge where the piles of rock were particularly gigantic and oppressive-looking. At the bottom of one tremendous cliff we could see before us a tiny hole, the opening of a tunnel through which we were about to pass. We did indeed look miserable little atoms in this desolate region of stupendous rocks, and we should have felt small indeed had we not recollected our gigantic intellects, and gloried in the power and the ingenuity which have conquered the difficulties and

opened a way through this 'impossible' country ! The engineers have had hard and dreary work here, and the piles of gravel were particularly troublesome to them. The hills made of this sort of shingle look as if they were ready to slip down at any moment, and so they did when they were interfered with. In some places masonry tunnels had to be built and then covered over with this stuff. In other places the tunnels are through rock with windows left open in the sides.

The expedition having been planned in a hurry, I was not able to accompany D. to the Kojak Pass, and you will lose, therefore, my impressions of that military post of vantage. I came straight to Quetta, while he went on to the pass.

Sir Frederick Roberts, General Elles, Sir Theodore Hope, and Sir Oliver St. John are with him. We also have many railway authorities to look after us, for trains are apt to run away, and great precautions have to be taken to check this disposition on their part.

Lady St. John met me at Quetta, and I am staying with her. So far I have been quite warm and comfortable, but it is freezing outside.

Thursday, 17th.—The sun shines, and the air is perfectly delicious here. Quetta is on a large plateau surrounded by bare hills. Everything is of the same dust colour, and even the little attempts at trees are of no brighter tint ; but the shapes of the hills are fine, and late in the day, when there is some shadow, they begin to grow beautiful, and by sunset they are quite lovely. They change their colour in the most marvellous way, and at one time are a brilliant red, looking like molten copper. Everything is new, and at Quetta life is only just settling down into the ordinary grooves. I visited the hospital, which is an exceedingly good one, and the surgeon is pleased with his tinted walls, and more especially with a dado which he has contrived to have painted round them. He said, 'You see, it does not look the least like a barrack-room.' The officers' huts are queer little mud buildings with domes, and the only important-looking erection is a town hall, which is used for business and for durbars. There is no church, and this is one of the grievances of the place, for there are 2,500 soldiers here. Service is in a tent.

All this I saw in the morning, and in the afternoon I visited the polo-ground and the 'Institute,' or place of amusement. There ladies read the papers in one room, gentlemen in another, and they all play badminton, dance, and act together.

D. arrived in the evening, having successfully ridden up the Kojak Pass and looked beyond Candahar, which itself is hidden

from view by a small hill. Sir Oriel and Lady Tanner and her daughter came to dinner. He is the General in command here. Sir Oliver and Lady St. John, with whom we are staying, have made us very comfortable in their nice little house.

Friday, 18th.—We came to Quetta by the Hurnai route, and we return by the Bolan. The Bolan is a river, but there is no water in it now, and the temporary railway is laid in its bed. That is naturally not a very safe place to lie in, and a new line, which will be more above the floods, is now under consideration. The waters come down quite unexpectedly, and no one can tell where or when they will burst forth. The descent is very steep, and at first we went in small carriages downhill, making the most extraordinary twists and turns. After a little we got on to the broad gauge again, and rode for some time in an open car to see the most wonderful parts of the line. It is impossible to describe the scenery. One can only say that it is the very last place in the world where you would expect to find a railway. The great barren hills, gigantic cliffs, and rough rivercourse, all seem at variance with any evidences of civilisation, and the whole thing is more wonderful than beautiful, except at sunset! Then these bare dust-coloured mountains seem to offer *carte blanche* (of a muddy tint) to every atmospheric effect, and every phase of fading sunlight is reflected on their seamy sides, and they are for that short time glorified.

This interesting journey took up almost the whole day, and it was dark when we reached Sibi and our dinner.

Saturday, 19th.—In the morning we found ourselves again at Sukkur, and on crossing over the Indus we joined our own train, which was too long and heavy a one to travel on those mountain lines.

Here D. received a visit from one of the old Scinde chiefs, Mir Ali Murad of Khairpur. He was a fine-looking old man, accompanied by several stalwart sons. He gave real presents, which go into the Toshakhana. We breakfasted between this and D.'s return visit. The rest of the day was occupied with dull and uneventful railway travelling.

Sunday, 20th.—This morning we had again to leave our carriages and to cross the Chenab in boats; then we went on by train to the Indus, and crossed that in a steamer. Our destination was Dehra Ghazi Khan. Here a number of Beloochi chiefs met the Viceroy, and for more than a mile the road was close lined with their followers on horseback. They are a wild-looking set of men, with long hair in curls, and long beards, white loose garments and turbans.

The country immediately round here looks well cultivated after the Scinde desert: there are fields of green crops, and plenty of palms and other large trees; the Bougainvilleas brighten up the compounds, and even now there are some good roses out. We are staying with Mr. and Mrs. Dames, while Sir F. and Lady Roberts are in a military house.

I went to look at a little Female Mission Hospital, but as all the doctors and teachers were absent, my visit to it was not very successful. When I was getting into a finely painted carriage afterwards, the horses stood on their hind-legs, and would not be quieted, so I came home in a humble dog-cart.

Monday, 21st.—The Viceroy had a durbar this morning for the Beloochi chiefs, and when it was over he had a private interview with them and talked Persian to them. They dress in white; indeed, they will not take service with us, though they are thoroughly loyal, because they object to wearing uniform, and say white is the only colour fit for gentlemen. Their 'great coats,' however, are in bright green and red brocades. Their hair and beards are very long, and they have striking features.

We left soon after this, and the road was again lined with the two thousand mounted Beloochis following their chiefs. They have the tribal system, and carry it so far that it is said the chief says all the prayers necessary for the whole tribe. They are Mahometans, but have no mosques. On our way to the steamer, the horses I drove with yesterday again stood on their hind-legs, and this time they broke the pole of the carriage. I was not in it.

We had such a dusty journey back. The rails are simply laid down on the loose sand, and we were so glad when we had got over this temporary part of the line and were back in our own nice clean carriages for the night.

Tuesday, 22nd.—Every one has gone to Dera Ismail Khan to-day, but I was very tired, and so remained quietly in the train. I should have had two hours in a rough tonga, then a durbar, a luncheon, and a reception, and two hours back—so I thought prudence was the better part, as we still have some hard days before us. D. got back late in the afternoon, and we travelled on all through the night.

Wednesday, 23rd.—When we stopped for breakfast, we were at a place called Khewra, and here we spent a most interesting morning going over the salt-mines. They are in some barren-looking hills, which have, however, some shades of red and grey about them, and so are not devoid of a certain kind of beauty. From the moment we left our carriage everything was salt. The

red carpet was kept down with lumps of salt. The staircase up to the level of the tramway looked like the most beautiful marble, but was really made of blocks of salt. The gravel on the road was salt, and so was the dust. We had about a mile to go in a trolley, and passed by the little red village in which the miners live on the face of a red hill, and then we penetrated into the bowels of the earth, and rode on for three thousand feet through a great gallery or tunnel of salt, illuminated for the occasion by a continuous line of little lamps. Pillars twenty-five feet in width are left to support the hill, and the spaces of forty-five feet between each are the chambers in which the men work. Some of them are very lofty, and the miners looked like gnomes working away with their pickaxes in these great caverns of pinkish crystal.

After going to the end of the mine on a trolley we walked about, and climbed up salt staircases into salt grottoes, and stood on the banks of subterranean salt lakes, and fireworks were let off, and fire-balloons sent up, and blue lights and red lights transformed the scene into something very like a gigantic pantomime. One of the prettiest things was to see a light wandering about in a gallery *behind* two feet thick of salt. The transparency and colour of the salt were seen so well, and the light looked so mysterious.

We made another little journey after this from Khewra to Chillianwalla. There we visited the battle-field, and saw the memorial to the soldiers who fell there, and the tall Irish cross raised to their memory by Lord Mayo. Mr. and Mrs. Knox met us here, and gave us tea. He is the Commissioner of this district.

Thursday, 24th.—We travelled on till five o'clock to-day, passing over the Attock Bridge and getting a good view of the Fort, and reaching Peshawar before sunset, in time to admire the trees—which look very fresh and flourishing after the scrubby bushes we have seen lately—and all the flags and decorations and gay uniforms which lighted up the station. The escort was composed of a troop of 'Skinner's Horse.' Their uniform is bright yellow, with red belts and turbans. They look very handsome and showy. Mr. and Mrs. Lyall are our hosts, and they have borrowed Colonel Waterfield's house for the occasion. We are glad to be in a house, for it is exceedingly cold at night, and D. and I are both struggling to keep off little coughs, which are partly due to the constant changes of temperature we have been passing through, and partly, I think, to the quantities of sand and dust we have swallowed *en route*. We ended the day with a ball, and there the cold was great. Happily there was a corner where

I found a good fire burning, and I sat by it most of the evening, while D. warmed himself in a more energetic fashion.

Friday, 25th.—This morning there was a grand durbar for all the chiefs and wild men who inhabit these parts. It was held in the great durbar tent which last appeared at Rawal Pindi, and I managed to get a seat where I could see it all. The durbaris were not very smart, and so the scene had less of Oriental splendour about it than usual, but a great deal of interest nevertheless.

The troops outside looked splendid, and the lines of Skinner's Horse forming a guard of honour most picturesque. The Viceroy, in solitary state, on his silver throne, and all the English officers in uniform on one side of the tent, gave colour to the scene. On the other side sat the native visitors—a few in respectable clothes, but most, I must say, looking veritable ragamuffins both in face and dress. Troops of wild creatures in dark-coloured blankets passed by, offering a nuzzar as they went—these were a deputation from some tribe near the Khyber Pass; then another set from some other tribe walked by in equally unconventional garments; and so on through 800 persons. They appeared to be the sort of people you would *not* like to meet on a dark night, and it was curious to see them received in this solemn way. To give you some idea of their social status, I may add that each man will be given a rupee, or perhaps two, before he leaves, but this donation has to be made in private, else they would fight over the money on the spot. When all had passed by, D. read his speech in Persian, and it was then repeated in Pushtu.

We drove through the city in the afternoon. It is not very large, and all the houses are of mud with flat roofs, surrounded by a paling, behind which the women live. A man must not build his house higher than his neighbours', so as to overlook this female court; if he does, he has to pull it down again. On this occasion every house was hung with gay-coloured cloths, and all were crammed with people from the top to the bottom. We recognised as we passed many of the 'ragamuffins' of the durbar.

We stopped in one place to receive an address, and went to the top of a house to see the view. Unfortunately the weather is misty, and the hills which surround Peshawar were scarcely visible. We drove back through the cantonments, past the grand stand of the racecourse, and through some very fine gardens. In the evening we went to see an amateur burlesque. It was most wonderfully well done, and the scenery was beautifully managed.

Saturday, 26th.—We have had a great day driving through the Khyber Pass. We started at eight in the morning, wrapped up in every sort of fur cloak and with hot bottles at our feet. The carriages were drawn by artillery horses, and we were followed by an escort. The first ten miles out of the city were through a flat bare plain to the Fort of Jumrood, at the entrance to the Khyber. Here we stopped to breakfast. As we left the Fort D. inspected the Khyber Rifles, a fine and soldierly-looking body of men, commanded by Colonel Warburton, whose mother was an Afghan lady. They were dressed in khaki and had leather sandals on their feet, and each was armed with a rifle and bayonet. Referring to these weapons, I was told, 'All "conveyed," you know; they are their own private property, and all "conveyed."'

A few moments after this we turned round the corner of a hill and found ourselves in the Khyber Pass. It is ten miles long, and so you must not imagine it to be a defile through perpendicular cliffs: it is merely a road through a wild mountainous region, and is a pretty steep ascent. The whole pass was guarded, and it was so curious on each hill-top to watch a few dust-coloured men present arms as the Viceroy passed by, though we could only see that they did so by the momentary flash of their bayonets in the sun. They looked so solitary and so far off, with just a little shelter of stones built up behind them. We did not feel as if we had been nearly twenty miles when we got to Ali Musjid. Here the pass apparently ends, and one does not at first see any further road through the mountains. There is, however, a very good one; and as the gentlemen of the party were going on another ten miles to Lundi Kotal, they mounted their horses and rode on there, Mrs. Lyall and I remaining behind. We were not idle, however. We got into a tonga and drove four miles to see what the Lundi Kotal road was like, and then we returned, and I got out my camera and took some views of the Fort. It crowns a high hill, while on all the surrounding hill-tops are small round towers for defensive purposes. The scenery is that of a wild and barren region, one range of hills succeeding the other, the forts giving a sort of warlike interest to the place and making one realise the lawless character of the inhabitants. The Indian Government, however, pays the tribes a small subsidy to keep the pass open, and they are consequently our very good friends. The chiefs all met the Viceroy as he passed up, and were very polite, but warfare and blood feuds are always going on between the tribes, and men are often shut up in their own fortified villages for a month at a time, afraid to venture out.

They sometimes make peace during the sowing season, and as soon as the harvest is over they recommence their fights.

At the foot of the hill is a small mosque, from which the Fort takes its name; that I photographed too, and also my own escort, which was taken from 'The Guides.' Then Mrs. Lyall and I toiled up the hill on foot, I carrying an umbrella like a small tent, and feeling very hot in the warm gown which had been necessary in the morning. Even though I had peeled off a fur cloak and an ulster, I still had far too much on for the midday sun. When we got up, there was not much to see, but I inspected the guard and did the Viceroy's duty for him. Before starting on this walk I received a telegram from D. from Lundi Kotal, telling me not to eat all the luncheon. This was the first telegram ever sent from there, the wire having been put up for this occasion, and they had great difficulty in persuading a telegraph clerk to venture into such a dangerous region. He ran away and hid himself for three days in the bazaar, and was only just caught in time to be dispatched there. When we were in the Fort, a horseman came after us to say that the Viceroy had returned and had begun lunch, so we immediately heliographed him a duplicate of his own message.

We found all the horsemen very pleased with themselves, and with the pace at which they had ridden, but they were much covered with dust and looked rather a dirty party. We got into our carriages as soon after lunch as possible, and were home by half-past five.

Sunday, 27th.—The church and the service here were very nice. There was a band instead of an organ, and very good singing by a soldier choir.

I had a long talk with a missionary lady doctor, and in the afternoon visited her dispensary and hospital. Then we went to see the mission church, which is an exceedingly pretty one. The outside is built like a mosque, and looks like one except for the cross which replaces the crescent on the dome. Inside there is a beautiful screen of perforated carved wood all round the back of the altar, and the texts in Persian character on the walls have a good decorative effect. Part of the seats are curtained off for women, as Mahometan men sometimes come to the church to look at them, and one corner of the church has a regular purdah for Mahometan women, who occasionally come to see what is going on. The font is arranged for total immersion as well as for our usual form of baptism.

We drove through the town to these places, and thus saw it in its everyday garb. The women in their burkas, a white

garment which goes over the head and covers them completely, look most mysterious and ghost-like. A bit of openwork over the eyes enables them to see their way. With this on, they are quite free to go about, which is much better for them than being shut up in a house all day, and it is certainly a very efficient disguise. We stopped at a little shop in the bazaar to see a man do a kind of waxwork of which I have sent you a specimen. He had on his thumb a great patch of sticky white stuff, made of linseed oil and white lead; into this he twisted a steel instrument until it was well covered with it, and then he drew it quickly over the pattern on a piece of cloth in a thin white line; this he patted down with his wet finger—and as he returned it each time to his mouth I wondered whether the proceedings were not extremely likely to poison him. After this he sprinkled a little powdered mica over it; and with these simple means he was very rapidly producing a most showy little table-cover.

A caravan came in yesterday, which we had seen when passing Jumrood—all the camels were then collected in a yard; sometimes 1,700 come in at a time. To-day we saw a great many of them about the town. You may imagine how amusing it is to see the life of the people in the streets—all the little shops with their wares and the curious figures in them; the bullocks and asses and camels all laden in peculiar fashions; the wild men specially known by their grass sandals, &c., &c. Peshawar is much more of a Central Asian than an Indian city, and presents much that is new to us. In one square court there are a number of wooden stalls, like the little shops on the boulevards, but with very different-looking people in them, and tea-shops with the samovar ready to give you a cup of tea for a pice.

Monday, 28th.—We were to have gone through the Kohat Pass to-day, but D. got a chill on Sunday, and had fever this morning, so we had to give it up. Our luggage was gone, and his bedding was already on the cart when the thermometer told this tale. As quickly as possible we got everything back; he retired into his blankets, and as the Lyalls, who have entertained us so hospitably here, were going away, we took possession of the house. Our servants, cook, &c., came up from the train, and in an hour's time you would not have known that the Commissioner's bungalow at Peshawar was not our own home. I don't know whether I ever told you this peculiarity of Indian life. Every one goes about with his own bedding, and a stand, on which to put it, is the only thing his host is expected to provide. In this way it is easier for people to receive guests in India than it is elsewhere. Large supplies of linen are not wanted, and the

usual establishment need not be increased, for every one travels with his bearer (every lady with her ayah) and khidmatgar, or table servant, so that all personal attendance and waiting is done by the visitor's own people. And as these native servants feed themselves, their presence does not cause much extra expense to the household.

In the afternoon I drove to see a mission school for widows. The ladies belonging to the C.M.S. here are particularly nice, and are very much liked by every one. Miss Mitcheson told me an amusing thing about her hospital. It is very difficult to get women to come into it, and they particularly fear the clean sheets. They think that if they go into them, they will certainly become Christians. They are not nearly so much afraid that the religious teaching she gives them will have that effect.

Tuesday, 29th.—D. had quite lost his fever to day, but he remained in his room, and I took a long drive round Peshawar, and went for a few minutes to a regimental garden party.

Wednesday, 30th.—We left to-day by train for Rawal Pindi, and reached that place at five. There was a most brilliant gathering of officers at the station, which was decorated with flags; and after an address had been read and answered we drove to the Commissioner's house. It is the one in which the Amir was lodged, and our hosts are Colonel and Mrs. Parry Nisbet. The doctor and I together prevailed upon D. not to go to the ball, and persuaded him that a dinner party before it was quite enough for him to do. I was very glad when I got there that he had been wise enough to stay at home, for it was very cold. Great pains had been taken with the decorations, and there were the most private and the most chilly little seats arranged everywhere, which were excessively pretty and extremely dangerous. I remained till supper was over, and then went home.

Thursday, December 1st.—There was a sham fight and a march past this morning, to which D. went; but as to-morrow is to be a purely military day, I thought I could employ my time better than in going to see these manœuvres, so I stayed at home, wrote some letters, and went out to visit three schools, an asylum for lepers, and a class for dhais. The first school was kept by missionaries, who have a large number of native girls under instruction. They were collected in a small inner court, which was hung with the pretty phulcarries they make here, and which, with their own bright dresses and ornaments, looked very Oriental and gay. The pupils sang the multiplication-table and some hymns, and then I gave six of the girls the Government scholarships which they had won. Each candidate got quite a pile of rupees, and

looked very pleased. The next school was one established by Baba Khem Singh, C.I.E., a native gentleman who has started no less than seventeen girls' schools in the district. The pupils in them are not quite so well taught as in the mission schools, owing to the difficulty of getting female teachers for them, but they learn enough to make them useful and intelligent women.

I was much interested in the dhais' (midwives') class, as I have not before had an opportunity of seeing any of these women, and this little effort to teach them something is just what I wish so much to see attempted everywhere. Many people would despise the *unlearned* instruction they receive, but I feel sure it is most useful. Their teacher is a native woman, who gives them a very little theoretical knowledge, and who goes about with them to cases in the town. She tells them what to do in certain cases, and what never to do in any. When I asked them a few questions relating to common methods among such women here, they answered with quite a chorus of disapproval, showing that at least they had unlearned some of their most ignorant practices. There were eleven pupils.

The leper asylum is in the middle of a grove of trees, a nice situation. All the women were sitting on one door-step, and all the men on another; they looked very impassive, and showed no sign of interest in their visitors. Such an assembly is a sad sight. The worst of all, however, is to see young babies in the arms of these poor diseased mothers. There are seven married couples in this place, and it is terrible to think of the almost certain fate of these wretched children. I do wish something could be done to enforce the separation of men and women.

D. came home covered with dust. The military business lasted more than three hours, but I don't think I know much about it, and so will spare you any account of the sham fight.

In the evening there was a dinner and a large party, ending up with a grand supper.

Friday, 2nd.—We spent the whole day at the cavalry camp at Lawrencepore. Directly after breakfast we left Rawal Pindi by train and retraced our steps some way towards Peshawar. Then we got into a carriage and drove to the camp. General Luck is in command of it, and there are eight native and one English cavalry regiments under canvas there. A great mound has been built up in the plain for the spectators to stand on, and we had an excellent view of the proceedings.

The troops were in one line when we arrived, and the Viceroy, Commander-in-Chief, and the Staff rode along it first; it extended a mile and a quarter. Then they took up their places close to us,

and there was a march, a trot, and a gallop past. After this came a battle, where single men carrying red flags represented whole squadrons of the enemy, and were shot at by the two batteries of artillery and ridden down by the opposing force without showing much sign of discomfiture. Whenever we searched the horizon and saw nothing, we were told the army was 'reconnoitring,' and in a sham fight I find that they are often engaged in this duty. I came to the conclusion that a review of mixed troops is more interesting. The infantry don't often disappear so entirely as the cavalry do, and I like to see them march. All the men were in khaki, which is the same colour as the sandy plain. The function ended by the re-formation of the long line, which advanced to the saluting-post. It was now three o'clock, and we were very glad to be ordered off to the luncheon-tent, where General Luck had provided a great banquet.

After this came tent-pegging and various sports, but we had to leave in the middle of them and drive back to the train. We dined and slept in it, but did not move on till the morning.

Saturday, 3rd.—We got to Lahore at five o'clock to-day, and, although most of the gay world were attending races, there was a goodly show of officers in uniform, and of natives, at the station to meet the Viceroy. We had a quiet dinner, and there was a levée afterwards.

Sunday, 4th.—We attended service in the Cathedral. It is quite new and very unfinished, but it is a fine building, and is entirely due to the energy and self-sacrifice of the present aged bishop (French). He is leaving now, and is to be succeeded by Archdeacon Matthew. It is hoped that, as a memorial to him, sufficient money may be collected to put down a marble floor or to finish the roof.

We drove to the Shalimar Gardens in the afternoon and back through Meean Meer, which is a dreary-looking station. This year it has been very unhealthy, and the troops there have suffered both from fever and cholera.

I have quite made up my mind that when I have to live in an Indian bungalow I will have no garden. You can't think how damp and nasty they are. The beds are sunk instead of being raised, and there are ditches cut round each one, and the walks are kept wet and muddy, and everything looks soaked and ugly. I can't imagine having any pleasure in such bogs as they become. No; the proper and the healthy thing to do is to have a gardener, but no garden—his duty being to provide you with flowers at your neighbours' expense, so that you always have as many as you possibly can want, and are spared the disagreeables

incident to growing them for yourself. I did not invent this system.

Monday, 5th.—I went over the Lady Aitchison and Mayo Hospitals, and saw all the female students at the college. I also assisted at the operation of vaccinating a baby from a calf. It will have two bad arms, poor little thing!

Mrs. Lyall had a garden party in the afternoon, then came a dinner, and lastly an evening party in the Lawrence Hall. This we enjoyed very much. The room is a splendid one, and there were quantities of native gentlemen as well as Europeans, which always makes it more interesting, I think. D. had quite a levée at one end, and I was asked to go to the other to create a diversion, and there a number of native officers were presented to me. I also saw a holy man, whom I remember telling you about at the time of the Rawal Pindi durbar. Then he used to carry about Sir Norman McLeod's photograph, but this time he also produced that of D. from his pouch. He really is a very good old man, who gives up all his worldly possessions to the poor; and evidently he is greatly revered by the Sikhs, for I saw a long line of native officers stoop to touch his feet, and put their hands together in a praying attitude to him, and bow their heads for him to lay his hands on them. He looked such a little figure swathed in white cotton, and they such smart soldierly men—it was pretty to see them show this reverence to goodness.

Tuesday, 6th.—This day appeared on the official programme as a 'day of rest,' but we filled it up pretty full, as you will see.

I went out at 8 A.M. to ride on an elephant through the city, and I was quite as much struck with it as the first time I saw it, though I have been to so many Indian cities since then. Riding in at one gate, we saw before us a great archway and a fine mosque covered with coloured tiles; and proceeding through the narrow streets, where carved shutters, and curious painted bow windows, and little shops filled with native wares abound, we came upon a mosque with golden domes, and rode on through more picturesque streets to another gate, close to which there is the fort and a large mosque, and back through a perpetual park and garden to the Government House.

Having begun with elephants, we went on to camels. One was brought round after breakfast with a side saddle beautifully fitted on to his hump; and after seeing Mrs. Lyall perambulate the garden on him, and after photographing her, I mounted myself. As the camel sat down it was very easy to 'vault' into the saddle, but when, being told to rise, he gave a sudden jerk

upwards, throwing me nearly over his tail, and then another equally violent in the opposite direction, I found it necessary to hold on very tightly indeed. Once up, however, everything was easy. I held the reins, which were passed through his nose, and which lay on his Marie Stuart cap, and guided him without difficulty round the place. He had, however, a careless and indifferent way of gazing about him and of chewing the cud, while he took an occasional look round at me, his rider, which made me feel that he utterly despised me, and only condescended to obey me out of good nature. When he came to sit down, his spasmodic jerks were even worse than when he was getting up. He fell on his knees with a thud, then he fell on his hind-knees (a joint peculiar to camels) with another, then he shut up an unexpected hinge in his fore-legs, and each time I fell forwards or backwards, as the case might be, and wondered when he would ever get to the ground.

Directly after this we went out sight-seeing. First we visited the new Law Courts. They are very handsome, built of red stone, a good deal of red marble being mixed with it. The archways of the verandah are perforated stone carving. Sir Meredyth Plowden and some of the other judges showed us the building. Then we went to the School of Art and looked at drawings and wood carvings, and so on to the Fort. I was glad to see it all again, but I will not repeat my descriptions of it. We also revisited Runjeet Singh's tomb and the mosque. They are all very lovely and curious. Here we separated. D. drove through the city, and Mrs. Lyall and I went to a Native Christian Normal Girls' School, which in future is to be called by my name. We found a very nice set of girls there, who are prepared for the University Entrance Examination, and who will be very useful as teachers, and some I hope as medical women. The Alexandra School, which I visit at Amritsar to-morrow, is an offshoot from this one, but I fancy it has outstripped the parent institution : at any rate it is better known.

We got home just in time for luncheon, and had almost immediately after to drive to the races. There were not a great many people there, and the entertainment was a sort of garden party, with races as an excuse for meeting.

Wednesday, 7th.—After a dinner party at Lahore last night we drove to the station and moved on in the train to Meean Meer, where we slept. Early in the morning we started for Amritsar, where I in my carriage was dropped by the wayside. D. travelled on without me, and stayed at Meerut for the night. So it is with my solitary adventures that you have to do to-day.

Mrs. Lyall and her niece, Captain Johnston, and Major Cooper were the party who met on the platform when we began to think of breakfast, and there Colonel Lang appeared to take charge of us for the day. He drove us to his house, where we feasted, and immediately after we set off to see the various institutions which I had come on purpose to visit.

Miss Hewlett is a missionary lady who has been most successful with medical work here, and I have long been anxious to see her and her establishment. It consists of a general hospital with an out-patient and an in-patient department, and of a school of midwifery supported by the municipality of Amritsar. In connection with the general hospital there are four dispensaries, and both hospitals are used for training purposes. Native Christian girls are trained for work among women, going through a medical course, and also receiving instruction in nursing and pharmacy. Twenty-two dhais are also being trained, and some of these have passed their examinations and are ready and fully qualified for employment.

To give you some idea of the work such a mission as this can get through, I may add that 4,000 visits to patients in their own homes were made last year, and that the out-patients numbered 31,000.

Miss Hewlett herself is a very remarkable person, and is greatly respected by the natives. It is she who has worked up this institution, and the members of the municipality are always ready to help her. She and her colleagues live in an old zenana in the town, and the general hospital, 'St. Catherine's,' opens out of their quarters on the other side of an enclosed court. We went over it, and also saw a little class of blind women being taught to read and to make baskets. I also had a talk with Miss Hewlett, which was very interesting to me. Then we went on to the maternity hospital and saw the classes of dhais.

Our next visit was to a native girls' school, and after that we went to see the Golden Temple, where we had great difficulties with our shoes, which we had to take off. Mrs. Lyall said there were sixteen buttons to her boots, and Miss Lyall had as many more, and there was no button-hook; and what was to be done when we came back? However, we resolved to risk it, and the boots were unbuttoned and velvet slippers were put on, and we trudged down the steps and along the marble pavements in these soft and flabby-soled things, and this time I saw the place unprepared for grand visitors and in its everyday dress. There were fewer people about, and the jewels were locked up, and there was no singing going on, and no one was baptized as a

Sikh ; but still it was curious and interesting, and the fine old soldier guardian of the place got up from his bed when he heard I was there, and put on his Orders and came out to meet me. I was very glad to have seen the Golden Temple again.

Colonel Lang, singing a little song at intervals, next took us to see a carpet manufactory just being started here. Lovely and not very expensive carpets were being made, and orders have already been received both from London and New York.

After this came another school—the Alexandra ; it also is a school for native Christian girls, which has a high reputation and is doing good work. These visits took longer to do than to describe, and it was nearly lunch-time when we returned to Colonel Lang's house, and then we had to get to the station and to start off in different directions. Mrs. Lyall went back to Lahore, and I pursued the Viceroy to Meerut, where I caught him up in the early morning.

Thursday, 8th.—We had soon to part again, for when we got to Agra I stopped there, and he went on to Bhurtpore for a few days' shooting.

I am staying with Mr. and Mrs. Kaye. He is the Commissioner here. To-morrow has to be spent in business, so I went to see the Fort again to-day. It is a wonderful place, but happily for me I have already described it to you, and need not do so again.

Friday, 9th.—My engagements for to-day were as follows : 10.30, Miss Esther Smith (doctor) ; 11.30, Miss Fairweather (doctor) ; 12.30, Miss Yerbury (doctor) ; 1 p.m., Dr. Wilcocks ; 1.30, Dr. Rice ; 2, lunch ; 2.30, Dr. Walker ; 3, visit to the hospital, female medical school, and lady doctor's house ; 6.30, leave Agra by train.

You may see from this that I spent a purely 'professional' day, and that I have not much to tell that would be interesting to you. The Agra school is changing hands now, a new Principal having been appointed, and I was anxious to hear all that he, and the ladies themselves, and the coming-in and going-out Inspector-General of Hospitals had to say on the subject of the arrangements that should be made for the future management of the school. I was also much interested in seeing the new buildings, which, alas ! have exceeded their estimates by a good many thousand rupees. They have made great progress since I was here before, and the lecture-hall and schoolroom are very good ; but I was a little disappointed with the hospital, which seems to me rather small. The fact is, we want money sadly, and could easily spend another lakh upon the place if only we had it.

I was very tired at the end of this day, and was glad, after a

cup of tea with Mrs. Kaye, to retire to my railway carriage, where I spent the night.

Saturday, 10th.—Allahabad. Sir Auckland Colvin met me at the station early this morning, and we drove straight to the Government House here. His secretary is a nephew of his, with a very pretty wife, and there are two girls, unmarried nieces, also staying with him. I have charming rooms in a wing of the house, and look out upon a nice garden and lawn, and the most lovely roses you can imagine.

I went a long drive with Sir Auckland, and talked 'Fund.'

Sunday, 11th.—I got up early, and went down to the station to meet Nelly, who arrived looking extremely well, and not at all the worse for her very tiresome journey and two nights in the train. It was very nice to have her back, and to hear all about everybody and everything she had seen during her year in England. We went to church at the new Cathedral, which is unfinished, 30,000*l.* being wanted to complete it; and in the afternoon we drove to the Fort, and looked at the junction of the Jumna and the Ganges, a view which must be a very fine one in the rains.

Tuesday, 13th.—D. arrived in the afternoon. He had had very fair sport at Bhurtpore, and had enjoyed two of the days very much. The Duke of Montrose came down to shoot with them, and had an amusing day after deer and pig.

Wednesday, 14th.—Nelly and I left early in the morning, and found the children at the station full of excitement at meeting us. Each one held a dog by a chain, and we got much mixed as we embraced, and became quite a tangle of people and dogs. Fred and Archie had come down half an hour sooner to give the Simla party their breakfast.

The whole family came into my carriage and we spent a very merry day together. We had all sorts of games when it got dark, and then went to bed early to rest for to-morrow.

Thursday, 15th.—Here we are once more at Calcutta, beginning our fourth season in India! D. goes to Benares to-day to open a great bridge. The Montroses join him there, and they all start to-morrow for Calcutta.

We were so busy all day unpacking and settling our rooms, and were quite tired out with so much travelling and so much work.

The house looks very nice. The state drawing-room has been redecorated. The verandah on which we live has the most lovely convolvulus out, and my aviary is almost covered with creepers. The weather is quite perfect.

CHAPTER XIV

CALCUTTA

DECEMBER 17, 1887, TO MARCH 28, 1888

Saturday, December 17th.—I saw Lady Wilson and two other ladies, who came to talk about the fête we are getting up for the 'Little Sisters of the Poor,' and later in the day came Sir Steuart and Lady Bayley, who are now established at Belvedere in the seat of the Rivers Thompsons. The day and the season, however, really began at five o'clock, when, as a spectator, I assisted at the Viceroy's reception at Government House. He had come by a new route, crossing the Jubilee Bridge, and getting out for the first time at the Sealdah station. This, and I hope other circumstances, caused him to receive a particularly warm welcome from the people in the streets. The guard of honour in red was drawn up in front of the house, and the steps were covered with high officials and native gentlemen. The cannon at the Fort let us know when to expect him, and soon the body-guard preceding him rode past the door, and then an escort of Mounted Volunteers, and lastly the carriage-and-four arrived with the Viceroy in it, and the Duchess of Montrose by his side. The children, being in tennis dresses, looked on from a balcony upstairs, but I was at the door to meet them.

I heard rather an amusing little story yesterday. One body-guard officer who went to England for the Jubilee was asked what struck him most there. He replied, 'Oh, the politeness of the people. You could not tread upon a person's toe there but they immediately said Thank you.' In Hindustani there is no word for 'Thank you,' and I never realised until I wished to say it in that language how very often it is upon one's lips; so the man's observation has some truth in it, and is very complimentary to John Bull.

Friday, 23rd.—The drawing-room took place to-day, and happily everybody's gowns arrived from England in time, and so all anxieties on that score were spared. A few native 'Brahmo Somaj' ladies came for the first time, and looked very well in their own pretty dress. They made their national salaam instead of an English curtsy, and one of them laid down her bouquet as she did so. Sir Donald Wallace picked it up, and gave it to me. When we went upstairs—where the gentlemen had waited for their ladies, and where I hear intense anxiety was

expressed by fond husbands and fathers as to how their wives and daughters had gone through the ordeal—we found a large party assembled, and our state drawing-room looked very bright and handsome in its new silk. The very best gowns and the uniforms made the people as smart as the room, and this first party of the season is always enjoyed.

Saturday, 24th.—I was tired next day, and did not feel up to the races, so, although it was Cup day, I slipped down to Barrackpore by sea, and left my family to represent me on the course. When I found Lord William had won the Cup I was rather sorry not to have been present. It was unexpected and created great excitement; and if one ought ever to wish any one to be successful on the turf, one was justified in wishing him a turn of luck in that direction, for he has had several misfortunes lately, and his best horse died of fever a week ago. The family came down by train just in time for dinner.

Sunday, 25th.—Though Christmas Day, this was spent just like other Sundays, for to-morrow is to be the children's day. We went to church, and afterwards sat under the trees showing off our climate and our place to the Montroses, and we walked to see the elephants, of which there are a great number this year, and came back to dinner and to a little fire, which is very enjoyable in the evening.

Monday, 26th, to Sunday, January 1st, 1888.—Having the children with us this year, we felt it necessary to keep Christmas in a 'merry' way, and I have now to tell you how far we succeeded in doing so. I think that the previous shopping was a great pleasure to the aforesaid children, and that they spent many a delightful half-hour in purchasing presents and in dividing their money so as to provide something for each of the people they wished to remember. Next came the question, 'How, and where, and when are these gifts to be presented?' They finally invented a most original method for dispensing the Christmas-boxes. All did up and addressed their parcels, and then proceeded to hide them under tables and chairs and sofas in the two drawing-rooms; and after luncheon the children were let in to hunt for them. The plan succeeded admirably, and all were remembered and pleased with the loads they had to carry away.

After the presents had been found and admired, we went off to a very indifferent circus, which, however, amused the children; and then in the evening we had some games. Lady Sykes, who is once more in Calcutta, dined with us, and Sir Thomas Baker and Mr. Ducane, his A.D.C., came too, and we had 'musical chairs,' Sir Roger, and the Tempête, and so ended our merry day.

The week has passed away without a daily record of our proceedings, but I can tell you what we have been doing. The King of Oude died in the autumn, and we all went to see his place and his house. I had visited the animals there before, but the Viceroy had never been able to go to this ex-king's habitation, so it was all new to him. Most of the animals have been sold, and the grounds look tidy and well kept. They are very large, and we drove about for half an hour, winding round bungalows, and bear-houses, and tanks for water-fowl, and cages for monkeys, deer, and birds, and sheds for camels and places for pigeons. The bungalows all had marble floors, and in every room there was a bed with silver feet, and no other furniture whatever. The walls, however, were covered with pictures—questionable French prints and Scripture subjects mixed indiscriminately. The park is situated on the river, and would be lovely were it a little less zoological. The King died in a room on the ground-floor, opening into a small court which was full of monkeys and pigeons—extremely suggestive of fleas. Upstairs there were some much nicer rooms, and we saw some books of prints which he had coloured himself; they were really very well done.

His ladies were nearly as numerous as his animals, and they are now being despatched to their own homes as quickly as possible. They go at the rate of seven or eight a day, but there are still a great number left; and when the Viceroy approached their habitation they collected behind some venetian shutters, and set to work to howl and weep with all their might. The effect was most extraordinary, but did not excite the pity it was intended to evoke. I am sure they will be much happier with their own little income, guaranteed by the British Government, than they ever could have been shut up together, the slaves of a hard-hearted old man who cared more for his cobras and his wild beasts than he did for them. These being my sentiments, I thought the lamentations were more amusing than melancholy.

We have attended a concert in the Town Hall in aid of the Volunteer Band, and a ball at Belvedere, and we have had a good many tourists passing through—among them Dick Houston, who is staying with us. Races have been going on during the week. The Duke of Montrose has gone off to Burmah, and the Duchess remains with us.

Monday, 2nd.—A loud salute and a *feu de joie* reminded us early in the morning that the new year had begun, and that the proclamation parade was being held at Barrackpore and at all other military stations in India.

Directly after breakfast we returned to Calcutta, and then I

had to go to a bazaar at the Zoological Gardens. That was an ordeal ! Fancy running the gauntlet of all the holders of twenty stalls, each one for a different charity !

In the afternoon we had the first of a set of small tennis parties which Nelly and I are going to give between us. She invites the players, and I take advantage of the 'at home' to meet people whom I want to talk to.

In the evening there was our large 1st of January dinner, eighty-two gentlemen and five ladies at it, and eight more men after it. I always like this dinner. First of all, it looks well in the Marble Hall, and then the guests are all Personages, and one sees them collected together, whereas on other occasions only a few at a time are present, and are lost in a crowd of ladies and other people.

Wednesday, 4th.—I went out directly after breakfast to visit the 'Lady Dufferin Dispensary.' Since I saw it last year it has been found possible to establish a few beds, and Mrs. Foggo, the new English doctor, is working hard, and is most successful. Since she came in July she has had over 17,000 out-patients, and the seven beds are generally occupied. We want more money to build a proper hospital in a more healthy situation.

At three I had a Committee meeting. When this was over, I went off to see the 'Little Sisters of the Poor.' They have bought a new house, and we are getting up a great bazaar to help to pay for it. Their old people always interest me much. As usual, we handed round the cake and wine we had brought with us. One old gentleman, who had received a fiddle as a Christmas-box, played it all the time we were there, and another old Spaniard danced to the music with an exceedingly ancient lady, who is said to be deaf and dumb, but who imitated her partner's movements very successfully. The new house is a very fine one, and the establishment looks less poverty-stricken than before, but then it owes a lakh, which it will be hard to make up, and its plumes are at present borrowed. On my return, Sister Lucy (a Clewer Sister) came to tea with me, and we had a very long gossip indeed upon affairs that interest us both.

Thursday, 5th.—The Maharajah of Mysore has come on a visit to Calcutta, and he was received in durbar to-day. We were glad to see him again.

Saturday, 7th.—We had a grand reception this morning for Lord and Lady Reay. They got to Calcutta at some unearthly hour, but did not leave the train till eight, and by that time the red cloth was down, the servants lined the steps, the Private Secretary was ready to meet them on the bottom step, the

Lieutenant-Governor on the middle one, and the Viceroy and his ladies at the top. A guard of honour and a band were opposite, and they soon drove up in a carriage-and-four, preceded and followed by an escort of the body-guard. The sun has come out again, and the clouds which have been hovering over us for some days have disappeared, but it is cold, and I broke with some trepidation to Lady Reay, who likes heat, the fact that we break-fast out of doors.

Sunday, 8th, to Wednesday, 11th.—The weather has been perfect. Barrackpore had its usual success, and we spent Sunday very pleasantly. Our visitors liked the river voyages there and back, the outdoor life under the trees, and the peace and quiet of the real country. We asked the Commandant and the clergyman, with their wives, to dinner, and I drove Lady Reay to see the elephants. These gaieties were mild compared with those we rushed into on our return to Calcutta; and Monday was too hard a day, especially for the servants, so many things came together which were never intended to do so.

First there was an unexpected durbar. The Maharajah of Kapurthalla arrived, and had to be received at 1.30. That disarranged all our preparations for luncheon, and prevented the large dinner-tables for the evening being prepared. Then D. had to return the Maharajah's visit at three, and at the same time Lord Reay had to pay some state calls in another direction, so that Lord William had to have out three teams of four horses at once, and that was a little strain upon our resources. At four we had the tennis party, which, like a snowball, grows as the weeks roll by, becoming by degrees almost a garden party; and then came a big dinner for eighty-six people in the Marble Hall, and after that an evening party. The Maharajahs of Mysore and Kapurthalla came in the afternoon and evening, and the latter played tennis vigorously. In an orange waistcoat, white shirt tails, tight white trousers, and a big turban, he made a great contrast to the English gentlemen in tennis garments, but he held his own with them in play. The Maharajah of Mysore was in 'severe' grey cloth, but in the evening he had on one of his beautiful velvet coats.

We had asked some of the native society to this party, and a selection of the European, principally people who don't dance, and who are therefore more difficult to entertain. It was a very pretty party, and the presence of so many strangers made it interesting. The Prince of Tipperah was one of our guests. He is a remarkable young man, with a Tartar type of face. He is self-taught—speaks English well, paints portraits and landscapes

in oil, plays the piano, and photographs ; and his manner is very good. D. advised him to take some drawing lessons at the School of Art here, and that he is now doing. The officers of the *Bacchante* were all present, and their uniforms helped to light up the party. The Burmese exile-Prince was also there. I had a little music, a few songs, and a quartette or two, to which nobody listened, but which gave some point to the entertainment.

Tuesday afternoon we had an enormous garden party. As far as I am concerned, this entertainment consists of the announcement of a name, a shake hands, a murmured 'How do you do?' and a dim perception that by degrees the passing stream has become a crowd, and that the lawn is covered with animated figures, every one of whom I ought to know perfectly. One gentleman I did know, for he had come to me the night before and said, 'I want to make a correction : the A.D.C. presented me to you as Mr. Q. Now, if there is one man in the world whom I do not wish to be mistaken for, it is Mr. Q. My name is M.' They are editors of rival papers. On the occasion of the garden party I was able to 'How do you do, Mr. M.?' very successfully.

On Wednesday morning I took Lady Reay a round of hospitals. We went to the Eden Lying-in Hospital and to look at the Surnomoyi Hostel, which is close to it, and on to the General Hospital, which is quite the opposite side of the Maidan. When I went into the surgical ward, the doctor said, 'Here is a very interesting case,' and I found myself by the bedside of a Bangor man, whose brother is one of D.'s tenants. I believe my chance visit quite cheered him up and did him good, and I am passing on the 'Northern Whigs' to him to continue the cure.

In the afternoon we went down to the Botanical Gardens in the launch, and had carriages there to drive about in. Lady Reay was delighted with the expedition, which was a very pleasant one. I took Mr. and Mrs. Scoble with us, and we had tea on board as we came home.

Thursday, 12th.—We dined in a quiet corner of the house, and dressed for the ball afterwards. When I heard that 1,750 invitations had been issued, I felt rather alarmed about the result, and imagined I could hear people saying that it had been a 'bear garden.' Happily it turned out to be about the best ball we have had. I should think 1,200 people came, but it never was very badly crowded, and the supper was well managed. We came down to it in procession at twelve o'clock, and 380 persons sat down at a great variety of small tables. As soon as the room was full, the doors were shut, and no one was allowed in or out till we moved.

The room was in this way filled and emptied three times

before it was kept entirely open. We came down by one staircase and went up by the other, so that there never was any block.

Friday, 13th.—Lord and Lady Reay were to leave directly after dinner. The departure was rather pretty. The servants stood in lines down the Marble Hall, and the body-guard down the steps leading to the carriage. The band played ‘Auld Lang Syne,’ and Lord William drove with them to the station.

Wednesday, February 1st.—I submitted the report of my Fund to D. and to Sir Donald Wallace for criticism. I was glad to find that the amount that has been done by the National Association quite surprised them; and certainly, when all the little efforts are catalogued, they do form a very satisfactory list of works begun or accomplished. I had a meeting to pass this report, and to settle the business connected with the registering the society, for we are about to give ourselves a legal status in the country. Mr. Upton, our honorary solicitor, attended, and we discussed many important matters. The treasurer was also present. I have a very good committee, and all the members are really interested in the welfare and safe conduct of our affairs.

Thursday, 2nd.—Lord and Lady Connemara arrived to-day. They came by sea, and the launch took them off the P. and O. a little way from Calcutta and landed them at five o’clock. We were all standing on the steps waiting for them, with bands, guards of honour, &c. Lady Connemara is looking extremely well, and must enjoy coming to see this place, which she remembers as a child. Lady Eva Quin, who never was here, but who has heard so much about it from her mother, is interested too. Her husband and Lord Marsham the A.D.C.’s, Mr. Rees the private secretary, Mr. Stokes the secretary of state, and Dr. Briggs, are also with Lord Connemara. Lord Eustace Cecil and his son came by the same ship. We had a ‘quiet evening,’ as the programme for the week says.

Friday, 3rd.—I have had such a visitor to-day. She is the wife of the Prime Minister of Nepal, and a more picturesque or gorgeous figure you never saw! I remember describing some Nepalese ladies to you before, but this one was much more splendid and more cheerful. The house had to be freed from the presence of all men, and, though the Viceroy was allowed to see her, he was told not to shake hands, but only to bow to her. Nelly went down to meet her at the door, and to bring her up. Walking is a work of difficulty in Nepalese garments, and she needed help on the stairs. Her face was very pretty, and painted, but artistically done. The eyes had a good deal of black round them, and were

lovely ones. Her teeth were good, and she had a lively and pleasing expression. Her headdress was most indescribable. It consisted of a diadem worn just on the forehead so as to frame the face. It was an arrangement of flowers and leaves in magnificent diamonds, with large bunches of grapes in emeralds, pendent just behind the ears, where the wreath ended. I never saw anything at all like it, and there were emerald flies settling on the flowers, which repeated the colour very cleverly. The body of her dress was of pretty light pink gauze, and her skirts of the same were so voluminous that she had an armful to carry when she moved, and it was impossible to say how they were made, or whether they were made at all. She had pink velvet shoes, and on her hands English dog-skin riding-gloves, over which she wore diamond rings and diamond bracelets, such as I am sure you have never seen—gigantic ones.

If you can imagine this very quaint figure, submerged, so to say, in her clouds of pink gauze, taking up most of the sofa on which I sat drowsily beside her, in my every-day morning gown, you will see that I was a very small-looking personage indeed. When she drives she is buttoned into her carriage with leather blinds, and she might just as well be in Nepaul as in Calcutta for all she sees of the outer world. So I suggested showing her the view from my verandah. She was very pleased, and said she had never seen anything so beautiful. I am to pay a return visit, which will be interesting.

In the afternoon we all went to a fancy bazaar. The great success of the day was the *café chantant*. Every one was comfortably seated, and had a nice cup of tea, while a series of amusing songs from 'The Mikado,' 'Iolanthe,' &c., went on, the singers being dressed in costume. This was for the Little Sisters of the Poor.

In the evening there were some *tableaux-vivants* of statues, which were good, and after dinner we went to see them. The entertainment lasted an hour and a half, and there was music between each group.

Saturday, 4th.—To-day there has been a Chapter of the Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire, which was a very grand ceremony. It was held in an enormous Shamiana, which had the throne at the back, all the spectators being ranged on either side. When the Viceroy came, a salute of thirty-one guns was fired, and he marched in state to the throne, on which he took his seat. His robes, which are of a deep purple lined with white, were borne by two pages, who stood by him during the ceremony. Lord Connemara's investiture was most imposing, as he was made

a Grand Cross of the Order, and had not only the ribbon, but the robes and the collar to put on. The English Knights were struck with the sword, 'Arise, Sir So-and-So,' but the Indians do not go through this part of the ceremony. The Secretary to the Order was in a white satin robe, and he bowed and backed, and announced the names of the gentlemen with great stateliness and propriety. I will send you the paper describing the whole ceremonial, and so need not tell you more about it. The sight was very interesting, and the procession back to the house, with robes and collars, and golden umbrellas, was very fine.

In the afternoon we went again to the fête, which amused everybody, and prevented the children from dwelling on the fact that this is their last day here.

Sunday, 5th.—Basil and Victoria left us this morning, and we went to see them off. It was a great trial to have to part with them, but it has been delightful having them here for a whole year, and they have not had a day's illness, and are the better and not the worse for it. They sailed in the *Rohilla*, and a kind Captain Briscoe allowed *Peiho* and *Bottles* to sleep in their cabins. You can't think what a consolation this is. I am sure both Victoria and Basil would have been utterly miserable if they had been deprived of the society of their dear dogs.

Monday, 6th, to Wednesday, 8th.—Our entertainments for Lord and Lady Connemara began on Monday. We brought them down from Barrackpore in the morning, had a tennis party in the afternoon, and a dinner in the evening.

Tuesday we made an expedition to the Botanical Gardens, and had a large evening party. It was the best one I have seen here; with such varieties of people and races present, it looked very gay.

Wednesday morning we went to call on the Nepalese lady I described last week. She is in a hired house here, so her surroundings were not pretty. The Viceroy was allowed to come in, and she met us at the bottom of the stairs and conducted us up. Both she and her husband wore their wonderful jewelled head-dresses, and she was in a crimson gauze dress of great volume. Two maids stood behind our chairs, but as they hid their faces behind small red gauze parasols I scarcely saw them. The Maharani's four sons, nice little boys, were in the room. Presents were laid down before me, and a diamond necklace was put into my hands. It goes to the Government. The lady presented a Nepalese knife to the Viceroy, and we were all given attar and pan before we left. The Resident in Nepaul, who was present, had suggested that I should say something to the Maharani in

favour of hospitals and dispensaries for women in Nepal, which I did, and her husband promised that attention should be given to the subject. I gave her a portrait of myself on china, and the Toshakhana will provide return gifts to the value of the necklace.

In the afternoon we had the general meeting for my Fund. It was a very good one, the best we have had yet both as to attendance and interest. The speakers were only too kind and flattering to me, and knowing what was coming I felt it a good deal. I must do all I can this year to give permanency to the organisation, and I trust it will long go on and prosper. D. was in the chair, and in his speech made a nice allusion to Lord Mayo, whose brother was on one side of him, and to Lord Dalhousie, whose daughter was on the other. He also said a few words of thanks to Major Cooper, who resigns his post of secretary to my Fund in April, and whose assistance has been quite invaluable to me.

Thursday, 9th.—To-day the announcement has been publicly made that the Viceroy resigns his appointment at the end of four years, and that Lord Lansdowne is to be his successor. I have known it since Saturday, and the news came in time to soften the parting with the children, whom I now hope to see next Christmas.

The offer of a new post, which we all like immensely, is very pleasant; at the same time I cannot help feeling some sadness at giving up many interests, and at the thought of turning over quite a new page and beginning afresh in a new place. I should have liked to give my Fund another year, and to feel that we had gone through our full time in India, but there were so many private reasons for wishing to return home sooner that I try to look only on the brightest side, and not to think too much of the regrets. Just now everybody talks as if we were going to-morrow, whereas we really have nine months more to stay. We have a dinner and dance to-night. The afternoon was terribly wet, and we were all shut up indoors, and felt rather depressed. Great changes are depressing! The dance unfortunately suffered from the weather, and instead of being larger than usual, as I had intended it to be, it was quite small. Carriages will not come out here on wet nights, the coachmen object so much to damp; and one must confess that crouching on a coach-box in a wet cotton garment cannot be either a healthy or pleasant way of spending a night.

Friday, 10th.—I went into the Legislative Council to-day, to hear D. make a little statement respecting his departure. It was very nice, but no opportunity is given of reply, and so nothing more was said on the subject. There were some sports at the

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body-guard lines, to which we took our guests, and in the evening they dined at the Lieutenant-Governor's.

Saturday, 11th.—Lord and Lady Connemara leave to-day, and we were all photographed in a group this morning. They go by train to Diamond Harbour and get on board there, and we go off to Barrackpore. I shall like a rest after an agitating week.

Monday, 13th.—We went to a dance at Belvedere, the last we shall be at in Calcutta, for Lent is coming and we dance no more.

The papers are still full of our approaching departure, and exhaust themselves in imagining why we go. The latest invention is that my eyes are weak! Did you ever hear of such a reason for giving up a post, or one with such a total absence of foundation?

Wednesday, 15th.—I had my own Committee, and impressed upon them my desire to tie up as fast as I possibly can our endowment fund of 50,000*l.*

Thursday, 16th.—I visited the Women's Industrial Home, supported by the Women's Friendly Society. It is still in its infancy, but seems to promise well, and it is much needed here. Needlework, upholstery, and die-stamping have already been started, and a lodging-house for respectable women is to be opened. On Friday I went to see a Mission School and an Orphanage for Eurasians. I believe it is a very good work, and Mr. Jackson, the clergyman in charge, has quite devoted himself to it.

Sunday, 19th.—We expected a Prince of Saxe-Weimar here to-day, but when he was met at the station it was discovered that there was another Prince, Henry of Orleans, also on his way to us by the same train. Both arrived and breakfasted with us. The Prince of Saxe-Weimar is an older man. We were rather amused at a letter we received from his equerry before he arrived, which led us to believe that he also was quite a youth. He wrote that 'The Prince was very fond of horses, that he would like to hunt the jackal, or to see a cavalry review, or to go a tiger shoot'—all impossible things to manage here. These two Princes breakfasted with us.

Wednesday, 22nd.—India has been a disappointment to Prince Bernard, and this is the only place he has liked. Ruins and crowds of dirty people do not interest him; horses and soldiers are what he cares for. A paper-chase for Volunteers delighted him, and he flew into their midst, jumping over everything and enjoying himself thoroughly. Then he drove the coach home, and alarmed the ladies much by manœuvring round the statues, by knocking up against bullock-carts, and by swaying about the

road. To Blanche's shrieks he only replied, 'Sat is nosing ;' 'My life is not expensive.' The second day we had a review of the body guard and tent-pegging for him, and he rode about the parade-ground like a field-marshal.

Saturday, 25th.—An Austrian man-of-war arrived here, and the captain came to luncheon. He went to Jan Mayen once, and sent D. some photographs of the place. He had never received D.'s letter of thanks, so they were repeated to him to-day. I never saw a man so completely covered with Orders. He has a real incognito Archduke on board—real both as to rank and incognitoship.

Thursday, March 1st.—We went to see a large school this morning. It is called the Martinière, after a General Martin, who left a very large sum of money in the year 1800 to found schools for boys and girls at Lucknow, Calcutta, and some place in France. They are all called La Martinière after him. The money accumulated till 1836, when this school was opened. The consequence is that it is extremely well off ; it has an income of Rs. 64,000, and has always a yearly balance of Rs. 5,000 or Rs. 6,000. How I envy it ! One single girls' school with just double the income I have for my India Medical Scheme ! I wish I could find a Mr. Martin to leave it a good substantial legacy. The school seems to be a very nice one, and the girls looked bright and happy, and appeared to be very well looked after.

We had a big dinner for seventy-nine people. The incognito Archduke and the captain and some other officers of his ship dined. Afterwards we had some rather nice singing.

Friday, 2nd.—D. and I, Nelly and Hermie, Fred, Dr. Findlay, and Captain Birdwood started off this afternoon for Darjeeling. Sir Donald was ill, and at the last moment could not come with us. Captain Currie and Captain Rawlinson, the Bayleys' A.D.C., went up yesterday to prepare the Lieutenant-Governor's house for us, and all the rest of the Staff have taken a holiday and are gone to Meerut for the polo tournament. Major Cooper remains at home with Blanche and the Duchess, and is to help to carry out Blanche's elaborate programme of amusements during our absence. I have raved to you so much already of the delights of Darjeeling and of the journey up, that there is not much left for me to say about my own experiences, but I started with some anxiety as to how far D. would enjoy it, and as to whether he would find it so cold. We had four hours in the train, after which we got on board a steamer and dined there while we crossed the Ganges, and then settled ourselves very comfortably in another train for the night.

Saturday, 3rd.—We breakfasted at Silligori station, and there changed into an open car on the narrow gauge to ascend the mountain. It certainly is a delightful and wonderful journey, and it is a constant interest and excitement to watch the head of our train twisting round curves and making loops, the tail, where we sit, dutifully following after. We had lunch at Kurseong, and arrived at Darjeeling at five. There were assembled quite a crowd of natives, and a Volunteer guard, and some artillery; the latter making all the horses prance, and the children howl, at the sound of the salute. I was given an immense and lovely bouquet of violets. The day had been rather misty, but the sun shone as we arrived, and when we got to the Shrubbery everything looked very bright and comfortable. Captain Currie and Captain Rawlinson had been very busy arranging everything for us. They had had an alarm about three of our servants, who locked themselves up at night with a charcoal fire, and who were found insensible in the morning when their door was broken open to see why they did not appear.

Mr. Ware-Edgar, the Secretary to the Bengal Government, a very pleasant man, is with us; also Mr. Paul, who showed me the place before. These both dined with us. The evening and night were very cold.

Sunday, 4th.—I am glad to say the snows showed themselves this morning, and D. is delighted with the view. The sun is very powerful, and the air fresh and delicious, and the snow mountains truly magnificent. The change of climate does one good after the warmth of Calcutta. After church we went down to the market, and the strange types collected together there interested D. very much. In the afternoon we took a long walk, some of us being helped home by rickshaws.

Monday, 5th.—We had a long day out, leaving home at eleven, and only getting back at six. We did the same expedition I made last year, climbing over Senchal, past the chimneys of old barracks, and down again 2,000 feet to a little bungalow, where we lunched, and then up to Jellapahar, where we had tea with Mrs. Keith. D. got separated from us in the early part of the day, and we only met again at luncheon. Mrs. Keith dined with us, and we had the Bhootia dance with the lion and the peacock to look at after dinner. The air to-day has been quite lovely and refreshing. Sir Donald joined us again, and is quite well.

Tuesday, 6th.—We were all dressed in our habits by ten o'clock, and rode off, a great cavalcade, to plunge almost into the plains below. We descended 6,000 feet, riding through tea-gardens and lovely woods to the river Runjeet. The day was

perfect, and we did not feel the changes of climate nearly so much as we expected. The descent was ten miles long, and we were glad to get off our ponies at the river and to amuse ourselves for a time by crossing the very curious bridge that hangs across it. It is slung from bamboo poles, and is itself like a very long, narrow, and rickety old basket. Two bamboos laid lengthways form the pathway, and the sides are of very light and open wickerwork. The whole thing sways about in the wind, and only one person may cross it at a time, and when he gets to the middle, where his weight bends it most, the sides seem to close in upon him. The bamboo walk up to the level of the bridge is very difficult to climb, and to come down the only way was to sit upon it and to toboggan. When we had enjoyed this amusement for a little and had admired the river, we had to remount our rather tired ponies and to begin our ten miles ascent. Happily, when we had done three, we reached the bungalow where our luncheon was ready, and even the most hardy of the party were glad to have a rest and some refreshment. After luncheon I got into a dandy for about an hour and was carried up, but the others rode the whole way. Some of them visited a tea-plantation *en route*, and we all stopped at a Bhootia temple and assisted at a service, if so it may be called. The chapel was in an upper room, reached by stairs from the outside. It was a long, very low-roofed place. On one side was the altar or shrine for the Buddha with lamps burning in front of it, and on either side were rows of pigeon-holes which held all the sacred books. The Llamas there were dressed in dull-red loose garments, and they set to and played their various instruments for us : drums, cymbals, six-feet-long trumpets, and various sorts of horns, all going at once in this little room, made a wonderful noise, as you may imagine. Hung up on wooden pillars, which formed archways in front of the altar, were some curious grotesque masks which are worn on festive occasions.

There was another chapel below, at the door of which was one of the largest of praying-wheels, while inside was Buddha, actually sitting in company with two Hindu goddesses !

The way home from this place was quite beautiful. There are such fine trees in the forest, and such a variety of foliage, and the tree-ferns especially are so very lovely. Even at the end of our twenty miles ride we were able to admire them. But we were rather tired and stiff.

Wednesday, 7th.—Our expedition for to-day was supposed to be a short one, but miles at Darjeeling seem to be very long, and, starting at twelve, we did not reach our destination till 2.30. We

rode along a very pretty road till we came to the Ghoom Rock. It is really a curious place : an enormously high rock rises out of the ground without apparent rhyme or reason, in the midst of a forest, where the tall trees look small beside it ; it is a very striking object. The side of it is quite perpendicular, and we rode a zigzag path through the wood to get to the top of it. The invaluable khidmatgars had arrived there before us, and had spread out a tempting-looking meal, for which we were all quite ready. I sat on the edge of the rock and looked down from 'giddy heights' over the mountains and valleys before me—a very splendid view. Then we rode into Ghoom station and caught the mail train there, by which we returned to Darjeeling.

As we approached our house we heard a great trumpeting and drumming, and saw flags and strange costumes marching along the road. These were owned by Llamas, who were coming to dance for us. When all was ready we came out on to the verandah to see the performance. The dances were religious, and had all to be gone through before sunset. The chief Llama sat on a chair with a little table before him, and solemnly beat two cymbals together. He was dressed in dull red and wore a mitre on his head, and nothing could have been more grand and stately than his appearance. Smaller Llamas sat on the ground on either side of him in a long row. They also wore red clothes and high pointed red caps, and looked very strange and mysterious.

The first dancers who appeared were common-looking masked individuals, who awkwardly lumbered about. Then came on about twelve or fifteen men in silk robes with long sleeves and enormous round hats, with peacock hand-screens stuck in the top of them, and many veils and odds and ends flying from them. These men also flopped about slowly, but in time to the music, which was played for them. They made their exits one by one, and then returned, having changed their hats for large and grotesque masks, and in these they danced again.

To suit our European impatience each act was cut very short, and after this performance we had time to see another dance of a more comic character. Three men were wonderfully dressed up with red and gold faces, and great wigs of yak's hair, and another appeared as a lady with red petticoats, a mask, and a large red bonnet. She had a sword in her hand, and she went through a series of sham fights with the men. A boy also appeared on the scene ; his naked body was painted round with white stripes, which, with the natural colour of his skin between, made a most respectable brown and white jersey. I was trying

to photograph these strange people, and was just getting this group into position when the boy suddenly stood on his head, and all the others began to shake and gesticulate in the most bewildering fashion. This was their idea of sitting for their photograph, and it had the funniest effect. Two dancers appeared as dead men, all whitish, with ribs painted on them and flesh hanging about as in Albert Dürer's pictures. We had printed histories of these dances to read, but the pieces were too much curtailed for us to be able to follow the plots very well.

Thursday, 8th.—Directly after breakfast we saw some archers. They were Lepchas, dressed in their national costume. It consists of a blue and white striped cotton rug, caught up on the shoulders, and held round the waist by a belt, so as to form a loose and graceful tunic ending at the knees. On their heads they had wicker flower-pots of a reddish colour, with a peacock feather stuck in each. On their backs were slung bamboo cases for the arrows, and they carried their bows. They were most picturesque-looking creatures, but their shooting was only moderately good, and I don't think they ever really hit the mark. They have a sort of bow and arrow game, which is pretty. The arrow has a whistle at one end which sounds as it goes through the air, and the archer aims at a gong which also sounds when he hits it.

We have a small war on hand, and since we came here some of our troops and a couple of guns have gone off to Sikkim, where a Rajah has been misbehaving and has been allowing Thibetans to make themselves at home in our territory. D. has had some business to do here in connection with this, and he is at this moment having an interview with a Llama in a long yellow silk dressing-gown and high white-soled shoes.

Near the Bhootia temple, or Gompa, in Darjeeling, 108 new praying-flags have been put up all by one man. Mr. Paul, seeing this great work of merit, said to another native of the place, 'He must have committed some great sin!' 'Yes,' whispered this one, 'he has been selling powder to the Thibetans.'

On our way to the station we looked at a collection of butterflies and beetles made by a very intelligent man, who told us interesting things about them.

We filled four trollies and slid down from Ghoom to Silligori with great success. It is a delightful, smooth, and noiseless journey. We dined at the last named place, and met there some of the officers starting for Sikkim, amongst them G. Heyman, who is going as surveyor to the party. He dined with us. We spent the night in the train, and when we got up in the morning

(Friday, 9th) we found it pouring with rain. This cools the air, and we feel the change to a warm climate much less than we should otherwise have done.

The rain had ceased when we got to Calcutta, but we only just reached Government House as a dust-storm, followed by rain and thunder, came on, and all the windows had to be shut quickly to prevent the destruction of everything in the rooms.

Blanche and the Duchess of Montrose have been enjoying themselves much during our absence. The Duchess leaves to-night, and stays with Lady Reay till the Duke joins her. He has shot a tiger, and is having some good sport in Nepaul.

Monday, 12th.—I visited the Calcutta Free Schools this morning. They are for boys and girls, and the two buildings are very fine large ones. All the children were dressed in white, and even in this warm weather looked cool and comfortable. The object of these institutions is to provide education and maintenance for destitute children. D. gave me a silver medal to present at each school.

In the afternoon I went to see a home just opened for destitute women. It is to be a sort of Protestant 'Little Sisters of the Poor' establishment. The trades-people of Calcutta have given the furniture, and it looks so fresh and clean and comfortable; the house itself is a very nice one, with plenty of air and space round it.

After this I went on to watch the final games of a tennis tournament, and saw some very good play. The weather was threatening, with such a high wind blowing that in the midst of the heat it seems quite cyclonic, not to say uncanny!

D. had one of his special little dinners for men, so we ladies had engaged ourselves to a native dinner-party. Two A.D.C.'s were admitted, and our hostess's sisters dined with us, while her mother and sister-in-law only joined us in the drawing-room afterwards.

Our first proceeding was to dress ourselves properly for this festival, and as soon as we got to the house we were taken into a dressing-room, were divested of our own gowns, and were draped in saris. Mine was a most successful arrangement. The sari was lovely, being made of a sort of silk muslin with silver borders; and I submitted entirely to the hands of the costumier, so that when I was finished I found myself in a very pretty and cool costume. We also put on a little extra jewellery, which was lent us, and proceeded to the dining-room. The floor-table was very large, for each person requires a great space to dine in this fashion; the cloth laid on the carpet nearly filled the room,

and on it were candelabra, and in front of each seat from twenty-five to thirty little silver bowls filled with all sorts of, to our eyes, rather messy foods. One large silver dish, with a pile of rice in the centre of it, was before each person, and the edges of this we had to use instead of ordinary plates. I was seated at the top of the 'table' by myself, with a velvet cushion behind me, and I was afterwards much complimented on the ease with which I managed my dinner, seated like a Buddha on a mat. I was told that I did it 'as well as any Bengali,' and that I looked like a 'Hindu goddess.' It was difficult to eat, for the food had to be manipulated with unaided fingers, and yet the dishes were of rather a soft and greasy kind, and some of them would have required a spoon rather than a fork to lift them with, had either implement been allowed. The native ladies showed great dexterity in working up these savoury morsels with the dry rice, so as to form little balls, but we were not equal to that, and had to eat in a much more untidy fashion.

I can scarcely tell you what the things were, but there were very small portions of a great number of dishes, and when one came to eatables which one could recognise, one found about twenty samples of fruits on the same plate—two strawberries, two slices of cucumber, two bits of tomato, a few almonds, part of a rose-apple, a bit of melon, a pistachio nut, &c. ; homœopathic helpings of each variety. Then in the way of sweets there were dishes of all sorts of sugary cakes, and cocanoot-paste fruits, and bowls of a sweet milky stuff with bits of green nut floating in it. I dipped my greasy fingers into one dish after another, and finally washed them in a silver basin provided for the purpose.

We all enjoyed this dinner very much, and when it was over we received, in addition to the wreaths of flowers which already adorned our necks and heads, large bouquets, and a piece of pan, to say nothing of bits of spice handed round in a silver vessel. Our hostess's sweet-looking mother, pretty young sisters, and sister-in-law talked to me in the drawing-room, while the band played outside ; and about ten o'clock we took off our native costume and returned home, our hostess insisting upon presenting us each with the saris we had worn.

Tuesday, 13th.—This afternoon we went to see the Maharani of Kuch Behar's relations, who live at Lily Cottage. Her father was Keshub Chunder Sen, who was the founder of the Brahmo Somaj form of religion, and whose memory is greatly venerated by his followers. The widow is a very sweet-looking person, and all the family are nice. The two grandmothers, an aunt, some cousins, and several sisters were collected together to meet me,

and we were immediately covered with garlands and hung with necklaces and bangles, made partly of flowers and partly of tinsel, which gave all the effect of large rubies and emeralds on pearl chains. A crown of the same kind was prepared for me, which, however, I could not attempt to place on the top of my fashionable bonnet. We had tea and some native sweets, and we went all over the house, and I saw the bed of the widowed mother, which is of hard board, as in her 'sorrowful condition she would not make use of any luxury;' and then we descended to the garden, in which stands a monument over the ashes of Keshub Chunder Sen. Off this garden is the chapel, in which his marble pulpit is covered with flowers and pictures, and where stands the silver flag of the 'New Dispensation.' Prayers are performed here every morning, but no one is as yet allowed to use the Prophet's pulpit. One lady present was a very nice-looking woman, and as she spoke English it was possible to talk with her. She wore a beautiful crimson satin embroidered sari, and did the honours very gracefully. They were all most kind and friendly, so that our visit was very pleasant. Some of the sweets were sent to us after, and a white sugar statue of a scantily clothed lady was placed before D. at dessert.

Wednesday, 14th.—I was dragged from my bed at 6 A.M. to go and see a paper steeplechase, the winner of it to get a handsome cup. Lord William returned from Meerut at that very hour, mounted at once the box-seat of his coach, drove us to the 'meet,' rode in the chase, and won the cup. He got a bad cut on his arm from a branch of a tree, but hid his wounds and drove us home.

In the afternoon I had my Committee meeting, and we discussed several questions of importance to the Fund. We also had the rehearsal for a concert, and just as people were collecting for this the most desperate rain and hailstorm came on. It is so curious, when every one is crying out at the heat, to see the lawn covered with large hailstones.

Thursday, 15th.—Sir Auckland Colvin arrived this morning to stay with us. A new aide-de-camp came by the same train—Lord Binning. We had a very large dinner party and a concert after, and this is probably our last evening entertainment here. The platform for the singers was at one end of the ball-room, and opposite to it, in the distant drawing-room, the conversationally inclined could talk at their ease without disturbing the musically inclined who sat near. In the room behind was the buffet. Colonel Chatterton, who had arranged it all for me, had made out a very pretty light programme—a few solos to begin with,

followed by some selections from 'Dorothy,' in which a great number of singers took part. We had asked about 400 people to the concert, and we had a good night for it, with just a little breeze. Our maximum heat in the shade just now is about 91°, and at night it goes down to 72°.

Friday, 16th.—Prince Ernest of Schleswig-Holstein arrived here with two gentlemen, one a Baron Leipziger and the other a Professor Friederich, a painter.

A little entertainment had been got up on the race-course for us. It was called 'Sky Races of the Gymkhana Type,' and there were the 'Viceroy's Stirrup Cup,' the 'Dufferin Stakes,' the 'Farewell' something else, and the 'Salaam.' The Stirrup Cup was a ladies' nomination race, in which Hermie won a pretty brooch.

The committee called together to vote an address to the Viceroy, have voted me a separate address all to myself, and, moreover, intend to ask me to sit for my picture to be hung up in some public building here. This is an unprecedented compliment—too great a one, I fear.

Saturday, 17th.—We remained in town to-day to give the Calcutta Volunteers their prizes, and at the ceremony a very unexpected presentation was made to me. The corps was drawn up on the parade-ground, 600 strong. D. made them a little speech, to which Colonel Chatterton replied, and I gave the winners the silver cups, medals, and bags of rupees they had gained. At the end of this business part of the meeting Colonel Chatterton asked to be allowed, on behalf of the whole corps of the Presidency Volunteers, to present me with a bracelet; and his little daughter put on my arm such a lovely one, with an inscription inside, which they had all, from the drummer-boys upwards, subscribed to give me. It is composed of diamonds and sapphires and pearls. This was really a very undeserved tribute, and all the kinder is it on that account.

Monday, 19th.—We said good-bye to Sir Auckland Colvin yesterday morning, as he was to leave Calcutta at night and we were going to Barrackpore before lunch. We took Prince Ernest of Schleswig-Holstein and Baron Leipziger with us, and also invited the German Consul, Mr. Gerlich, to come with them. The visit was short, and went off very well, and we returned this morning to our usual round of duties.

In the afternoon we had a garden party, which was our farewell entertainment here. It got pleasantly cool as the sun went down, and we walked about in the twilight in regular Indian fashion.

Tuesday, 20th.—I visited the family of Sir Jotendra Mohun Tagore in the afternoon. He has been on my Committee, and I have therefore known him pretty well, and have found him a great help to me. I had often heard of his mother as being a native lady of the old school. I expressed a wish to make her acquaintance, and was delighted with my visit to her and with the kind manner in which I was received at his house.

Wednesday, 21st.—I spent the afternoon in presiding at my last Calcutta Committee meeting and in visiting a charitable institution ; and afterwards I went to a charity concert, which was rather painful, as there were more singers than listeners, and the poor man for whose benefit it was given must have looked on with despair.

Thursday, 22nd.—There was a great meeting in the Town Hall to-day to propose addresses to D. and to me, and to suggest that a statue of him should be erected in Calcutta, and that a picture of me should be hung in the Town Hall.

D. and I visited the Victoria College for girls, and were met there by the Maharani of Kuch Behar and all her relations. After a little singing and reading we retired to the kitchen, where they showed us the Hindu way of cooking, the ladies doing it all themselves. They made fried potatoes, and chupatties, and popped corn, which we tasted. An address was presented to me on a silver salver which bore my initials, and D. replied to it, and we went away.

Friday, 23rd.—I must pass rapidly over a morning visit I paid unexpectedly to the Zenana Hospital, over a hurried sitting to a photographer 'by request,' over inspections of the Pratt School and of the European Orphan Asylum in the afternoon, and over a pleasant visit received from Mrs. Ghose, a native lady, to tell you of the splendid reception we had at the Town Hall in the evening.

We entered by the grand staircase at ten o'clock, were received at the door by a large number of Rajahs, judges, and other Indian dignitaries, and were conducted between lines of Volunteers up the staircase to the big room, which was beautifully decorated, and which was cram full of people, European and native. The stairs were carpeted with our colours, blue and yellow, and these were largely used in the other decorations. A page, in white satin, presented me with a lovely bouquet of orchids, and many of these beautiful flowers were to be seen in the room. Two of our own largest and grandest chairs (Burmese thrones) were on the dais, and behind them were tiers of smart ladies, while before us was a dense crowd of friends. Sir Steuart Bayley read the

address to the Viceroy, and presented it to h'm in a very handsome silver casket. You can read it for yourself, and I need not therefore tell you how complimentary it is, and how satisfactory it is to receive such a tribute from such an influential and mixed body of this community. D. read his reply; but although his voice seemed very loud and distinct, the acoustic properties of the hall are so bad that I fear it was only heard by those in the immediate neighbourhood of the dais.

Then Sir Alec Wilson read an address to me; it is a very beautiful one, and although it turns my molehill works into mountains, yet it does so in a very delightful way. I read my own reply, for it seemed to me that to get some one else to say 'Lady Dufferin is very much obliged to you' would not at all express my feelings of gratitude. My silver box is such a lovely one! I hope you will see it adorning the Roman Embassy some day.

I have been asked to sit for my picture too, to be placed in the Town Hall amongst all the Lieutenant-Governors and *male* celebrities of the past! Is not that enough to turn my head? A statue of D., for which Rs. 60,000 have been subscribed, is to be placed on the Maidan.

At the end of the addresses there was much applause and many cheers for us both. Then we walked about and shook hands and expressed our thanks as far as we were able to do so, and went home feeling greatly touched by the ovation we had received.

Saturday, 24th.—We started in our launch as if for Barrackpore, but in reality for a place half-way there called Uttarpara, where a Member of the Legislative Council, the Honourable Peary Mohun Mookerjee, was to entertain us. The landing-place was crowded with natives, and a salute was fired, and we were received at a large house, which contains the Uttarpara Public Library, but which belongs to our host's father, a blind man, who received us at the door. The Municipal address was presented in the drawing-room, and we went there through the library and up the stairs, looking at the pictures by the way; oleograph portraits of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury, an oil picture of Madame Grand, a portrait of myself, one of D., and one of the blind father by Mr. Archer, were on the walls. As soon as D. had received and answered his address, I went into the zenana, where all the ladies of the family were assembled. The daughter of the house read my address in English, and I read my reply, which no one in the room understood. I am in hopes this entertainment was really a treat to the purdah ladies, for there was a band playing,

and acrobats performing on the lawn, and crowds of people and steamers arriving, and they could see all this from their verandah. The Calcutta company came a little later than we did, and the business part of the reception being over, we all met in the garden and had ice and tea, and talk and music, till it was time for us to go on. We enjoyed the afternoon very much. It is really getting very hot—96° in the shade.

A large deputation of Mahometans came down from the Punjab to present D. with an address, and another Mahometan one comes on Monday.

Sunday, 25th.—An uneventful day at Barrackpore, but probably our last visit to this lovely little place.

Tuesday, 27th.—D. went out before breakfast this morning to visit the slums of Calcutta. These are terrible places called kintals, where the refuse of the European and Eurasian population live in wretched sheds, and in lanes three feet wide. D. was provided with a little tablet of camphor to smell at as he passed through them. He then went on to a burning ghât, where he saw 'a poor little woman' being cremated.

In the afternoon I visited an interesting charity which has some connection with the kintals. It is a home for destitute girls, and most of the inmates are taken from these terrible places, and all from drunken and disreputable parents. These degraded creatures are very glad to give up their daughters while they are small, but as they grow up they want to get them back to make money out of them, and Mr. and Mrs. Harrington have often trouble in preserving the girls from this fate. I looked at their writing and sums, and heard them sing, and was much pleased with all I saw and heard, especially when I found that there are no paid teachers in this institution. There is a matron who lives in the house and helps with the younger ones, but all the lessons are given by ladies who devote certain hours a day to it, and they must have been very regular in their attendance to produce such excellent results. It is real charity in a climate like this to give time and labour to such a purpose. I feel as if I was only just finding out how many good people there are here.

I met D. afterwards at the School of Art, where a great number of students are being trained in drawing, wood engraving, carving, silver work, &c.

In the evening we had Sir Alec and Lady Wilson, Mr. Steel, Mr. Evans, and Sir Alfred Croft to dine with us, and after that came a very interesting entertainment to which I had invited about twenty of our friends.

The Maharajah Sir Sourendra Tagore has an 'Academy of

Music' in Calcutta, and this body came to present an address, to sing an ode, and to give a short concert. The programme will show you that it was an uncommon one, and the names of the instruments will convey no ideas to your mind.

PROGRAMME :

Singing of the Benedictory Stanzas.

Performance on the Sitar.

A Solo on the Vina.

A Dhurpada Song.

A Duet on the Sitar.

A Solo on the Sarod.

A Solo on the Nyastaranga.

All the musicians, or rather the members of the Academy, were placed in front of the throne on which the Viceroy sat, and we all seated ourselves at the sides. The address was first read in Sanscrit. But if you will read the translation of some extracts from it here below, you will see that we lost much by not understanding it at the time :—

May Victory and Prosperity attend Thee.

TO THE MOST PUISSANT, THE MOST MAGNANIMOUS, AND THE MOST GLORIOUS

EARL OF DUFFERIN,

Representative in India of Her Most Gracious Majesty,—Who is all that is good, Who is beyond compare, Who illumines the world with the splendour of Her wealth and arms, and Who is the embodiment of transcendent kindness.

O Fountain of all Virtues ! The Academy of Music (which has been arrayed in unspeakable beauty by having Thee for her High Protector—even as the full-blown lotus is touched into beauty by the rays of the Sun) now, bowed down with unutterable grief at the prospect of losing Thee, drenches the earth with her tears of sorrow.

Alas ! Thou art leaving these shores for Thy country, and the waves of sorrow will overwhelm us. What can we offer Thee meet for Thy acceptance ? For all that we have we owe to Thee. Therefore, offer we to Thee, in all sincerity and affection, the only

treasure that we possess—our steadfast Loyalty—garbed in the dulcet air (*Kalyán*), and freighted with prayers for Thee. O accept our offering!

MAY BLESSINGS BE THINE.

Most of the instruments are varieties of the guitar, and they are not very powerful. The solos were generally accompanied by the drum, the man playing on it with his fingers as if it were a piano. The *Nyastaranga* is the most extraordinary of all, and you will probably mutter something about travellers' tales when I tell you of it. The performer puts the mouthpieces of two trumpets to the outside of his throat, and with a very little puffing and blowing and moving of his vocal cords, he manages to play tunes on the two trumpets, without any sound proceeding from himself. He played 'God save the Queen' in this way with great success. We all tried it afterwards, but could produce no sound, while the man himself could do it with the instrument against his cheek.

When the music was over we had some tea and talk, and so ended our last little party here.

Wednesday, 28th.—The Maharani of Kuch Behar's family came to see me to-day, and I took them all over the house, which interested them much.

Then I gave away prizes at the Armenian School, where I was very kindly received. To-night we dine with the Bayleys, and to-morrow we leave Calcutta! We still have some little hope of returning for a short time, and I should like to do so; but we can settle nothing at present.

CHAPTER XV

SIMLA, 1888

MARCH 29 TO NOVEMBER 12

Thursday, March 29th, to Thursday, April 12th.—As I have been going over old rounds this week, I will not trouble you with many details, and will attempt no descriptions of the sights I have been showing Hermie. Directly after breakfast on Thursday, 29th, we took what will probably be our last farewell of Calcutta. A great crowd of native gentlemen and our English

friends were collected on the steps of that lovely house to say good-bye to us.

The carriages and the troops, the band and the red cloth, and the crowd were drawn up as usual.

We journeyed on to Allahabad, where our party divided. Sir Donald had been very ill in the train, and was carried off in a dhoolie to the hospital. D. and his Staff made for Rewah for two days' tiger-shooting, and Nelly, Hermie, and Major Cooper went on to Agra with me.

The Maharajah of Bhurtpore entertained us, and we were very comfortable in a nice house of his, where we managed to keep pretty cool. We saw the Taj, and the Fort, and the tomb of Etma Dowlah, and we looked in at a moonlight picnic at Secundra, where a number of people were enjoying themselves in the dark, for the moon did not rise till eleven; and we went all over the Female Medical School and Hospital; and the girls did the gaol with Sir John Tyler, while I saw various people connected with the Fund.

On Monday evening we left, and, having spent the night in the train, we got out at Cawnpore in the morning and visited that sad place, the Memorial Church and the Memorial Well.

I got a telegram from D. at the station, saying that on their first day's shoot they had killed two tigers, one of which had fallen to his own gun.

We reached Lucknow at eleven o'clock, and came to Sir Auckland Colvin's house. Archie appeared for luncheon, and we drove out afterwards to see him play polo and to visit Dick Houston. The latter is ill in Clandeboye's bungalow, and is going on well, his temperature being normal, but it must be very tiresome for him to be laid up so long in a strange place.

This morning (April 4th) there was a public meeting in connection with my Fund here. It was at 7.30 A.M., a trying hour, I think, for speeches; and when Nelly in polite accents told Sir Auckland, who had spoken for an hour, that she supposed 'the time did seem much shorter to the person speaking than to those who were listening,' he was much amused by the candour of the remark and said he should never forget it.

There is a warm wind, but I find that the stuffiness of the house is the most trying part of the heat here. Personally, I prefer hot air to none at all, but those who understand the climate always shut up every window, and I suppose they know best. We have good accounts of Sir Donald, and he will be able to come here with D. to-morrow.

D. has written me an account of his day's shooting, and I

B B

cannot do better than copy it for you. He says: 'We spent yesterday very quietly, and I made up my mail, but in the evening we drove out about seven miles to this place, which is on the edge of the jungle. We have been doing things very leisurely, for we did not start this morning till ten. We drove a few miles, then rode another mile, and walked a few hundred yards further to the place which was to be the scene of our exploits. You must imagine a rough basaltic plateau at the foot of the hills, sparsely covered with clumps of jungle, and with a not very deep nullah or gorge running through it. Near the edge of this nullah there rises a black and nearly precipitous rock to a height of some sixteen or twenty feet, on the top of which we found a carpet, chairs, and a battlemented parapet. Similar basaltic rocks marked the face of the country in every direction. Having seen us fairly established, our host started off to the head of the gorge, where a crowd of beaters with tom-toms, drums, and bugles were drawn up, and, after waiting about an hour, we heard them tottoing as they approached us. Owing to the lie of the ground and other precautions, any tiger that came was bound to pass in a particular direction, i.e. along a fairly open space on our left, and not far from our castle. I had been particularly enjoined not to fire at the tiger as he approached us, but to wait until he should give a good side-shot as he trotted along his allotted path. We—that is to say, Binning and I—therefore maintained a vigilant look-out, and all of a sudden we saw a great deal of excitement in the neighbourhood of another rock corresponding to our own, but some two hundred yards off, and presently Major Barr came back and informed us that there were two tigers who had ensconced themselves in a passage or cave in this rock, and that they were going to frighten them out by firing blank cartridge at them. Accordingly, a few minutes afterwards, a tremendous fusillade began, in which Bill Beresford and the Doctor joined, but the beasts would not move. At last, however, one of them, the tigress as we thought, bolted—at first in the wrong direction, but eventually she was turned, and we saw her cantering up the hill towards us. Remembering my host's injunctions not to fire at her end on, but to wait until she turned along the path indicated, I abstained from shooting, but the disloyal brute, flying in the face of Providence, kept on her way and passed immediately under the rock on the wrong side, so that my chance was gone. Luckily Major Barr, who was on a sister rock just behind me, managed to get a shot at her as she was going away, and knocked her over. In the meantime the party round the rock in front of our machân were still trying to turn the other creature out, but

he refused to move, and at last they sent an elephant round for me to kill him in his hole. Climbing up the basalt mount, on the top of which the whole society was now congregated, I was told to look down into a narrow cleft at my feet, and there I saw a tiger's one eye gleaming at us out of the darkness. At first it was very difficult to distinguish anything more than this sinister light, but after my sight had got a little accustomed to the gloom I saw half of his forehead about sixteen or eighteen feet below me. Taking a steady aim, I fired, but nobody could see whether he was killed or not, for he was too far down to be reached either by a lance or by any pole, nor was it possible to distinguish any portion of him on account of the narrowness of the crevice. At last a gentleman appeared with a bow and arrows, and when the beast made no sign after two or three of these missiles had been fired at him, public opinion began to credit his demise, of which hitherto they had been very doubtful. Indeed, great pressure was put upon me to fire another shot at him, but I did not wish to spoil the skin, as I was sure I had already hit him. This proved to be the case, for my bullet had entered exactly between his eyes, and had broken up his whole skull and brain. He was eventually dragged out, but alas! when brought into camp, the sexes of the two beasts were found to be the reverse of what we had imagined, the one Barr killed being the male and mine the tigress. It was not a very sporting achievement, but it was a singular incident in tiger-shooting. We then lunched, and came quietly home to our bungalow in the afternoon. The day was cloudy, so that we suffered no inconvenience either from the sun or the heat, and are all very flourishing.'

I received this letter in the morning of Thursday, and D. himself arrived in the evening.

In the early morning I went to see a hospital and training school for nurses, which is a most promising institution.

Friday, 6th.—I took a 'European morning' after having had three days of going out before breakfast, and read and wrote all the day till five o'clock, when we went to see the 17th Lancers do a musical ride. That is always a pretty sight. In the evening Sir Auckland had an illuminated garden party. The trees were hung with little lamps of various colours, and great candelabra were placed about the lawn. It all looked very gay, and the talukdars and descendants of the Kings of Oude, with smart clothes and diamond headdresses, beautified the scene. Two bands were playing in the garden, and we had a very pleasant party.

Saturday, 7th.—We went all over the Residency this after-

noon, Colonel May explaining the various positions to D., but as I told you all my impressions of the siege as derived from General Wilson, I will not repeat them. The old Baillie Guard were again assembled, and this time D. was able to see them and to speak to them.

A native lady came to see me. She was carried in a large muslin-covered palanquin, which was set down at the drawing-room window, and when she was about to crawl out of it a piece of stuff was held up to hide her from all curious eyes. She was very small, and very talkative, and bright and pleasant-looking, and as she was anxious to salaam the Viceroy I asked if he might come in, but she said 'No, he must be behind the purdah.' I opened D.'s door, pulling a curtain in front of it, and she shook hands with him round the edge of it. The Rani chatted away quite comfortably to the shadow of the Viceroy, who could see through the red stuff that it was a very tiny creature he was conversing with.

In the evening the talukdars of Oude gave a party and presented a very complimentary address to D. A deputation of them in fine clothes and diamond head-dresses came to fetch him, and drove after him to the hall, which, with the gardens surrounding it, was beautifully illuminated. The place was crowded with people, and the way was lined with men of the 17th Lancers; at the end was a dais with three very smart thrones upon it. The Viceroy sat on the biggest, with a gold umbrella over him, and leant his arms on the heads of golden lions; the Lieutenant-Governor and I took our places on either side of him. The address was read, first in English and then in Persian, and D. read his reply. After this we were decorated with the most splendid golden garlands. They are said to be worth Rs. 300 each, and are made of gold braid, with large round pieces of stiff embroidery. They are very long and heavy, and men always look very strange and Lord Mayorish in them. Ornamented with these magnificent wreaths, other people decorated with less beautiful ones, and all the Lancer guard with golden garlands on, we went on to the verandah to look at fireworks. They always give me the idea of a world gone mad: to see a garden suddenly burst out into wheels and flames and sparks, to see everything twisting and twirling and puffing and snorting, and to hear a bang here and an explosion there, and a whiz of a rocket somewhere else—has something of demoniacal possession about it, especially when, as is often the case, the sulphur and smoke nearly choke you as you gaze bewildered at the restless scene. I am sure Indian fireworks are much more fdgety than any others.

Sunday, 8th.—At this time of year one's life is entirely ruled by the sun. We go to church before breakfast in order to avoid him, and we stay in all day till five o'clock, and keep the windows shut, and only just before his bedtime do we venture to walk or drive. It is not really very hot, but the weather is most disagreeable, for between 9 A.M. and 6 P.M. a strong wind blows, and the air is full of dust, which has all the effect of a mist; if the window is open for a moment everything blows about, the doors bang, and the curtains fly, and one's writing-paper is covered with grit, and it is altogether very irritating. This is the way the hot season begins, and day by day the wind gets hotter and hotter, till it scorches you as though it came out of an oven. The sound of a strong wind on a warm day is very depressing—there is something unnatural about it.

We have been so disappointed. We were just going to start for Kashmir, but cholera has broken out on the route, and we have to give up our journey there. We are too large a party to go anywhere else at a moment's notice, and so we are forced to return to Simla at once. Even that place is full of disappointment and difficulties. The new house is not ready, and we have to get into the old one once more. Three of our bungalows are let, and Blanche and Fred will be a long way off, and we shall feel very unsettled and uncomfortable. Our servants are on leave, and our goods on the road, and our horses and saddles are on their way to Kashmir, so it is all most inconvenient. We shall also put out all the people who mean to go up to Simla on Saturday, as the road must be cleared for us, and they may not be able to get another dāk for a long time.

Tuesday, 10th.—D. has been very busy during his stay, making himself thoroughly acquainted with Lucknow. He has studied the siege and all the positions, and has been to the Courts of Justice to see the native magistrates sitting, to a District Board, and to a round of schools, beginning at the primary and going upwards. He received another Mahometan deputation, who presented a very complimentary address.

Wednesday, 11th.—We left Lucknow this morning, and are, alas! bound for Simla. Every day the news about our house gets worse and worse, and its state of unpreparedness is hopeless.

Travelling is pretty hot now, but we arrange to have short days, and stopped at Moradabad for the night.

Saturday, 14th, to Thursday, May 3rd.—Here we are once more, having slept at Pinjore and driven up on a lovely day. Simla looks quite pretty this year, so much greener than usual,

and with rhododendron-trees covered with the most lovely flowers.

The little cottage into which we have to squeeze is a tighter fit than ever, and the girls' maids greatly object to sleeping in the same room, and cannot believe that I am not concealing from them vast empty apartments which they might inhabit.

We could not resist walking up to see how the new building looked, and I must say the outside is in a very unpromising condition. Stones and stone-cutters, and sheds, and scaffolding, occupy the whole front ; the road is like a mountain torrent, and the boilers for the electric machine are only now being dragged up the hill. Inside also there is much to be done, and if we get into it in two months we shall be lucky. I do want to live there very much, for the house is beautiful, and the views from it are quite splendid. Simla scenery is seen to greater advantage from it than from any other place I know.

Owing to our sudden return here our establishment is not at all complete. The body-guard is absent. Some horses and saddles are making a tour in Kashmir. The stores are on the road. Half the servants are on leave, and the furniture in my rooms is partly in old covers matching the curtains here, and partly in new ones matching those in the other house. I no sooner arrange the drawing-room than a large sofa disappears and leaves a vacant space, and I am told it is gone to be re-covered —so I feel that I shall get more and more uncomfortable and untidy-looking until I take up my abode in that palace on Observatory Hill.

We are dropping into all our old ways here, riding round Jakko, and working at something or other all the morning.

We are beginning to think about the Annual Charity Garden Fête, which is to be on May 26, and by way of novelties I am going to have a dog show, and an exhibition of silver. Lord William has some beautiful bowls and racing cups, and we have some lovely address boxes, so that it will be quite worth seeing.

The Duke of Orleans stayed a few days in Simla on his way to join the 60th Rifles at Chakrata. His shooting expedition was most successful. They killed twenty-one tigers, besides hundreds of deer and small birds. The Duke got eight tigers to his own gun, and had on one occasion a real adventure. There was a tiger in a sort of *cul de sac*, and he attempted to enter it on his elephant. The ground was soft, and the elephant knelt on his fore-legs to get down some little bank ; at this moment the tiger jumped on to the howdah in which the Duke was, broke his gun, and happily also the side of the howdah. When that

gave way the tiger fell off backwards, the elephant ran away, a branch of a tree swept the Duke out of the remains of the howdah on to the back of the elephant, and two guns were fired off in the scrimmage. He had a wonderful escape.

I must not get on too fast, however, and must tell you that on Friday afternoon I had a very long and busy afternoon with my Committee. Major Cooper retired from it on this occasion, and Mr. Lawrence took his place.

I proposed a vote of thanks to the former, who has given me invaluable assistance from the first inauguration of the medical work until now. Sir Charles Aitchison seconded it, and spoke very nicely of the courtesy and attention Major Cooper had always shown in his official relations with the branches.

My new secretary, Mr. Lawrence, came to do business with me for the first time a day or two later. I am very lucky in getting him. He is really interested in the Fund, and is working up the whole thing in a most practical way.

Thursday, 24th.—The day of the State Ball, and particularly interesting to me as Hermie 'came out' at it. The ball was a very good one, people seemed so gay, and the night was so lovely that many sat out, and our little house did not get too crowded.

Friday, 25th.—The house is turned upside down for my annual fête! In the conservatory all my goods are collected. In the drawing-room a platform has been put up for the singers in the café chantant. The ball-room is now a regular theatre, with a stage at one end, and rows of chairs filling it. The dining-room is entirely taken up as an exhibition, silver cups, boxes, trowels, &c., being displayed on tiers of shelves put up there. We, the inhabitants, have to live in the A.D.C.s' room, which is the only unoccupied one downstairs. Our lawn has three large and two small Shamianas put up on it for our tea, our stalls, the fish-pond, the raffles, and the old woman who lives in a shoe. The bank is in a summer-house there, and a photographer is to perambulate the grounds and to take pictures. A fortune-teller will sit in a recess on the verandah, and all our terraces, which are at one end of the house, are taken up for the dog show. If only the weather will hold up, 'there's millions in it.'

In the evening we had a rehearsal of the little piece to be performed to-morrow afternoon, which is called 'The Rose of Stinging-nettle Farm,' and the actors, Colonel Chamberlain, Mr. Williams, Mr. Luke, Mr. Hobday, and Mr. Hemming, dined with us before.

Saturday, 26th.—The weather perfect, and all our preparations going on apace. Jack and Lord Binning worked away putting

tables and chairs, Chinese lanterns, and other decorations in their café chantant, and every one else was as busy as they. The dogs began to arrive about twelve, and the barking sounded most cheerful, especially as each barker had paid two rupees for showing himself. The judges began their work early, and had not nearly finished by lunch-time. We went down with them afterwards to have a private view. There were 120 dogs, and it was a very good show. The big ones lay under trees outside, and all the little ones were in stalls under a shamiana. Hermie was so disappointed at not being able to show her 'Peter,' as he has got prickly heat badly, and did not look pretty enough to be exhibited.

By four o'clock everything was ready, and the place looked very gay and fête-like. The Mayo School arrived first—fifty-four children treated by General Chesney, and each with a rupee in their pockets, given them by Lady Aitchison to take two dips from the fish pond. The fête authorities gave them a free tea, so they enjoyed themselves very much.

The more fashionable company arrived soon after, and all was bustle and amusement till eight o'clock. The pond, and the lucky-box, and the shoe, and the café chantant, and the dogs were all very attractive, and the children who came were laden with toys, and everybody seemed pleased and satisfied.

Our accounts are not quite made up yet, but we shall have over Rs. 4,000 for the hospital.

Friday, June 1st.—There were very heavy showers in the afternoon, but I managed to get to Mrs. Madden's house, where we had a distribution of the Work Society's clothes. It was very satisfactory—there were such piles of well-made, nice things for the four charities we help.

Monday, 4th.—Sir Frederick found that his annual Eton dinner would be so small this year that he asked all the ladies of the Etonians' families to dine too. There were ten 'Eton boys' present, and Sir F. made a nice little speech. Lord Binning had a dress rehearsal, and could not come, but we took Dick Houston instead. Sir Frederick's son was the youngest present, and D. and Mr. Bayley, a Bombay judge, were, I suppose, the seniors. Colonel Morton, who sat on one side of me, had also been at Mr. Walton's, D.'s first school. It was a pity that Archie was not here in time for the dinner.

In the evening a few more people came, and there was dancing.

Tuesday, 5th.—The Simla races began to-day, and the weather caused every one the greatest anxiety. Captain Burn,

who has been starving for weeks, and who has just reached the proper weight, is most anxious to get the races over that he may eat and drink again, and other officers who have only come up to Simla on short leave, bringing their racehorses with them, are equally fearful of their being postponed. When there has been rain here, the ground gets so slippery that the sharp turns on the tiny Annandale course are positively dangerous, and all the riders are nervous on that score. However, they decided to risk it, and they did manage to have two races, but during the second one a tremendous storm came on, and Captain Burn won it in a downpour. The spectators all crowded into the stand, and watched with amusement the jockeys, grooms, and natives who had no shelter. One man turned up the tails of his long coat, squatted down on his heels, and sat thus, motionless, under a thin white cotton umbrella, through which the rain came freely, for a good quarter of an hour, and until the advancing puddles invaded his toes. Others got under the shamiana, where the cloths on the refreshment-tables had turned blue with the rain, and a large party of men walked about under a long rug which they had taken up from the ground. It *can* rain here, and you would scarcely believe how soon dry ground becomes a lake, and how the water pours off the roofs in sheets and comes out of the pipes in torrents. It was hopeless to wait till it was over, and we had to pass through some very respectable little rivers across our path as we went home. This rain is rather disagreeable coming so near the monsoon, which it will not diminish in the very least.

Sunday, July 15.—I went up to the new house this afternoon, and it did look lovely. It was one of Simla's most beautiful moments, between showers, when clouds and hills, and light and shade, all combine to produce the most glorious effects. One could have spent hours at the window of my unfurnished boudoir, looking out on the plains in the distance, with a great river flowing through them ; at the variously shaped hills in the foreground, brilliantly coloured in parts, and softened down in others by the fleecy clouds floating over them or nestling in the valleys between them. The approaching sunset, too, made the horizon gorgeous with red and golden and pale-blue tints. The result of the whole was to make me feel that it is a great pity that we shall have so short a time to live in a house surrounded by such magnificent views.

The house too, now that it approaches completion, looks so well, and perhaps this is a good opportunity to give you some idea of it.

The entrance-hall is the great feature of it. The staircase

goes up from it, and there are stone pillars dividing it from a wide corridor leading to the state rooms, and both hall and corridor are open to the top of the house, three storeys. This gives an appearance of space and height which is very grand. The corridor opens into the ball-room with a large arch; and a similar arch at one end of the ball-room opens into the big drawing-room, which is a lovely room, furnished with gold and brown silks, and with large bow-windows, and a small round tower recess off it. Sitting in it you look down the ball-room, the colouring of which is of a lighter yellow. It is a very fine room, and outside the dancing space there is plenty of room for sitting, as the wall is much broken up into pillars, leaving a sort of gallery round it. At one side, in one of these spaces, there are the large doors of the dining-room. It is a beautiful room. It has a high panelling of teak, along the top of which are shields with the arms and coronets of all the Viceroys and of the most celebrated Governor-Generals, and above that Spanish leather in rich dark colours. The curtains are crimson. There is a small drawing-room, furnished in blue. These are all on one side of the hall. On the other side is the Council-room, the A.D.C.s' room, Private Secretary's office, &c.

Upstairs, the Viceroy's study and my boudoir are next to each other, and my views are, as I have said, quite splendid. D.'s room is rather dark and serious-looking. The colouring of mine is a bright sort of brown, and it has a very large bow window and a tower-room recess, which is nearly all glass, like the one in the drawing-room. The girls will have a similar sitting-room above me, and all our bedrooms are equally nice.

The newest feature of the house, as an Indian house, is the basement. 'Offices' are almost unknown here, and linen, china, plate, and stores are accustomed to take their chance in verandahs or godowns of the roughest description. Now each has its own place, and there is, moreover, a laundry in the house. How the dhobies will like it at first I don't know. What they are accustomed to is to squat on the brink of a cold stream, and there to flog and batter our wretched garments against the hard stones until they think them clean. Now they will be condemned to warm water and soap, to mangles and ironing and drying rooms, and they will probably think it all very unnecessary, and will perhaps faint with the heat.

We are sending things up to the house, and hope to sleep in it on Monday.

Monday, 23rd.—We really inhabit the new Viceregal Lodge to-day, so I left the old directly after breakfast, just returning

there for an hour at lunch-time, and busied myself the whole day arranging my room and my things, and the furniture in the drawing-rooms. Happily the weather was very tolerable, and our beds got up here dry.

D. and the girls did not come near the place till dinner-time, when everything was brilliantly lighted up by the electric light. It certainly is very good, and the lighting up and putting out of the lamps is so simple that it is quite a pleasure to go round one's room touching a button here and there, and to experiment with various amounts of light.

After dinner we went down to look at the kitchen, which is a splendid apartment, with white tiles six feet high all round the walls, looking so clean and bright. We sit in the smaller drawing-room, which is still a little stiff and company-like, but it will soon get into our ways and be more comfortable.

Tuesday, 24th.—The fog closed round us this morning, determined that, though we might rejoice over the inside of our house, we should see nothing of the views from it. We had a little ride in the afternoon.

Wednesday, 25th.—Weather monsoonish to a degree. An ambulance lecture in the afternoon, and the 'Overland Route' in the evening. I was glad to see the play, as I have heard of it all my life. It is rather too long and a little old-fashioned now, but it was very well done. The scenery was really excellent, and one felt almost as if one was on a P. and O. when one looked at it. The acting, too, was very good.

Wednesday, August 8th.—I don't think I have given you any information about the weather for some time. It is perfectly dreadful. Even the official reports, which make out that days which one describes to one's friends as 'pouring wet' ones, have only been 'cloudy' or threatening, or perhaps 'showery,' cannot, when they come to figures, hide the fact that it is extremely damp. I have one of these veracious records before me, and what it says is this : 'Rainfall at Simla last 24 hours 4.12 inches.' This it calls 'drizzling' (a most improper official word, to say the least of it). Since June 1st it allows that 31.52 inches of rain have fallen upon us, and then it discourses upon the 'wind circulation' and the vagaries of the barometer. My unvarnished account of the same time is, that the rain falls in the most vicious manner, with the plain intent of entering our new house and of discovering every weak place in it ; that it carries away half our carriage-roads just at the time we want them ; that it entirely hides our lovely views and rather spoils our angelic tempers ; that it brought two large stones thundering down the side of a

khud on the highway, and that Hermie had to jump from her rickshaw to escape them ; that a stable in the neighbourhood has come down bodily ; and that a hotel, full of guests, is hanging by a thread to the side of a very shaky hill. These effects are all produced by 'drizzling.'

On Tuesday the Minister from Hyderabad who is here, with seven other gentlemen, was received in durbar, the first held in this house. Dr. Lawrie, the Civil Surgeon there, came with them, and I saw him after lunch. He has a Female Medical Class at Hyderabad, and the Minister is doing his very best to forward our Medical Scheme.

We had our first entertainment in our new house to-night. It looked perfectly lovely, and one could see that every one was quite astonished at it and at the softness of the light. First we had a large dinner—sixty-six people at one long table. The electric light is enough, but as candelabra ornament the table we had some on it. At one end of the room there was a sideboard covered with gold plate, &c., and at the other end double doors were open, and across the ball-room one saw the band which played during dinner.

We had all the Council and 'personages' of Simla, and the Minister, Asman Jah, from Hyderabad, who brought his suite. After dinner people began to arrive for the dance. When not dancing, every one was amused roaming about the new rooms, and going up to the first floor, whence they could look down upon the party.

Thursday, 30th.—I am afraid D. has had to decide upon sending a punitive expedition to the Black Mountain. The tribes there have been troublesome for some time, and lately killed two British officers ; still, even a tiny war is a painful necessity. However, all the soldiers are in a great state of excitement. Captain Burn and Lord Binning are both going, and I believe Edward Fletcher's regiment is likely to be ordered there.

We shall be left almost without A.D.C.'s. Archie, Captain Burn, Lord Binning, Fred, Edward, all will be absent in October. Major Cooper is dying to go to the Black Mountain, and Lord William will probably be in a fever over the little war which he is not at !

Monday, September 10th.—Sir Thomas Baker is staying with us. The weather is quite perfect now, and we are able to make afternoon engagements without any fear of being stopped by a deluge. We went to tea with Mr. Scoble, who had some pretty Indian cottons to show us.

Colonel Lang, who came out in the *Tasmania* with us, dined

here ; he is most cheery, and we talked over the events of our passage out and of the lessons in Hindustani which he used to give us on board. We were going on to a ball given to us by the Masons. It was in the Town Hall, and was a very pretty entertainment. When we arrived there, we were met at the door by a number of gentlemen in aprons, sashes, white cloaks and black cloaks, red tunics, stars, crosses, medallions, orders and emblems of all sorts and kinds. Some of them carried long silver sticks with a dove on the top of each, and these marched before us, and we went in procession down the room between lines formed by the rest of the brethren. When we reached the dais, the Grand Master made me a little speech, and presented me with a Masonic jewel, which I wore throughout the night. Then one brother asked if they 'should cease labour,' and the reply should have been that 'labour should cease and recreation should begin,' but Brother B., who had to say this, got confused, and said the usual word 'refreshment' instead of 'recreation,' which rather marred the solemnity of the proceedings. Then the Masons sang a short song and the dancing began.

I danced with the District Grand Master, who gave me much information as to the emblems and decorations. The room was very pretty indeed, and everything about it was allegorical ; it required a deal of explanation to understand it all. The balconies were covered with light blue, which meant one thing, and the place where I was to sit with darker blue, which meant another. And there were shields with strange devices hanging everywhere, and there were gridirons and hammers and tools of every description used as ornaments ; and all the brethren were so smart, and orders had been issued for officers to come in full dress, so it was a very gay sight.

We stayed till twelve, and then marched away in procession, the Masons singing a song and sending us off with three cheers. The ball-room was beautifully lighted and had an excellent floor, and all the arrangements were very good, and it was very amusing. The girls enjoyed it immensely, and were sorry to have to come away early.

The New Club was burnt down in the night, and many of the ball-givers went to help to put it out on their way home. The men who belong to it, and who were living in houses close by, are begging their breakfast this morning ; but I believe we are going to lend them tents, so they will set up for themselves again this afternoon.

We dined with General Chesney, who had a little concert afterwards.

Thursday, 13th.—We began the morning by sittings innumerable to a photographer. Groups of the Staff with us, groups of the Staff alone, the ladies, the red-coated servants and minor satellites — dhobies, cooks, godown men, &c., &c.—and lastly some of the body-guard. These will be very interesting souvenirs to have. Then the girls and I went off to Mushobra, to spend a day in the woods with Lady Roberts. We slept there, and so had twenty-four hours of country air. We lunched out, and had tea out, and walked about, and in the evening played a writing game.

Friday, 14th.—We did nothing all the morning—a delightful employment—and then dressed in our habits and walked to a picnic place, where we first ate lunch, and then tea, and after that rode home.

D. was glad to have us back. He has done nothing but his everlasting business, his usual police-accompanied walk, and some games of billiards.

I have forgotten to mention that I was 'at home' on Tuesday morning, and received 300 visitors, mostly ladies.

Monday, 17th.—The tennis tournament in our tennis court is going on now, and we went to see a game between the Maharajah of Kuch Behar and Mr. Irwin of the Foreign Office, both very good players. The former won. A few people came to see the match, and we had tea near the court for them. Sir Thomas Baker has left, and Sir Oliver St. John is staying with us.

Tuesday, 18th.—The children came to practise their Lancers and country dance for my fancy ball.

Wednesday, 19th.—Such a terribly wet day! There is a cyclone going on which has spread nearly all over the country, and we are now having the tail of it. The weather map is most curious, the direction of the wind being marked on it. A small circle begins in the Bay of Bengal, and, getting wider and wider, it reaches to the West of India and takes in the whole centre of the continent. We could not go out all day, and had our first bad night of the season for a large party.

General McQueen, who is to command the Black Mountain Expedition, sat by me. He is a very pleasant, nice, and cheery man. He knows most of the frontier tribes well, and told me some interesting things about them. He said that wounding their men punishes them much more severely than killing them, as they have the trouble of looking after the wounded, and the sight of them is a perpetual and disagreeable reminder of 'the English,' whereas the dead are buried and forgotten at once. He told me that two days after a fight with some Afridis the

chief brought a wounded man and laid him at his door, saying, 'There, you wounded him ; it is your business to cure him.' General McQueen had the man attended to for two months. Another of the late enemy came and borrowed money from the General to buy a wife (which he honestly repaid) ; but unfortunately the story did not end well, for she was No. 4, and the borrower told the General afterwards that he had never had a moment's peace since he took her home.

Many people were prevented by the weather from coming to the dance which followed the dinner.

Tuesday, 25th.—In the evening a splendid farewell ball was given us by the Simla Club ; in fact, by Simla society in general. The Town Hall was beautifully decorated with blue and yellow muslins, which were draped so as to cover the whole of the bare walls.

At either end were two large crescents and hearts, which are our crests. Every one was in full dress, and the room looked most brilliant. At supper General Chesney proposed D.'s health in a very nice speech, just the right length, light, and complimentary in a pleasant way. D. was equally fortunate in his reply. I hope both the speeches will be in the paper, and that I may send them to you. We remained till the very end, and all came away delighted with the entertainment.

D. had a telegram from Gnathong, which you may know better as Sikkim, to say that General Graham had had a decisive victory ; 400 of those foolish people, who would not make peace, were killed, while on our side we have only two severely, and eight slightly, wounded.

Thursday, 27th.—This afternoon I had my fancy ball for children. It was the most lovely sight, and all the dear little children that are here looked charming. There was one Cupid who was fascinating to a degree—Guy Anderson by name ; in a light pink silk body, flesh-coloured tights, and white feather wings he looked the character to perfection. He does not speak very plainly, and kept telling every one, 'I's tupid,' which he certainly did not look.

Guy was one of the most successful characters. As a Vice-regal A.D.C. he looked a real little gentleman, and D. says he had evidently 'formed himself' on Captain Burn and Lord William Beresford combined. His bows to me always secured the applause of the spectators, and I hope his photograph in the dress will do him justice. He wore the medals of the Crimean and Chinese wars ! Little Kuch Behar had the 9th Lancers uniform, perfect in every detail ; the girl was a gipsy. There

were more Cupids, and some dear little old-fashioned dresses, and several beautifully made uniforms, but it is impossible to attempt any real account of the costumes.

I divided the spectators into two sets, asking some at one hour and some at another ; the children came from 4.30 till 7.30. The first half of the entertainment was by daylight, but when tea was ready the curtains were drawn and the electric light shone forth, and the party went on crescendo ! The ball opened with a grand march, which showed off all the dresses and was exceedingly pretty. Then we had the singing Lancers and the Swedish Dance—a sort of Sir Roger. In every case the partners marched into the room singing. Tea was at six ; a hundred and fifty children were seated at round tables in the dining-room, and by that time they were very glad to sit still and eat and rest. When they came out, however, it seemed as if the tea, or the light, had got into their heads, for they all began to dance and jump about in a way they had not attempted before. One mite, dressed as the British baby, a sweet little thing, got so excited that her parents were bewildered, and said, ‘We don’t know what has come to her, she has become so independent,’ and so they took her to an empty drawing-room, where she ran wildly about, butting the sofas with her head and getting rid of her exuberant spirits in safety. Towards the end one child said to me, ‘We are asked to go at half-past seven : is it time ?’ but we had a good many extra dances, or romps, for them.

Monday, October 8th.—I went to Mrs. Madden’s early in the afternoon to assist at the distribution of the clothes provided by our little Work Society. It has been wonderfully successful, and this year we have had over one thousand new garments to give to the four charities for which we work.

After that I went on to a *matinée*, at which Colonel Gordon Young read a scene out of ‘The Rivals,’ and Mrs. Sinkinson and Mr. Burt sang a very pretty duet out of the ‘*Trovatore*.’

Sir Alec Wilson came up from Calcutta to stay with us. He has never been here before. The summer at Calcutta has been exceedingly hot, and the thermometer there is still over ninety, so he enjoys the change immensely.

Tuesday, 9th.—I was ‘at home’ to visitors this morning ; early in the afternoon D. received the Rajah of Nahun in *darbar*, and I had a very long Committee meeting. We were discussing some very important questions, and did a great deal of business. We gave some further grants-in-aid, which will be very welcome to the institutions which receive them, and decided upon setting up a permanent office and paid clerk. Then I took a long walk

with Sir Alec Wilson and Hermie, and only came in just in time to dress for dinner.

Wednesday, 10th.—In the evening we had a dinner and our last Indian dance. People are beginning to go, but still we had a goodly assembly, and every one seemed to enjoy it very much.

Thursday, 11th.—I went to give prizes at the Mayo School, the Bishop presiding. The school is as successful as it is possible for a school to be, and the inspector's report was satisfactory in every way. Colonel Waterfield is with us now.

Friday, 12th.—I have been on an expedition to-day. A religious festival is held once a year on the top of a steep hill in this neighbourhood, called Tara Devi. Sacrifices are offered to Devi, and the people who come to worship also manage to amuse themselves during the two days devoted to the feast. We started off from here at eleven o'clock; our riding party consisting of Sir James and Lady Lyall, Hermie, Mrs. O'Gorman, and myself, with Colonel Waterfield, Sir Alec Wilson, Major Cooper, and Mr. Pennell. We rode down the Tonga Road for some way, and then made a very steep ascent to a place where a tent was pitched, and where, before we moved on further, we had luncheon. The day and the view were lovely, and the roads were covered with gaily dressed people on the way to the fair. Later in the afternoon we walked up to it, and watched the forest of whirligigs, a series of baskets which revolve like the fans of a windmill, and which to a spectator are very suggestive of the *mal de mer*. They were filled with the most brilliant turbans and saris and pairs of legs packed away into the smallest possible space. The Rajah of the district, who presides over the ceremonies of the day, arrived soon, and proceeded to crawl into a little temple, where he said his prayers. When he emerged thence, a number of slender-necked goats were ready for him, and, as soon as he had anointed them, they were placed in front of a red wooden god, and with one blow of a sharp sword their heads were severed from their bodies and rolled at the feet of the god. The execution was so very instantaneous that it did not appear cruel, but we thought that the thick necks of two buffaloes which were next to be sacrificed presented more difficulties, so we retired from the scene before they were offered up. We walked down the hill, stopping half-way to have tea, and then rode home.

Saturday, 13th.—We had to-day our last big dinner here, and our last great function anywhere. I am impressing upon the reigning Viceroy that never more will he sit upon a throne and perform regal ceremonies, but he does not seem to mind in the least. He had to hold a Grand Chapter of the Orders of the

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Star of India and of the Indian Empire. It was in the evening, and the new house shone forth more successfully than ever as a Government House, and the ball-room proved an excellent place for holding durbars.

We had a dinner party first, at which several native gentlemen, talukdars from Oude, dined, as well as most of the gentlemen who were about to be decorated. We had also asked a great number of people to come in the evening to see the investiture. The Viceroy's throne was at the far end of the ball-room, and seats for two hundred persons were arranged down either side, which, when filled with 'full dresses,' looked very gay and pretty. I had a place near the throne. The Chapter of the Star of India was first held. A procession was formed which marched along the gallery and up to the throne. First came the Under-Secretary of the Foreign Department, then Mr. Durand, the Secretary of the Order, robed in white satin lined with pale blue; then followed the members of the two Orders and the Viceroy's suite, and lastly His Excellency the Grand-Master in his pale blue satin robes, and wearing the insignia of the Order of the Star of India.

As soon as all were seated, the Secretary informed the Viceroy of the business before the Chapter, and received permission to go on with it. First came the investiture of the Rajah of Nahun with the G.C.S.I., which entailed the putting on of the ribbon, robe, and collar of the Order, and took some time. After him came Sir James Lyall, who had to be knighted, and some other gentlemen who were made Companions. When this Chapter was over, the procession re-formed and walked out.

The next ceremony was the investiture of several gentlemen with the Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire. The Secretary, the Grand Master, and Sir Frederick Roberts wore the robes and insignia of that Order, which are nearly black, and which look very handsome. The same proceedings were gone through as before, and at the end the procession marched away to unrobe, and the spectators dispersed into the drawing-room and refreshment-room. The ceremony was really very beautiful to look at, and has made a good official ending to our duties here.

Monday, 15th.—I think I have already told you that Hermie and I were planning to desert our family and to go on a little trip into the interior. It is an expedition which has been arranged each year, and always given up at the last moment. This we feel is our one chance; and as neither D. nor Nelly will come, we have decided to go by ourselves, getting Major Cooper and Jaek to accompany us.

We were anxious to make the first day's journey as easy as possible, so Lady Elliott, who lives near Mushobra, asked us to luncheon, and by driving part of the way, then going in rickshaws, and then riding a short distance, we got to her house without any fatigue.

Fagu was the place we stopped at for the night. This was our first experience of stopping in dāk bungalows; and as we wanted to make the change from home as great as possible, we brought no provisions with us, and resolved to leave everything to the man in charge of the bungalow. I don't know whether you understand what a dāk bungalow is. It is a house kept up by the Government for travellers. The only furniture in it consists of chairs, tables, and bedsteads, and the traveller pays one rupee a day for the use of these. The food provided by the man in charge is paid for separately, but it is not necessary to consider 'the good of the house,' and people often bring their own provisions with them. Every one has a right to spend twenty-four hours in a dāk bungalow, but at the end of that time he must turn out if it is wanted for new arrivals. Should the house be quite full, it is ordained in the rules that half of it should be given to ladies; and travellers who are absolute strangers often have to double up together.

We found our apartments most comfortable, such good fires, and such a nice dinner, and our own warm blankets on the charpoy of the country. We dined and went to bed early, and had a very good night. I had had some doubts about this, for with Hermie in my room I also had to have 'Peter,' and as before bedtime he barked loudly at every sound, I feared he would have gone on doing so all night. Happily he was sleepy too, and remained quiet.

Tuesday, 16th.—We breakfasted at eight, and started on our way soon after. Fagu, and the way to it, was ugly, but to-day our ride began to be very beautiful—such fine mountain scenery and such lovely weather for enjoying it. The snowy ranges in the distance were clear, the nearer mountains of various beautiful colours, and all the little valleys and sides of the hills along which we rode particularly bright and warm-looking, with patches and small fields of brilliant orange and crimson, the colours of a particular crop, of which there is a great deal here but for which I cannot discover the English name.

We walked and rode till about one, when we stopped by the wayside and had a very good lunch and a long rest, and then we rode on again to Mattiana, where we spent the night. The bungalow here is most comfortable, and has a lovely view from it.

After we arrived we took a walk along the top of a spur, and passed by the tent of an unfortunate couple who have been turned out of the bungalow for us. This is the excuse, but the real truth is that they have been here for fifteen days, that they have paid for nothing, and that the man in charge is only too glad to get rid of them. They will have a very cold night, I fear.

Wednesday, 17th.—We have had a real hard day of mountain walking. There is a high road between Mattiana and Narkunda, but we had been strongly advised to climb over the range instead of going round it, and I think the views we saw did repay us for our labour. We started at nine o'clock on our horses, but very soon had to abandon them, as the paths were so excessively narrow and precipitous, in many places more like staircases than anything else. We had two dandies with us, in which Hermie and I were occasionally carried, but we walked a great part of the way. The scenery was really splendid, and some of the views of the snowy ranges most extensive and 'Himalayan.' What more expressive adjective can I find than that?

Our road lay through a fine forest, and some of the ascents we had to make were very steep indeed. We halted about twelve o'clock, and sat on a bank, enjoying the rest and the sunshine, while lunch was got ready. That meal was highly appreciated, and after it was over we remained where we were for an hour reading novels. Then we took up our long sticks again and determined to walk into Narkunda. Hermie managed it, but I had one lift in my dandy, for hill after hill and staircase after staircase succeeded each other; and although I was not very tired, I disliked the constant getting out of breath, which is so trying in these high mountains, and so could not climb them all without help. As we approached Narkunda the view of the snows became still finer, and from the bungalow there, which faces the whole range, it is quite lovely.

A neighbouring Rana sent me in a dolly consisting of a sheep and some fruits and spices; he had also built up a beautiful bonfire, which has just been blazing, and behind it we saw the distant snows. We rested for a couple of hours after our arrival, and then had a very good dinner and a game of cards before going to bed.

Thursday, 18th.—I think that on this trip, which is made by numbers of people every year, this day's excursion is considered the hardest work of all, but we found the climb up Hattoo much less severe than yesterday's walk. We had, as usual, an excellent breakfast at eight o'clock, and after it started off on our ponies.

We had a good road for about a mile, and then found ourselves at the bottom of one of those mountain staircases. I immediately got off 'No Name' and had recourse to a dandy, and Hermie soon followed my example. The gentlemen walked. It was a most beautiful road, through a fine forest of spruce and pine, evergreen oak and maple, with frequent open glades and grassy slopes, from which we looked out at the splendid range of snow-clad hills which encircled the horizon. The weather was absolutely perfect, brilliant sunshine beautifying every forest and valley as they lay before us, and making us very happy and comfortable.

When we were pretty near our destination, we got out of our dandies and walked up to the top of Hattoo. We there found ourselves on a long grass-covered spur of a high mountain, the immediate foreground broken by enormous rocks standing straight up from the earth, with patches of dark-green shrubs growing round them and out of every crevice in their sides. From a cairn, which is the remains of an old Goorkha fort, we gazed upon the wonderful view which surrounded us on every side. It is quite impossible to describe it, for the finest mountain scenery defies description. The snows formed a complete semicircle in the distance, while between them and us, and all round us, were every variety of hill and mountain, some covered with forest, some bare and bright-coloured in the sun, every one a different shape, and the sides of the nearer ones cultivated: while in the distance a distinct dark line like a shadow marked where even the hardiest tree refuses to grow. We sat looking at it all for a long time, making out the glaciers far away and the little villages near, and then we found that Simla was visible, and that our own new house could be seen like a little beehive on a far distant hill. Hattoo is 10,500 feet high, and is about forty-five miles from Simla.

We found a shady spot for luncheon, and there we spent three pleasant hours before we set forth on our way to Baghi. This place is beautifully situated, and we were able to sit out in the sun some time after we got there. I am now writing before dinner in Hermie's room and mine. Two charpoys, two chairs, and a table is all the furniture in it, but we have a good fire, and are most comfortable.

We brought one ayah with us, who is carried all the way in a jhampan, holding on her knee a round plated box, in the upper tray of which she has a comb and a looking-glass, and underneath that a series of compartments like those in a spice-box for her pan, betel-nut, &c. Our train as we go along the road consists

of a number of coolies who carry our baggage on their backs, of ten jhampanis in red who carry our dandies, and of our syces—Hermie's and mine also in red. My jemadar and some khidmatgars are with us, and attend to our wants and wait on us at table. But this retinue is, I assure you, a very small one, and we are supposed to be roughing it.

The view to-day well repays us for the journey, and the trees and general look of the country here are quite different from Simla. I am very sorry D. has never been here, for if he had he would feel he had seen the Himalayas, which at present he does not consider that he has done.

Perhaps you would like to know what we have for dinner in a dāk bungalow, and as each day's bill of fare is much the same as the last, it is very easy to tell you. Indeed, I may as well begin with breakfast, which is as substantial as all our other meals. Mutton-chops, chicken-cutlets, omelette, and chupatties are what we begin the day on; these support us till lunch-time, when the mutton of the day before becomes lamb, and is eaten with mint-sauce; cold chicken also graces the tablecloth round which we sit on the ground, and biscuits and very good butter finish the meal nicely. Dinner is a very solid one. First there is soup, and then follow a joint of mutton, curry, roast chickens or pheasants, and pudding. We have tried hard to see wherein lies the roughing it, and can only discover that we have to do without champagne and without cheese, and that for three days out of the five we have had no coffee after dinner. What destitution!

Friday, 19th.—The ride from Baghi to Narkunda is perfectly lovely. I have never seen such beautiful forest scenery. The trees themselves are very fine, and the hard-wood varieties are red and yellow, while the Virginia creeper drapes many a dark and stately fir in a temporary crimson garment. The cliffs and gigantic rocks too, through which the road lies, are most magnificent; and the glimpses of brilliant snow-covered mountains which one obtains through each opening in the wood make the whole scene one of surpassing splendour.

We rode quite slowly through this 'forest primæval' for eleven miles, reaching Narkunda about twelve. There we rested a couple of hours, and then rode on again another eleven miles to Mattiana. Here we have just arrived, and there is a great excitement outside my room at this moment.

I have told you what the dāk bungalow system is, but when a Viceregal party is coming the Commissioner gives notice that the bungalows on the way are closed to the public on the days we

want them. We manage to fill each one pretty well, but now a whole host has unexpectedly arrived, and it is too late for them to go on. The ayah says, 'Plenty people come, three big and seven little.' Hermie and I are not dressed, and cannot go out to see, but I suppose we must take less room and get them all in. The children are stamping about on the verandah, and 'Peter' is barking at them, and there is much confusion and, on our part, amusement. I must tell you the end of it all after dinner.

The party consisted of three grown-up ladies and seven children. They all squeezed into two rooms for the night, and did not seem to mind the discomfort at all. Indeed, I offered them a third, which they could have had after our dinner, but they said most cheerily 'they were all right.'

Saturday, 20th.—We had a twenty-five miles ride home, but we stopped for two hours in the middle of the day to rest and have lunch. I have immensely enjoyed my trip, but am very glad to be at home again.

Wednesday, 24th.—I gave the children of the Zenana Schools a treat this afternoon. Thirty little girls arrived in jhampons, arrayed in brilliant clothes, and making music wherever they went with anklets and bracelets and jewels of many kinds. They were not at all shy, and we began the afternoon by showing them the house and taking them through all our rooms. Then we went out of doors, and they played running games, and enjoyed themselves immensely. It was necessary, however, for comfort's sake to take off many of the anklets, they hurt so, and the teacher was soon in charge of a large bundle of these ornaments. I asked a few people who are interested in the mission to come too, and I had tea for them. The children ate nothing, but after distributing their prizes just before they went away I gave each one a bag of sweets and a smart cracker. All the girls got dolls, and those who are about to be married received a picture in addition to a doll, as a piece of furniture for their homes.

Thursday, 25th.—I had a different sort of party this afternoon. Six nuns came to see me and the house. They were to be here at four o'clock, but they started off from the convent so early that, when they got half-way, they thought it best to get out and wait in a shed on the road. It so happened that a Rajah was coming to see the Viceroy, and his suite was also waiting in the same place on the other side of the road. It must have looked very funny to the passers-by to see the nuns in their robes and large white caps and the gaily dressed natives opposite them, each gazing at the other from their different corners.

They were highly delighted with everything, and we took

them all over the house, and finally into the small drawing-room, where I had some tea. They had previously told me that it was against their holy rule to have tea with any one, but having led them to the table, I said to them that I knew they could not have a 'serious tea,' but I was quite sure they could have a cup standing, which compromise they gave in to. I had sent my rickshaws to fetch them, and I heard that when they left the men were racing down the hill with them, all the poor nuns holding on tight with both hands to the sides of the vehicles.

Sunday, 28th.—Such weather! The morning was rather gloomy, and we said that it was probably snowing somewhere, but did not in the least expect the storm that was coming upon us. When I looked out of my window after lunch, I saw that the houses in Simla were quite white with snow; and at that moment a drop or two of rain fell here, and then came on a combination of hail and snow and a tremendous thunderstorm. One crash was so loud that we thought some of the windows were broken.

Monday, 29th.—I went to give prizes to several schools in the Town Hall, the garden where the feast was to have been being too cold and damp for the children to play out of doors to-day.

Tuesday, 30th.—I was 'at home' to receive visitors in the afternoon, but Nelly went out to play tennis, and Hermie, Elaine Roberts, and Miss Loch, with a bottle of cold tea, had a little picnic of their own down at the glen.

So much for our afternoons this week; but how shall I describe the mornings? They have been one perpetual *pack*. I have had to look through every paper, at every photograph, into every cupboard, and the more I emptied the latter the more they seemed to fill up again. First of all I set apart the four corners of my room for Rome, London, Clondeboyne, and Calcutta, and I filled these up as I went on, and finally transferred the heaps so collected to the same geographical positions in the ball-room, where they now await their packing-cases.

Then the rubbish! That also had a place for itself, and has been daily sent off to Mrs. Broadbent for distribution to schools, missions, &c., who, she told me, would be glad of it. I am just now beginning to feel happy, as my room is almost bare, and it seems an impossibility that many more things should unexpectedly turn up to be provided for. It is a most wearing task, I assure you. Most people make these moves once or twice in their lives, but we have to do it four times a year here—two packings and two unpackings—and at Rome our fate will be much the same, and things do accumulate so. Photographs alone become a cargo in a very short time.

CHAPTER XVI

OUR LAST TOUR IN INDIA

NOVEMBER 13 TO DECEMBER 14, 1888

Tuesday, November 13th.—We were ready at eight o'clock this morning, and, having had some breakfast, went down to the drawing-room to see a large assembly of friends who had come to say good-bye to us. Every one who was left in Simla was there, and all were very kind, and expressed themselves very sorry to see us go. We spent nearly half an hour with them, and then took our last departure from this place—guards and bands in attendance, and the salute resounding in the distance.

It was a lovely bright day, and the first part of our drive was pleasant. When, however, one gets into the ninth, tenth, and eleventh hours of a drive, one begins to feel very tired and shaken. We had a few small adventures. First of all we came to a standstill before three men who lay full-length across the road, and who crawled back to their positions every time they were dragged away, shouting to the 'Lord Sahib' about something. They wanted to present a petition, and it was some time before we could pass them. Then our policeman had a fall from his horse, and Lord William's carriage was upset, but he was not in it at the time. The girls' horses next fell down, and as they appeared to be dying there was a long delay while others were sent for to replace them. Finally, however, we arrived at the Umballa railway station, and sat down to dinner in our carriage, a very fatigued party.

Wednesday, 14th.—We slept in a siding, and only moved on this morning, travelling to Lahore, which place we reached at five o'clock. A number of smart Rajahs and British officers met us at the station, and an address from the Municipality was presented to the Viceroy. We drove to Government House, where the Aitchisons are also staying, with Sir James and Lady Lyall. There was a big dinner of forty people, and a party at the Montgomery Hall afterwards. A band played, and we walked about and talked to many friends who have just come down from Simla, and to several native gentlemen whom we know here.

Thursday, 15th.—D. received deputations and replied to addresses for a couple of hours in the morning. Besides his written replies, he made an impromptu Persian speech, which seemed to give great pleasure to his hearers. At twelve we

opened the Lady Aitchison Hospital. I was delighted with the building, which seems in every way to be appropriate, well-designed, large, and comfortable. I went all over it, and in one room met some purdanishin ladies, who came there on purpose to see me. We soon adjourned to a large tent, where a great assembly of natives and Europeans were gathered together. D. and I, the Lyalls and Aitchisons sat on the dais and listened to a long account of the hospital, read both in English and in Urdu. I then stood up and declared the building open, and D. followed, replying for me to the address. Sir Charles Aitchison thanked us for coming in a very nice speech, and after that Dr. Brown gave some particulars about the students at the University, and I gave away the prizes. An English girl was the head of the whole medical school, and took all the great prizes, but in every class there were one or two native girls who were prize-winners. One of them came in a burka, which completely covered her. It is a thick white garment thrown over the face and figure, and there is just a little open-work for the eyes to see out of. The tent was rather hot, and we were glad of fresh air after this long ceremonial.

D. went on to the Veterinary School, and I to the Victoria School for native girls. The pupils were very prettily dressed, and looked like flower-beds as they sat on the floor to do their lessons. They gave me a pretty photograph of the schoolroom.

The girls went in a camel carriage, and on elephants, to the city, and I took a short walk with D. and came back to see the Aitchisons off. There was a large dinner, and some music afterwards.

Friday, 16th.—I had such a very fine deputation this morning. Men from all the different districts of the Punjaub came as 'representatives of the men and women of the Punjaub' to thank me for what I have tried to do here, and to say good-bye to me. I read them an answer, and they showed me a bundle of papers with 25,000 signatures to the address, which they said they would get bound and send to me.

My second deputation consisted of three gentlemen, who came to represent the women of Gujranwalla. They asked, before leaving, to be allowed to walk round me, and when I afterwards inquired into this custom, I could only learn that 'they walk round temples and other sacred things.' D.'s comment upon the compliment thus paid me was, 'They never get round me.'

A third address was presented by the purdanishin women of Lahore. These ladies were shown in by a back-door, and all men

were kept out of sight. The address was read by one of them in English, and after I had replied each lady put a wreath round my neck, and then we had a little conversation. These deputations were of course all on the subject of my Fund, and I have done a good deal of business connected with it since I came here with Lady Lyall, Miss Bielby, and others.

At one o'clock I drove off to see the Lady Dufferin Christian Girls' School, and after lunch to the Museum. Then there was a garden party at Government House, at which we said our last good-byes. There were no guests at dinner, and we left directly after and got into our train, which journeyed on till the middle of the night, when it stopped by the wayside till morning. I don't like good-byes at all.

Saturday, 17th.—We moved on at ten o'clock, and reached Patiala in less than an hour. The Rajah, whose wedding festival we are now attending, was a young boy when we came to India, and was one of those we met at Rawal Pindi. He also came the first year to receive us at Pinjore. He was really married eight months ago, but the season being then unpropitious, the festivities were postponed till now.

The silver and gold carriage was at the station to convey the Viceroy to the camp, and the girls and I drove on first, so as to get out of the dust of the escort. We passed through crowds of natives, elephant carriages, troops, silver sedan chairs, &c., all displayed on the way, and at last through an arch and a decoration like a palisade, with figures drawn on panels of white calico. This led to the camp, which is most beautifully arranged. The Viceroy has one, the Lieutenant-Governor another, and the general visitors a third. These are quite close to each other, but have separate entrances. There is a street of tents leading to each, with a coloured gravel garden in the centre, plants in pots, fountains, &c.

At the head of our street there is the durbar tent, and through it you pass into a square of tents with a garden in the middle. These are our apartments. We each have one tent to ourselves, as well as a drawing-room tent and a study, and it is all extremely pretty and comfortable. The only trying thing is the climate. The mornings and evenings are very cold, furs and wraps of every description being required, while in the middle of the day the sun is very hot. Heat and cold are accentuated in a tent, and we must begin to take quinine regularly.

Three Rajahs are here, two as guests, and while I write D. is receiving their visits in turn, and the guns are firing, and the bands playing, as each one comes and goes. The Maharajah

of Kapurthalla is one guest, and Jhind, a boy of eight, is another.

I suggested that after the state dinner all the visitors in camp should meet in our tent, and invitations were accordingly issued.

At four we drove to the palace, to be present at the durbar. Lady Lyall and I had thrones behind the Viceroy's and Maharajah's, on a raised place, from which we had a good view. But the room, the ceiling of which is thickly planted with low hanging chandeliers, is a very dark one, and a large canopy in front of the chairs of state made it difficult to see the extent of it.

The Maharajah wore white and gold clothes, a pale green turban, with a magnificent fringe of diamonds round it and a large aigrette in front of it. D. sat on a green and gold sofa, and Sir James Lyall and the Maharajah in red and gold chairs.

There are the most magnificent seats here that I have ever seen. They are very large, and the decoration of them is very elaborate. In one tent there are two big ones, with lions for arms, the animals having massive chains wound round them.

But to return to the durbar. The Maharajah read a speech, the principal point of which was that, in memory of this occasion, he had determined to build a female hospital, and to give 10,000 rupees a year to maintain it. D. replied. He took this occasion of announcing the plan he has made for utilising the offers of the native Princes to contribute to the Frontier Defences. He said it was considered better not to receive pecuniary aid, and that it had been resolved to get each Prince to put a certain portion of his army in a serviceable condition, drilled and kept up like a British corps, we to give them some guns and to lend them the necessary officers, &c. The Viceroy also expressed the congratulations of the company upon 'this auspicious occasion,' and presented the wedding gifts from the British Government.

When the durbar was over, we drove home to tea, and then returned to the city to see the fireworks and illuminations. We were also shown the durbar hall, with its forest of chandeliers lighted. There were 4,000 candles burning, and the room looked much better than by day. Before we left we sat on the thrones and watched some nautch-girls dance.

We had to hurry back to dress for the state dinner. There were 200 people at it, and the Maharajah came in at the end to propose the Viceroy's health. He did it very nicely. D. replied, and proposed his, and then we went into the big tent and got a few people to sing and play, and one to whistle, and so the evening passed very pleasantly.

The night.—That was exciting! Being known as chilly people, fire-places had been built in all our tents, and we were delighted with our warm quarters. I had just gone to sleep, when I was awoke suddenly by a voice outside, which said, 'Mamma, get up, my tent is on fire!' Up we jumped, and looking out I saw Nelly's tent a mass of flames, and she, in her dressing-gown, flying across the garden. The inside of my tent was dark, and I could find no cloak or extra garment of any kind, so I simply remained at the door and looked on. D. rushed to the rescue, and a number of gentlemen ran into our square from the mess-tent, calling out, 'Is any one in the tent?' 'Cut the ropes,' 'Throw down the kanats,' &c.; and as quickly as it had blazed up the whole thing went out, and nothing was left but a charred square of ground. It was a merciful escape for Nelly and for the whole camp; had there been a wind there might have been a general conflagration.

She had suspected fire, and when D. went to bed he had put out a bit of canvas that was smouldering, and had made everything safe as he thought. Nelly and her maid had still felt nervous, and the maid had remained with her; but both had gone to sleep, and had been suddenly awakened by a blaze of light over their heads. Nelly rushed to give the alarm, and Henrietta seized a jewel-box and one evening-gown which had some diamonds on the body, and that was all that was saved. Nelly has not a single thing left of her clothes, and she is dressed out in mine this morning.

Sunday, 18th.—Anything more melancholy-looking than the charred remains of gowns, habit, fur cloak, and boots you never saw. I particularly regret the fur cloak, for it is wanted on the way home, and I don't see how it is to be replaced here. Henrietta, too, has lost her watch, and a suspicious circumstance is that a common one was found among the ashes which belonged to nobody. All the Rajahs came over to inquire after us this morning.

At eleven o'clock we had a very nice service in the big tent, with some very good singing.

In the afternoon we drove over to look at the Museum. The collection consists of odds and ends bought wholesale by the late Maharajah. There are cages, and watches, and clocks, and alabaster candlesticks with alabaster candle ends in them, and the most primitive of mechanical toys, blotting-books, and ink-stands, coloured prints, and every sort of knick-knack. The most curious were two enormous dressing-bags; they stand three feet from the ground, and hold every conceivable thing. The

best of them, in which the bottles are all silver, cost 10,000*l.*—a lakh—and we were shown all its contents. Of course the ordinary fittings came first, and were complete, from a looking-glass and a magnifying glass down to a dentist's tooth-glass. But besides all these there was a paint-box, a large box of mathematical instruments, a very large luncheon service, a beautiful set of writing-table things, a case of surgical instruments, and many other articles which I cannot possibly remember, all inside the bag. The gentleman showing it off remarked with pride that it had never been used. Indeed, the Maharajah died before the two were finished.

Monday, 19th.—I drove off at three o'clock to lay a foundation-stone of the Lady Dufferin Female Hospital, and found the Maharajah and a number of other people collected under a shamiana. After a short address, we walked up to the stone, put a glass bottle containing some money and a little golden serpent, for luck, in a hole, and then I shovelled on some mortar, and the stone was let down, and I hit it with a solid lump of silver and pronounced it to be 'well and truly laid,' took up my hammer and my trowel, and drove off with the Maharajah to meet the Viceroy and to see a review.

This military event over, we proceeded to a Gymkhana ground, where there were all sorts of native sports ; it was a great pity that darkness was coming on and we could see very little of them.

Of the new things I observed, I will tell you a few. There were a troop of clowns on horseback, but they only rode backwards and forwards in helmets, breast-plates, and striped cloths, and seemed to have no idea that anything comic was expected of them. Then there were people with swords tied to their waists, who flung themselves about, the swords passing between their legs, and over their heads, and round their bodies in a fearful way. Other men held knives in their hands, and fought and wrestled together without ever cutting themselves. Some lay down and put swords into their eyes—a very nasty trick.

One man balanced a heavy bundle on the top of a pole ; out of it there stuck three great spear points, and all of a sudden the man fell flat, the pole dropped, and the bundle came down on him with a thud, one spear between his legs and one on each side of his body. He repeated this most creepy performance lying on his face, which was still more dangerous, as he could not see the horrid thing coming down on him, and could not help himself in any way should the points be at all out of the proper line. These 'sports' were only the padding of the entertainment, tent-pegging, camel and elephant races being the backbone of it, but,

as you may observe, the frivolous part made the most impression on me.

We dined quietly; that is to say, as quietly as we can on such occasions—a party of over twenty. The girls and I departed first, and went off by special train to Agra; a few minutes later the Lieutenant-Governor went to Umballa in his special; and lastly the Viceroy started in his, but soon stopped and spent the night by the wayside.

We have very much enjoyed our visit to Patiala, and like the Maharajah very much.

Tuesday, 20th.—We breakfasted at Alighur, and had a most cheerful encounter there with the Collector and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy. They came down laden with lovely flowers for us, and then, apparently to his great amusement, and certainly to ours, Mr. Kennedy pressed upon the girls the little pieces of pottery and watchstands made with boars' tusks, which are sold at the station. He insisted upon presenting them each with some, declaring that 'as I have an account,' it does not matter. I told him when that bill came in he would remember us disagreeably, but he thought not. I may mention now that in the afternoon D. arrived here and visited the Mahometan College, and had an address, and presented the school with medals.

About noon we reached Agra. The Maharajah of Bhurtpore had most kindly come up to meet me, and had insisted upon entertaining me; that is, upon providing house and lunch and tea for me for the day. After speaking to him for a few moments I drove on with Sir Auckland Colvin to the Medical School, and saw the girls, and the buildings, and Miss Maurice, M.D. (whom we have just got over from England), and Miss Yerbury, and in fact did as much as could be done on a hot sunny morning.

We had a very nice luncheon, the Maharajah coming to the house to lead me to the table and then disappearing. The lady doctors were there, and I had a talk with both of them, as well as with Dr. Rice, the Surgeon-General of the North-West Provinces, all of which was bad for my voice, which I felt was gradually going.

In the afternoon there was the function for which I came here, the laying of the foundation-stone of the Lying-in Hospital, for which my Committee provides all the money. A shamiana and a dais, a hanging stone, a hammer, a trowel, and a speech, all as usual. Sir Auckland made the speech, and he always gives the Association an impulse when he does so; he is such a true friend to the work. As soon as the stone was laid we paraded the grounds once more, and everybody was shown everything,

and then we went back to the station, and the kind Rajah again appeared there, and we had tea, and said good-bye to all the Agra people, and went on to the next station, where D. rejoined us. Sir Auckland dined with us, and we were very sorry to have to say farewell to him.

Wednesday, 21st.—Voiceless and altogether miserable, faint, and wretched, I had to remain in bed all day, and missed Reginald Hart, who came a long way to see me.

Thursday, 22nd.—Still dumb, but obliged to get up, for we leave our own train to-day, and it goes to Bombay to meet Lord Lansdowne. There was a grand luncheon at one place, but of course I did not go to it, and later I was safely conveyed to a large barge called the *Rhotas*, where we are to spend some peaceful days. It is delightful, though I shall not be allowed to enjoy it fully till my voice returns, for Dr. Findlay takes every possible care of me, and the 'damp river' alarms him much on my account, so I am made to sit in a cabin when I might be on deck. These remarks are, however, premature. When I got out of my train two bouquets were presented to me, one by a European and one by a pretty native child. I received them in gracious silence, if such a thing is possible, and I felt ashamed of myself, but could whisper no explanation. Then we walked down through decorated and illuminated ways to the boat—such a nice boat, with no engines, towed by an accompanying steamer, large cabins, and a splendid deck.

We are on the Ganges, and the water is as smooth as glass, and there is no vibration, and the weather is lovely, and there are no functions and no visits or return visits, and no social duties of any kind. I enjoy it immensely, and begin to think that the doctor may have been right when he said I was overdone and overworked (though nothing, as a rule, makes me more angry with a doctor than his suggesting such an idea), but I do like the calm and rest of this river voyage. I will not go into detail about it; we are never far from shore, and always very near a sandbank—sometimes on one. It is so nice for D., too, to have this peaceful time, though his is a modified rest, as he has much work to do; still, freedom from interruptions makes work comparatively easy.

Monday, 26th.—I ought to have landed with the others at Naraingunge to-day, but was persuaded not to do so, lest I should lose my voice again if I had such a long day of conversation as a visit there would entail upon me. So I only saw the outside of the place—the river gay with steam-launches and boats, the shores covered with flags and decorations, the vegetation most

luxuriant, and the houses large and comfortable-looking. I went on in the barge to Dacca, and when D. and the girls came there by train they said they had had a pleasant day. They lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, they received addresses, and went over a jute manufactory, and they brought me back a beautiful address all to myself in a silver box from the natives of the place, which made me sorry that I had not landed, as I fear they will have been disappointed.

The place here looks so pretty from the boat. There are such quantities of flags, and such beautiful triumphal arches, and some picturesque mosques and buildings. We dined with the Nawab and drove through the town, where the illuminations were lovely. There were palisades of light, and buildings picked out in fire, and chains of lamps, and when we reached a long avenue leading to the Nawab's house it was lighted by candles the whole way—12,000 candles. His garden was literally transformed into a garden of light, all the beds marked out by lines of fire. We thought 'Ave Ava' in gold letters on an arch was a very happy thought.

'The Nawab' may be said to consist of two persons, a very old father and a middle-aged son. The son has all the power and does all the business, but both are devoted to each other, and the son is so attentive to his father, who can scarcely bear him to go out of his sight. He cannot go out shooting, or be away half a day from the old man, and it is nice to see them with each other. The son dined and took me in to dinner. He speaks English quite well, and the entertainment was exceedingly well done and nice in every way. After dinner we had native music and a nautch. Have I yet succeeded in instructing you as to the extreme propriety and dulness of a nautch? There is never any incident in it, and no apparent purpose, and it is a most incomprehensible amusement, though I like a little of it.

Tuesday, 27th.—The girls went ashore in the morning to see Mr. Saunderson's elephants. He is employed by Government to catch and train elephants, and he was able to show them a great many. I was sorry I had not gone with them. They were very much amused by the fury of a baby elephant when taken away from its mother. It rampaged about, and rushed at the bystanders, and showed every symptom of a violent temper.

The Viceroy meantime received deputations, and in the afternoon we all went ashore. We drove through the town of Dacca to the ruins of an old fort, and there 130 elephants were gathered for us to see. They 'marched past' in a line, four deep, and looked very magnificent and somewhat antediluvian. Then two

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babies were exhibited, and it was seen that the angry one of the morning had not yet recovered its equanimity, and could scarcely be induced to come from under the shelter of its mother's great body.

We next drove on to the polo-ground, our escort being composed of the Surma Valley Light Horse, a volunteer corps composed of Kachar planters, who had come some four days down the river, bringing their horses with them, to meet us. A very interesting game was to be played. The Nawab had brought down from Manipur two teams of native players with their own ponies. Polo is their national game, and as they live so far away, few people ever have the chance of seeing it as they play it. Manipur is on the border between Burma and Assam. When we drove on to the ground we were received by the two Nawabs, and found a shamiana, where the society of the place was collected, and where a very smart set of thrones was arranged for us. On the other side of the ground there was a great crowd looking on.

We first inspected the players. The men are of a Mongol type, and each side was smartly dressed, the one with green velvet jackets and yellow turbans, and the others with violet jackets and white turbans; they both had short white lower garments and bare legs. The ponies were tiny, just like little children's ponies, and they had a good deal of harness on. Besides cords and tassels, which hung about, they bore lacquer saddles, and on either side of them a large shield of lacquer curled in at each side, which protected the rider's legs. As the Viceroy approached to inspect them, all the men went down on their knees.

When the play began it looked like a toy game, the funny little ponies and the bright-coloured riders rushing about and the ball flying. The lacquer shields rattled as the men urged on the ponies by pressing on their sides, or when they knocked up against each other. I do not suppose the players got so excited as they do in their homes, though they were playing for a Rs. 500 prize, but in their own hills their friends and relations come and look on, and hoot the bad player and encourage the good, and show much tribal agitation over the events of the game.

In the evening we had a ball, which we reached with difficulty. The river is low here, and there are sand banks in all directions, and we went aground, and then had to turn back when we were just opposite our destination, and to go round quite a different way. Even then we could not get up to the house, and a small boat had to be sent for us. The view from the river was quite lovely. The town was again illuminated, and the shapes of all

the buildings shown in lines of light against the sky made it look like a fairy city.

The dance was given by the Club in a house lent by a native gentleman ; the house and gardens were all illuminated. There were about twenty ladies and double the number of men, and a band from Calcutta, and the most exquisite silver programmes for us. Solid silver books, with my initials on one side and D.'s crest, collars, &c., on the other. What do you think of that !

At supper D.'s health was proposed by Mr. Hopkins, the Commissioner, and as we left the ladies cheered from the balcony, and all the men from the quay, till we were out of sight. The ball was very well done, and was very pretty, and the Viceroy danced ten dances without stopping, while I talked to all the ladies in turn.

Wednesday, 28th.—We are going back to Calcutta now, and spend this day in our barge and to-morrow in the railway.

Thursday, 29th.—We had such a very kind reception at Calcutta. The station was most beautifully decorated, there were two large guards of honour, the streets were crowded, and at our house a large number of native and European friends collected to greet us. The ladies had telegraphed to ask if they might come, and it was very pleasant to find so many there to welcome us back. We went slowly up the steps, shaking hands on either side, and when we had quite finished saying 'How do you do?' we took a few people in to tea. We are all so glad to come back here, and wish we were going to stay two months and enjoy this delightful winter life, but we only have a week ! That fact is brought home to us every moment, for the drawing-rooms look bare, and we are no longer occupying our own rooms, which are now ready for Lord and Lady Lansdowne, while we are in the guests' chambers.

Friday, 30th.—Breakfast on our lovely balcony in such heavenly sunshine ; we all shuddered at the thought of London fog, especially as Fred, who got back here yesterday from England, gave us a most gloomy account of it, and said he wouldn't live there for the world !

This is St. Andrew's Day, and D. having been invited to the great Scotch dinner, we had hurried back to Calcutta on purpose for it. In his speech D. justified his presence in this assembly by saying that he himself was a Scotchman, much improved, it is true, by a three hundred years' residence in Ireland ; that other Scotchmen were the raw material, while he and Mr. Barbour, also from the north of Ireland, represented the manufactured article.

There were 300 people at the dinner, pipers playing, heather decorations, haggis to eat, whisky (and other things) to drink, and during the speeches a number of ladies to listen. We went over about ten, and were first placed on a dais, where we could not hear a word, and then came down behind D.'s chair, where we could hear a little.

Monday, December 3rd.—Archie arrived to stay with us, and is looking extremely well. Nelly had some people to play tennis in the afternoon. D. was very busy all day seeing people. His speech, which was political, has been taken very well, and all seem to think it a useful one. Sir E. Watkins, who came to breakfast with us, says it has 'cleared the air.' I saw Mr. Cotton, the secretary of the Bengal Branch, and some ladies who called upon me.

Tuesday, 4th.—The ladies of Bengal, Orissa, and Behar presented me with an address to-day. When I heard of the 'deputation,' I vaguely imagined a group of twenty or thirty ladies, and did not at all understand what a big thing it was going to be. As many of the ladies would object to seeing men, I had all the A.D.C.'s and all the servants sent away, and arranged for Nelly and Hermie to meet the deputation at the door, and to bring them up to the throne-room. As matters turned out, it was very difficult to manage the affair at all. First of all, five o'clock was the hour named, but about four, carriages began to drive up, and my female A.D.C.'s, who were out, did not return till many people had already arrived. Then the ladies came in crowds, and there were no chairs for them, and no servants to bring any, and the very greatest confusion in getting them all into the room. Nelly and Hermie had the hardest work over it. When all were assembled Lady Bayley and I went in, and she read the address and presented it to me in a very pretty bamboo and silver box, and then I read my reply.

Another difficulty now became evident. It was getting rapidly dark, and I wanted to speak to the native ladies and to show them the house, but it was quite impossible to light the chandeliers without servants. When this was felt to be serious, I was allowed to get a man in, but every servant had been sent off to such a distance that it was long before I could find a single one.

Meantime Hermie and Nelly were taking groups of ladies through the house and up to their bedrooms, and they say the sight was much appreciated. When my guests wanted to go, the staircase was pitch dark, and there were no men to call the carriages, and I wondered how they ever would get away. All the ladies were most good-natured and kind about it, but I felt

that I had very imperfectly understood the situation beforehand. This address is one I shall always value very much ; no such thing has ever been done here before.

We had a few people to dine with us : General McQueen returned from the Black Mountain, Sir Charles Crosthwaite over from Burma, Mr. Harry Gladstone, Mr. Scoble, Colonel and Mrs. Gatacre, and Mr. and Mrs. Hewett. Mr. Hewett is acting as D.'s Private Secretary just now.

Wednesday, 5th.—In the afternoon I laid the foundation-stone of the Lady Dufferin Zenana Hospital. D. came with me, and all the notabilities of the place, native and European, were present. The trowel, which is a gold one, was presented to me by a gentleman of Madras. D. made a short speech, and we both made our last appearance at a public function in Calcutta.

We dined with Sir Alec Wilson. This we did in our character of departing guests and 'pale shades,' for as full-blown Vice-regal personages we did not dine out. The Wilsons are very kind friends, and we had a pleasant dinner there.

Thursday, 6th.—I went out directly after breakfast to visit my little hospital and the medical students at the Surnomoyi Home. Both visits were satisfactory, and I am especially pleased with the twenty-seven students, of whom I get the best accounts. There were girls from Burmah, Oude, and the Central Provinces, in addition to residents of Bengal. One young lady (native) has come out at the head of all the students, male and female, in the first M.B. Examination, and another has taken the gold medal in Dentistry. Dr. Coates said that three years ago it was almost impossible to get female students, and now they may be said to flock in.

Our whole afternoon was spent at Miss Bayley's wedding. She marries Mr. Elliot Colvin.

We went on to see the Maharanee of Kuch Behar. She had several native ladies to meet me, and it was very pleasant. The children all appeared, and we saw the Queen's present to her godson Victor. He is a magnificent baby.

We had a small dinner party in the evening.

Friday, 7th.—A very busy day. D. had deputations in the morning, and in the afternoon I had one at three, and then a garden party at four, and my Committee meeting at six. We said good-bye to most people at the garden party, and felt very sorry to do so.

This ended our official receptions and our business connection with Calcutta, and to-morrow our successors arrive.

Thursday, 13th.—You will see from this date that I have not

written a line for many days, and yet I have much to tell you, for during the interval D. has laid down his great burden, and we are now Viceroy and Vicereine by courtesy only.

On Saturday afternoon, the 8th, bands were playing, flags flying, guards of honour ornamented our lawn, red carpet lay on our stairs, and at five o'clock a number of spectators were collected on the steps, and D. and I stood at the top of them awaiting our successors. The escort rode by, then the body-guard, then appeared the first postillion, and finally the carriage stopped and we looked upon Lord and Lady Lansdowne. Sir Steuart Bayley and Sir Donald Wallace conducted them up the steps, where we greeted them and led them into the house. Lord Lansdowne remained in the Throne-room, and I took Lady Lansdowne to the drawing-room for tea.

In the evening D. gave a great man's dinner, which was arranged in the ball-room, as the Marble Hall was the scene of the reception so late in the afternoon. D. had such dreary recollections of his first dinner here that we took pains to make this one more lively, and Nowell had done his best to make the table pretty, though all our own plate and ornaments had gone. We ladies dined together and spent a quiet evening.

On Sunday we sent the Lansdownes in state to the Cathedral, and we went humbly in a two-horse shay to the parish church, and in the afternoon I took Lady Lansdowne to the Zoological Gardens, and D. shut himself up with Lord Lansdowne and talked to him for four hours without stopping.

Our last evening was a little melancholy. We did not feel particularly cheerful, and our own Staff certainly did not, and we were all rather unsettled, so we went early to bed, and on Monday morning our departure took place.

We breakfasted early, and at nine went into the Council-room, where a great number of people were collected, and there we remained to hear Lord Lansdowne sworn in. There is no swearing about it. The Commission is read, and the chief people made little bows, and that is all. After this we put on our bonnets and went downstairs to have an 'Historic group' photograph done. Lord Lansdowne had put on his star of India, and appeared as the Viceroy, and we took lower places at once. When this inevitable ceremony had been gone through, we went up again and began to say good-bye to many friends who had come to see us off. All seemed really sorry to lose us, and we felt sorry to see no more of them, and so we parted almost in tears, and finally made our way down the great steps, shaking hands all the way and followed by hearty cheers from those we left behind. Lord and Lady Lansdowne came to the station with

us. The streets were lined with troops and filled with people, and the arches, which on the other side bore 'Welcomes' to them, had 'Sorry to part' and 'Safe home' for us as we looked at them. All the arrangements in the way of guards of honour and escorts were the same as for Lord Lansdowne's arrival.

We leave behind Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, who as Private Secretary to the Viceroy has been quite invaluable to D.: in him we have both found the truest and kindest friend, and the pleasantest possible inmate of our home; Lord William Beresford, who both officially and unofficially has won our warmest friendship; and Fred, who here, as before in Canada, has ever been that admirable combination—a first-rate A.D.C. and a perfect brother.

Major Cooper, Captain Burn, Dr. Findlay, Blanche and Guy, and Mr. McFerran go home with us.

Of our journey I need not say much. Still wearing the disguise of Viceregal personages, we had collectors and railway officials to travel with us, guards of honour, and some old friends to meet us at stations, and all the comforts of our special train. We travelled on from Monday morning till Wednesday afternoon, when at five o'clock we reached Bombay.

There the Duke of Connaught met us, looking so well in his smart uniform, and a crowd of officials and friends was collected to greet us. The station, which is a perfectly magnificent one, was decorated with flags, and in the ticket-taking place, which is a beautiful hall with marble pillars and carved capitals and galleries, more crowds were assembled. There the Municipality presented an address to D., and after he had replied to it we drove off through the streets, which were lined with troops and with people, and we saw once more the picturesque aspect of Bombay and of its people on a day like this.

Lord and Lady Reay received us most kindly, and we are staying with them at Malabar Point. There was a dinner party, and a drive back to town for a play. The house was large and full, and as the proceeds were to go to my Fund, I hope it will receive a good sum.

I must not omit to mention that Lady Lansdowne will carry the Fund on as I have done.

This morning (13th) I have received a very large deputation of ladies and a very charming address from the ladies of Bombay. It was a purdah presentation, and was pretty and interesting. The address itself was very nice, and, in addition to a silver box to hold it, I was given a sandalwood box and two pretty bags full of the signatures of the Hindu, Mahometan, Parsee, Portuguese, and English ladies who had joined to present it to me.

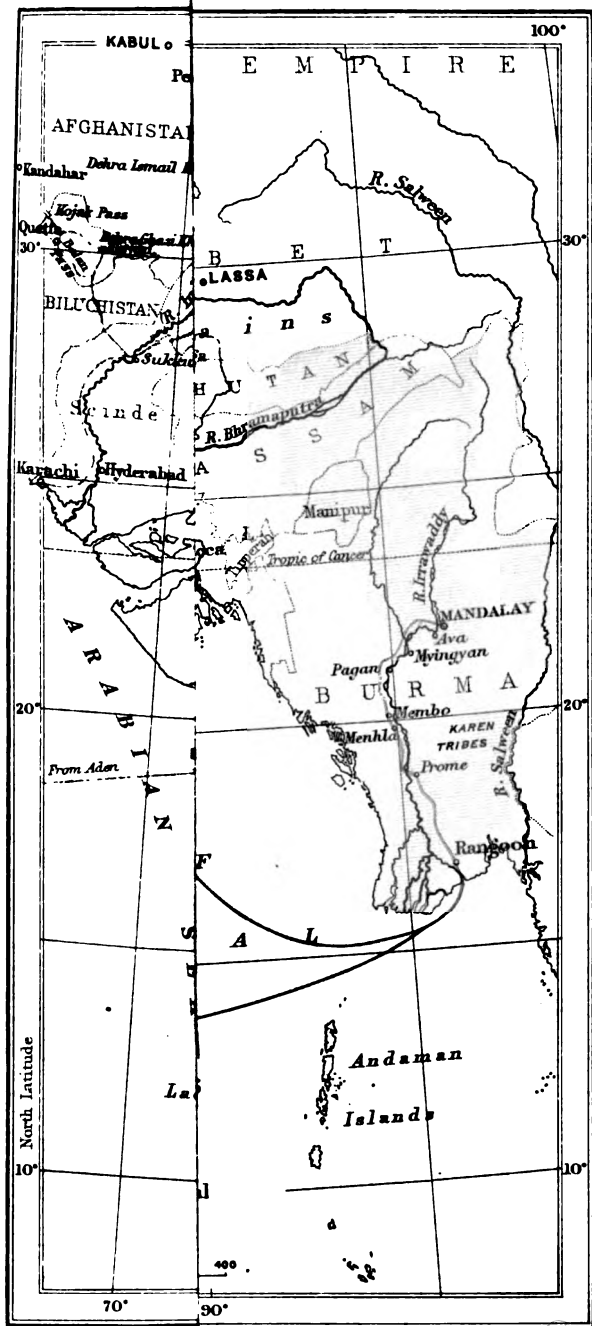
There also came with it an address from the ladies of Surat, which the same deputation presented. I had had to get up early to write my reply, and having read it to them, I shook hands with all and spoke to them. When D. heard of this assembly, he asked leave to come in, and there was a great flutter in the dovecote for a few moments; then the ladies made up their minds that, as he leaves India for ever to-morrow, no great harm could come of it, and so they consented to see him. Rakmabai, who has fought the infant marriage case here, was one of the ladies present. She is going to England to study.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Sir John McNeil and Asman Jah came to luncheon, and Mrs. Talbot, Mrs. Lyttleton's sister, is staying here. Guy makes his appearance at all the meals, his first introduction to society.

I went with Lady Reay to see the Cama Hospital once more. Everything there seems well ordered, gay, and bright. We also looked in for a few moments at a school of which D. laid the first stone the day after our arrival here, when he was 'Viceroy Designate.' While we were so employed D. was receiving an address from the Chamber of Commerce. He was very much pleased with it, and thinks it one of the nicest and most satisfactory that has ever been presented to him. After these functions we had a nice little trip in a steam-launch in the beautiful harbour, and enjoyed it much. In the evening a great banquet was given to D. at the Byculla Club. He was most enthusiastically received, and it was a pleasant ending to his Indian life. He made an 'after dinner' and not a political speech.

Friday, 14th.—I have reached my last day in India, and the chapter closes this afternoon. We have a quiet morning before us—no more Viceregal functions to perform. At four we leave this house and depart in state, our farewell being finally made under a beautifully decorated pavilion erected on the Apollo Bunder. Salutes, guards of honour, and escorts will be ours for the last time, and a less public and a quieter life will begin.

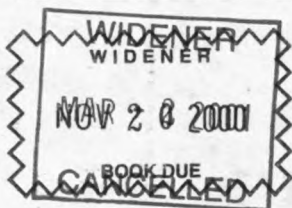
I want to send this off now, and shall not write any fuller ending to my journal unless something interesting occurs between this and Aden. Nor will I attempt to describe the complex feelings which fill our minds as we step down from this great position and look back upon all the cares, all the pleasures, all the interests, and all the friends we leave behind.



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